

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 3.

THE SINGER'S HILLS.

HE dwelt where level lands lay low and drear,
Long stretches of waste meadow pale and sere,
With dull seas languid tiding up and down,
Turning the lifeless sands from white to brown,—
Wide barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in, and still
No lifted peak, no slope, not even mound
To raise and cheer the weary eye was found.



From boyhood up and down these dismal lands,
And pacing to and fro the barren sands
And always gazing, gazing seaward, went
The Singer. Daily with the sad winds blent
His yearning voice,

“There must be hills,” he said,
“I know they stand at sunset rosy red,
And purple in the dewy shadowed morn;
Great forest trees like babes are rocked and borne
Upon their breasts, and flowers like jewels shine
Around their feet, and gold and silver line
Their hidden chambers, and great cities rise
Stately where their protecting shadow lies,
And men grow brave and women are more fair
’Neath higher skies, and in the clearer air!”

One day thus longing, gazing, lo, in awe,
 Made calm by ecstasy, he sudden saw,
 Far out to seaward, mountain peaks appear,
 Slow rising from the water pale and clear.
 Purple and azure, there they were, as he
 Had faithful yearning visions they must be;
 Purple and azure and bright rosy red,
 Like flashing jewels, on the sea they shed
 Their quenchless light.

Great tears ran down
 The Singer's cheeks, and through the busy town,
 And all across the dreary meadow lands
 And all along the dreary lifeless sands
 He called aloud,

"Ho! Tarry! Tarry ye,
 Behold those purple mountains in the sea!"
 The people saw no mountains!

"He is mad,"
 They careless said, and went their way and had
 No farther thought of him.

And so, among
 His fellows' noisy, idle, crowding throng,
 The Singer walked, as strangers walk who speak
 A foreign tongue and have no friend to seek.
 And yet the silent joy which filled his face,
 Sometimes their wonder stirred a little space,
 And following his constant seaward look,
 One wistful gaze they also seaward took.
 One day the Singer was not seen. Men said
 That as the early day was breaking red
 He rowed far out to sea, rowed swift and strong,
 Toward the spot where he had gazed so long.
 Then all the people shook their heads, and went
 A little sadly, thinking he had spent
 His life in vain, and sorry they no more
 Should hear his sweet mad songs along their shore.
 But when the sea with sunset hues was dyed
 A boat came slowly drifting with the tide,
 Nor oar nor rudder set to turn or stay,
 And on the crimson deck the Singer lay.
 "Ah, he is dead," some cried. "No! he but sleeps,"
 Said others, "madman that he is, joy keeps
 Sweet vigils with him now."

The light keel grazed
 The sands; alert and swift the Singer raised
 His head, and with red cheeks and eyes aflame
 Leaped out, and shouted loud, and called by name
 Each man, and breathlessly his story told.
 "Lo, I have landed on the hills of gold!
 See, these are flowers, and these are fruits and these
 Are boughs from off the giant forest trees;
 And these are jewels which lie loosely there,
 And these are stuffs which beauteous maidens wear!"
 And staggering he knelt upon the sands
 As laying burdens down.

But empty hands
 His fellows saw, and passed on smiling. Yet,
 The ecstasy in which his face was set
 Again smote on their hearts with sudden sense

Of half involuntary reverence.
And some said, whispering, "Alack, is he
The madman? Have ye never heard there be
Some spells which make men blind?"

And thenceforth they
More closely watched the Singer day by day,
Till finally they said, "He is not mad.
There be such hills, and treasure to be had
For seeking there! We too without delay
Will sail."

And of the men who sailed that way
Some found the purple mountains in the sea,
Landed, and roamed their treasure countries free,
And drifted back with brimming laden hands.
Walking along the lifeless silent sands,
The Singer, gazing ever seaward, knew,
Well knew the odors which the soft wind blew
Of all the fruits and flowers and boughs they bore.
Standing with hands stretched eager on the shore,
When they leaped out, he called "Now God be praised,
Sweet comrades, were they then not fair?"

Amazed
And with dull scorn the other men who brought
No treasures, found no mountains, and saw naught
In these men's hands, beheld them kneeling low,
Lifting, shouting, and running to and fro
As men unlading argosies whose freight
Of gorgeous things bewildered by its weight.
Tireless the great years waxed; the great years waned;
Slowly the Singer's comrades grew and gained
Till they were goodly number.

No man's scorn
Could hurt or hinder them. No pity born
Of it could make them blush, or once make less
Their joy's estate; and as for loneliness
They knew it not.

Still rise the magic hills,
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and waft the subtle odors in
From treasure-laden boats that drift and bide
The hours and moments of the wave and tide,
Laden with fruits and boughs and flowers rare,
And jewels such as monarchs do not wear,
And costly stuffs which dazzle on the sight,
Stuffs wrought for purest virgin, bravest knight:
And men with cheeks all red, and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brothers' name,
Still leap out on the silent lifeless sands,
And staggering with overburdened hands
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought,
While smiling, pitying, the world sees naught!

THE GREAT AIR LINE TO THE MOON.

It is quite possible that there are many persons who have never heard the story of the Gun Club of Baltimore and its remarkable transactions. If so, it is well that they should be informed of those great events which, not many years ago, caused such a sensation in the civilized world. Monsieur Jules Verne, a Frenchman, has taken the pains to collect all the facts in regard to the Gun Club and its wonderful scheme, and it is to his work on the subject that we are indebted for the information contained in this article.*

The Gun Club, which was founded during our late civil war, had for its principal

**From the Earth to the Moon, and A Journey Around the Moon. By Jules Verne. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.*



SOME MEMBERS OF THE GUN CLUB.

object the improvement of artillery. No one could belong to the Club who had not invented, or at least improved, a cannon or a firearm of some kind. In the words of M. Verne, the esteem in which the members were held was "proportioned to the massiveness of their cannon, and in a direct ratio to the squares of the distances reached by their projectiles." It is impossible in our pages to relate all the results of the labors of this Club, and we will merely remark that, at the end of the war, they showed in their own persons the earnestness with which they carried out their enterprises. In the entire Club there was hardly a whole man, and, indeed, there was but one arm for every four persons, and but two legs for every six of them. No-

where was there such place for crutches, wooden legs, patent arms, india-rubber-jaws, silver skulls, platina noses, and gutta-percha ears.

When peace was declared, these poor fellows were very doleful; there was nothing more for them to do. And so they sat about idly in their Club-house, where everything reminded them of war, where the mantel-piece was a fortress, and the clock was set in an embrasured tower, where bayonets, stuck in a cannon ball, served as candlesticks, and where the very frames of the looking-glasses were fashioned after the manner of lines of fortifications. There they would lean back, and toast their wooden toes, and gesticulate with their hooked hands, and mourn the good old times. Some of them,—J. T. Maston in particular,—were extremely anxious for another war. J. T. Maston was a most enthusiastic artilleryman. He had invented a mortar which killed three hundred and thirty-seven persons the first time it was fired. To be sure, it blew itself all into little bits, and the persons killed were the

spectators around it; but, then, there are very few mortars, even if they have been carefully fired for many years, which can show a sum total of killed so large as this. J. T. Maston's voice was for continual cannon-firing, and, consequently, for continual war. "Why should we sit thus with our hands in our pockets?" cried J. T. Maston. (He had lost one of his arms in the beginning of the war). "There are plenty of reasons for fighting, and why shouldn't we fight? For instance, did not this country once belong to the English?" "Of course," replied Colonel Bilsby, an armless and harmless bystander.

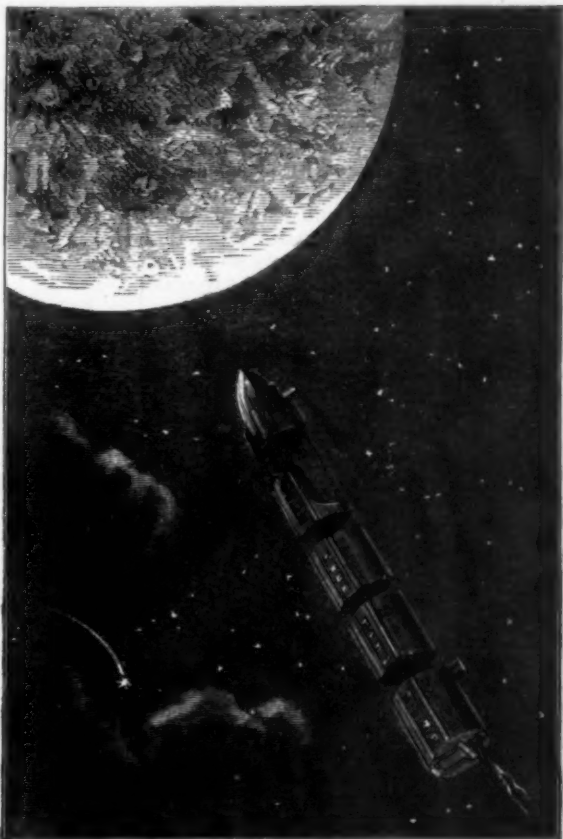
"Well, then," said J. T. Maston, "why then should not England in her turn belong to us?"

This proposition was received with great favor by the Gun Club in general, and it is probable some action would have been taken upon it if it had not been that the attention of the members was unexpectedly occupied by the announcement that a grand meeting had been called by the President of the Club to consider some extremely important business. The meeting was held at 8 P. M., on the fifth of October, eighteen-hundred-and-after-the-war. The great hall of the Club was tightly jammed with members and visitors. Corresponding and honorary members, from all parts of the Union, filled up every room and passage, and the streets and alleys of the neighborhood were crowded with people who could not get into the building.

When the great clock in the hall fired eight, President Barbicane arose and addressed the assembly. The substance of his address was as follows:

He lamented the idleness of the Club caused by the recent peace.

He desired that it should undertake some great work.



A PROJECTILE TRAIN TO THE MOON.

He supposed that the members had all seen the Moon, or had heard it spoken of.

He stated that although the Moon had been thoroughly studied by astronomers, no communication between it and the Earth had been considered possible up to that date.

He proposed, therefore, that the Gun Club should open such communication; and that they should do it by making a cannon sufficiently large to send a ball—bang! to the Moon.

At these last words the great hall, and the very streets around it, trembled with the thunders of applause which broke from that vast crowd. It was many minutes before the President could again make himself heard, when he proceeded to state that this thing was easy enough to do. It was only necessary to give the ball an ini-

tial velocity of twelve thousand yards per second, and it would certainly reach the moon, provided the cannon was pointed properly. Then the meeting adjourned.

It was determined, after a vast amount of additional scientific calculation by the Gun Club, to fire the ball from some point between the Equator and 28° north or south of the Equator, to point the cannon directly at the zenith and to fire it precisely at thirteen minutes and twenty seconds of eleven o'clock, A.M., on the first day of the next December.

An Executive Committee of the Gun Club held a meeting at the house of President Barbicane, October 8. The matter of the ball was the first thing to be settled. Of what should they make it? How big should it be? And what shape should it have? J. T. Maston was wild with enthusiasm, and, waving in the air his iron hook, with a pen screwed into it, he made a speech full of eloquent figures. J. T. Maston was great on figures; not only figures of speech, but numerical figures. He liked nothing better than to lie awake at night, and calculate with what rapidity a ball weighing three quarters of a certain weight, and moving with a velocity equal to seventeen-nineteenths of some other velocity, would pass over a distance equal to thirteen hundred times the square root of some other distance. And, when he made speeches before the committee he introduced all these calculations.

But the President was a much more practical man. He could perceive in an instant exactly what he wanted, and he settled the question of the size of the ball without any trouble. "You will understand," said he, "that it will be of no use for us to fire a ball at the Moon if we are not able to see whether it gets there or not. So the ball must be big enough for us to see it all the way. Now, with the largest telescope that we are able to make, the smallest object visible on the Moon is sixty feet in diameter."

"Well, then, our ball must be sixty feet in diameter!" cried J. T. Maston.

"No, that will not be necessary," said the President, "if we place a telescope on a very high mountain, the atmosphere will be so much rarer that we will be able to see objects on the Moon only nine feet in diameter."

"Splendid!" cried J. T. Maston. "Then

we will make our ball nine feet in diameter."

So this matter was settled.

There was now a discussion upon the weight of the ball. Some of the Committee thought a ball nine feet in diameter would be very heavy. The President conceded this fact, especially if the ball were solid, "but," said he, "it will be hollow."

"Hurrah!" cried J. T. Maston. "We will put dispatches in it, and samples of the exports of the United States, with the price list for the current month."

But even this ball, with comparatively thin sides, if made of cast-iron, would be too heavy for the initial velocity intended to give it. So the Committee went to work to calculate what some other metals would weigh. After spending some time in extracting cube-roots, and elevating *xs* and *ys* to the second power, they came to a triumphant conclusion. They would make the ball of aluminum!

They calculated that a ball of that metal would only cost \$173,250.

"Hurrah!" cried J. T. Maston, "I didn't think we could get a ball so cheap as that."

At the next session of the Committee the question of the cannon was considered. It was unanimously agreed that it would require a large cannon to carry a ball nine feet in diameter; and, as the cannon of the Gun Club must throw its ball 257,542 miles, so it was evident it would have to be pretty long.

"Yes, indeed," cried J. T. Maston. "Our cannon must be half-a-mile long at the very least!"

"Half-a-mile!" exclaimed the Committee, in astonishment.

"Yes," cried J. T. Maston, "and then it will be too short by at least one-half."

"Come, come, J. T. Maston," said one of the Committee, "you are going too far."

"Sir," replied J. T. Maston, proudly, striking his breast with his iron hook, "you must know that an artilleryman is like a cannon-ball—he can never go too far!"

The matter was now getting a little personal, and the President interfered. "Be calm, gentlemen, and let us reason this matter gravely. The ordinary length of a cannon is from twenty to twenty-five times the diameter of the ball, and from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and forty times its weight."

"That won't do," cried J. T. Maston.

"I know it," said the President; "for, if we constructed our cannon according to those proportions, it would only be two hundred and twenty-five feet long."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" cried J. T. Maston. "You might as well take a pistol!"

"Just so," answered the President, "and for that reason I propose to make our cannon nine hundred feet long."

This was agreed to, and the length of the cannon was settled. It was then determined that the sides should be six feet thick.

"You will probably not mount it on a carriage?" said one of the Committee.

"Oh, that would be grand," said J. T. Maston.

"But impracticable," said the President. "I shall cast the gun in the ground, and it will thus have all the resistance of the earth around it."

It was, subsequently, determined to make the cannon of cast-iron, and it was believed that such a gun, perpendicularly and solidly set in the earth, would not be likely to burst.

The Committee then went to work to calculate the weight of a cast-iron cannon, nine hundred feet long, with a bore nine feet in diameter, and with sides six feet thick; and soon ascertained that the cannon would weigh 68,040 tons, and would cost, at two cents a pound, \$2,721,600. So this little matter was also settled.

The next day the powder question was before the Committee. One of the members, Major Elphinstone, who had had charge of Government gunpowder during the war, and who was therefore supposed to know all about the matter, made a short address. "Now," said he, "a twenty-four pound ball is fired by sixteen pounds of powder. The Armstrong cannon requires seventy-five pounds of powder for an eight hundred pound ball, and the Rodman Columbiad sends a half ton ball six miles with a hundred and sixty pounds of powder. So, you see, the necessary proportion of powder diminishes as the size of the ball increases."

"I see that," said J. T. Maston, "and if you only make your ball big enough we won't want any powder at all."

The Committee smiled, and the major then stated that he had calculated that the weight of powder necessary in their cannon would be equal to one-tenth the weight of the ball, and it will therefore require 500,000 pounds of powder.

"Better have 800,000 pounds," cried J. T. Maston.

The idea of this enormous mass of powder was so impressive and awful, that the Committee, for a few moments, sat in silence. But they were still more astonished when the President directly announced that in his opinion 800,000 pounds would not be enough.

"We will want the force of twice as much powder," said he.

"That will never do!" cried J. T. Maston, "never do! 1,600,000 pounds of powder will occupy a space of 22,000 cubic feet and, as the cannon will only hold 54,000 cubic feet, your powder will nearly half fill it, and there won't be room enough left to give the ball a decent start."

"I know all that," said the President, "and I do not intend to use that much powder—I only want the force of that quantity, and so I propose that, instead of powder, we use gun-cotton, of which 400,000 pounds will be equal to 1,600,000 pounds of powder, and it will occupy so little space that the ball will have more than seven hundred feet to run before taking its grand flight towards the Queen of Night."

And so the powder question was settled.

Among the 40,000,000 inhabitants of the United States there was but one man who doubted the success of the great scheme of the Gun Club. This man was Captain Nichol, and he lived in Philadelphia. It was natural for him to be an enemy to the Gun Club, for he was a manufacturer of armor-plates. During the whole war, whenever the artillerists invented a new projectile, or an unusually powerful cannon, Nichol invented a new armor-plate. Whenever Nichol dreamed, President Barbicane of the Gun Club appeared to him in the form of a conical ball which pierced him through and through. And whenever Barbicane dreamed, he saw Nichol in the shape of an immense iron-clad against the impenetrable sides of which he was obliged to batter his unfortunate head. Nichol was on particularly bad terms with Barbicane, because, on the very day on which peace was declared, the former had finished a plate of an entirely new kind of steel armor, and, though he dared the President of the Gun Club to fire at it his best cannon and his most perfect ball, the proposition was declined. Nichol waxed extremely angry at this, and offered Barbicane the most astounding advantages. He propos-



FIRE!!! (p. 269.)

ed to set up his plate two hundred yards from the cannon, but this was refused, as well as subsequent offers of a hundred yards, seventy-five yards, and fifty yards. At last the Captain, perfectly furious, offered to place his plate twenty-five yards from the cannon, and to stand behind it! But Barbicane answered that he would not make the experiment,—not even if Captain Nichol stood before his plate.

Then Captain Nichol attacked Barbicane through the newspapers. He asserted that the plan was all nonsense, and proposed a series of wagers as follows:

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1st. That the money would never be raised for the big gun, - - - - - | \$1,000 |
| 2nd. That they could not cast the cannon after they got the money, - - - - - | 2,000 |
| 3d. That they could not load the cannon, and that the gun-cotton would go off of its own accord before they were ready, - - - | 3,000 |

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 4th. That the cannon would burst at the first fire, - - - - - | \$4,000 |
| 5th. That the ball would only go about six miles, and would come tumbling back in a few seconds - - - - - | 5,000 |

On the nineteenth of October Nichol received the following note:

Baltimore, Oct. 18.

Taken.

BARBICANE.

One question now remained to be decided, and that was—Where should the experiment be tried? The Gun Club held a meeting to consider this subject, and it was agreed that the southern portions of Texas and of Florida lay beyond the twenty-eighth parallel of latitude, and that any place in those sections would answer the purpose.

The question was settled on this basis, and the consequence was that there arose an unparalleled rivalry between the cities of southern Texas and Florida. The whole country was agitated by the controversy. The newspapers and periodicals took it up. Such publications as the *New York Herald*, the *Philadelphia Post*, and the *Riverside Magazine* sustained Texas, while the *Washington Chronicle*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Newark Register* stood up boldly for Florida.

The matter became embarrassing. A war between Florida and Texas was threatened. At last Barbicane settled the matter. "Texas," said he, "has, at least, eleven cities which will answer our purpose very well. Now, if we decide in favor of Texas, those eleven cities will be fighting for the honor of the enterprise. There is but one town in Florida suitably situated; so, let us go for Florida and the town of Tampa!"

The Texas party was disgusted. "A little place like Florida," said their principal organ, "almost an island, squeezed between two seas, will never be able to resist the tremendous concussion, and will be blown away the instant the cannon is fired!"

"All right!" said the Floridians, "let her blow!"

It now became necessary to raise the money for this great work, and subscription-books were opened in all the principal cities of the Union, and also in various foreign countries.

The total subscriptions from all parts of the world, counting nothing from England,—where not a farthing was subscribed, as the English people expected to have to

pay the Alabama claims,—amounted to \$5,446,675.

Captain Nichol now paid his first wager, one thousand dollars.

On the twentieth of October a contract was made with the Cold Spring Iron Works, near New York, for the transportation of the materials to Tampa, Florida, and for casting there the great gun. It was stipulated that the cannon should be finished, and in perfect order for firing, on the fifteenth of the following October, under forfeiture of one hundred dollars a day until the moon should present herself in the same favorable conditions, which would be in eighteen years and eleven days.

President Barbicane placed at the disposal of the Observatory of Cambridge the necessary funds for the construction of an enormous telescope, and contracted with

the house of Breadwill & Co., of Albany, for the manufacture of the hollow ball of aluminum; and, then, accompanied by J. T. Maston, Major Elphinstone of the Gun Club, and J. Murphison, director of the Cold Spring Iron Works, he started for Florida, and arrived at Tampa on the twenty-second of October. But the President of the Gun Club and his companions did not remain long in this little town. They explored the surrounding country and soon selected a suitable location for their operations.

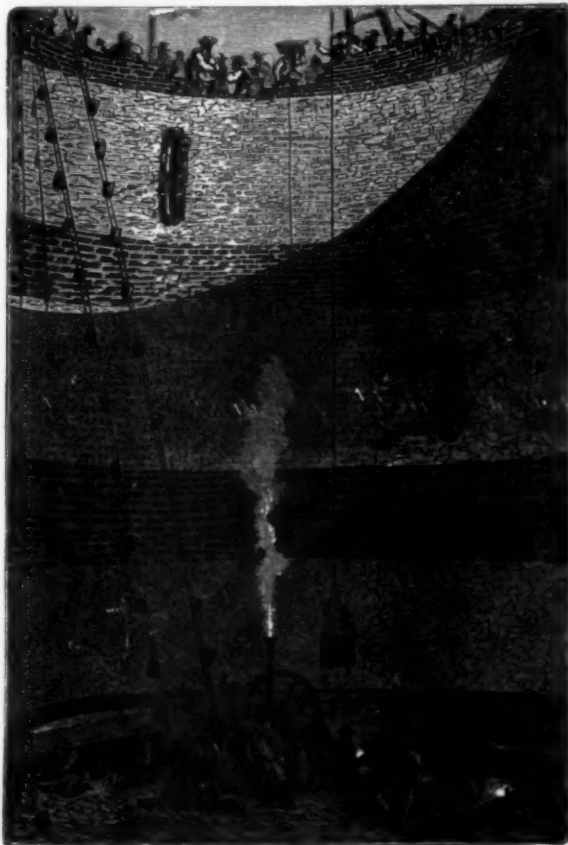
This place was called Stone's Hill and was situated 1920 feet above the level of the sea, in latitude $27^{\circ} 7'$, and $5^{\circ} 7'$ West longitude. "It is from here," said Barbicane, stamping upon the summit of the hill, "that the projectile of the Gun Club shall take its flight into the depth of the Solar System."

This was putting the matter rather strongly, because the ball was only intended to go to the Moon—but it sounded well.

Eight days after this a fleet of steamers arrived at Tampa laden with the material for the great gun and with fifteen hundred workmen. The little town became populous, not only with these, but with thousands of inquisitive persons who gathered from all parts of the country to watch this great undertaking. A railroad was built from Tampa to Stone's Hill, and, in a short time, a village of workmen's houses arose at the latter place. Barbicane was everywhere, and J. T. Maston was with him.

On the 4th of November the works were commenced.

By the light of the sun during the day, and under a great electric light at night, the pick and shovel and the steam-engines never ceased to work; and on the 10th of June, twenty days inside of the date fixed upon, the well with its lining of masonry had reached the desired depth of nine hundred feet, the stone-work resting on a rock bottom, thirty feet deep.



EXCAVATING THE PIT FOR THE GREAT CANNON.

While the great well had been in course of construction preparations had been making for casting the cannon.

In a wide circle around the open top of the well had been built twelve hundred reverberatory furnaces. These furnaces charmed our old friend J. T. Maston. He had never seen anything more beautiful, he said, not even in Greece, where, however, as he remarked, he had never been.

When the vast pit was finished, President Barbicane and his men went to work to build the great central core. This was to be a solid cylinder, nine hundred feet high, and nine feet in diameter, in other words, exactly the size of the bore of the great cannon.

When this cylinder was finished, a space of about six feet was left around it, between it and the sides of the wall. This space would be filled with the melted iron which was to form the cannon.

The ninth of July was the day appointed for casting, and the evening before each furnace had been charged with a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds of metal, and the fires lighted.

The black smoke covered the sky, and the roar of the furnaces resembled thunder. Barbicane and the Committee of the Gun Club stood on a hill near by, with a small cannon before them which was to be fired when the engineer should signal that all was ready.

Precisely at noon the cannon sounded from the hill.

At this moment twelve hundred valves were opened, and twelve hundred fiery serpents crawled towards the great well, hissing, and glistening, and writhing. Then they plunged, with a dreadful noise, nine hundred feet down. It was an awful spectacle. The earth shook, and clouds of steam escaping from the vents in the walls of the well rose up in a vast column three or four thousand feet high. At last all the melted metal had run into the mould. The Niagara of iron had ceased to flow.

Whether the casting had succeeded or not was a question that could not be determined immediately. Fifteen days after the casting the great cannon was still covered by a vast cloud of smoke, and the ground was so hot, three or four hundred feet from the mouth of the well, that no one could tread upon it. It was the 22nd of August before the ground had cooled sufficiently to allow anybody to approach the casting, and then the workmen, finding

that the interior core was sufficiently cool, proceeded to dig it out, and it was entirely removed by the 3rd of September. The bore was then drilled smooth, and everything was ready.

If the Moon only came along in time, and it was generally believed that she could be depended upon, there was no reason to expect anything but success.

As the cannon was now cast, Captain Nichol paid his second wager—two thousand dollars.

The great event of the casting attracted people from all parts of the country, and the population of Tampa increased to a hundred and fifty thousand. Excursions were organized to the bottom of the cannon, and a steam elevator was kept going night and day. The proceeds from the sale of tickets for this trip amounted during the season to nearly five hundred thousand dollars.

On the 30th of September, at thirty-seven minutes past three in the afternoon, a telegram, by ocean cable, came to President Barbicane. This was the dispatch:

"FRANCE, PARIS,
"29th September, 4 A.M.

"Barbicane, Tampa, Florida,
United States.

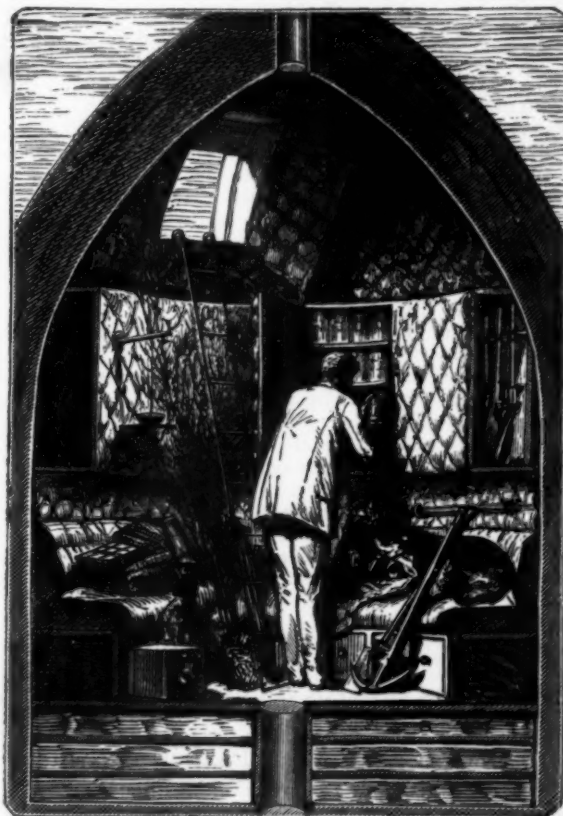
"Substitute cylindro-conical projectile for spherical shell. Shall go inside. Shall arrive by steamer *Atlanta*.

"MICHEL ARDAN."

Of course this proposition created the greatest excitement in the Gun Club, and throughout the United States. At first everybody treated the proposition with ridicule. Then they began to think about it, and President Barbicane actually wrote to the New York iron founders to defer the casting of the projectile until further orders.

On the twentieth of October the *Atlanta* arrived at Tampa, and in it was Michel Ardan. He was about forty-two years old, tall, vigorous, nervous, combative, earnest, eminently bold and audacious, and, above all, he was the first man in the solar system who had determined to make a trip from one planet to another. His reception was most enthusiastic, and, after he had shaken hands with about six thousand people he was obliged to retreat to the cabin of the steamer. And there Barbicane had an interview with him.

The President of the Gun Club found



THE INTERIOR OF THE PROJECTILE.

that the Frenchman was fully determined upon his project. He had occasion to go to the Moon, he said, and here was an excellent opportunity. He might have to wait a long time before another conveyance would offer itself.

Finding the Frenchman so fully in earnest, Barbicane respected him. Nothing so thoroughly commands respect in this world as earnestness. What it commands in the Moon remained to be seen.

In the meantime a quarrel had arisen between Captain Nichol and Barbicane, and a duel was agreed upon. But on the field Ardan made a proposition.

"Friend Barbicane," he said, "believes that his projectile will go straight to the Moon."

"Certainly, I do," replied the President of the Gun Club.

"And friend Nichol believes it will fall back on the earth?"

"I am sure of that!" cried the Captain.

"Well then," said Michel Ardan, "this is the way we will settle it. Both of you take the trip with me, and then you will know certainly whether or not the ball will go to the Moon."

The two rivals looked at each other, and then they shook hands, and agreed to the proposition. J. T. Maston groaned. Nobody had asked him to go.

On the tenth of November, the great passenger-projectile arrived from New York. The great shell came by railway, and was received with delight and enthusiasm.

The inner walls of the projectile were covered with a thick lining of steel springs, and leather padding. Several small windows of enormously thick glass were constructed in the sides of the cone, an ingenious water-spring was constructed to counteract the initial shock at the moment of firing, and everything necessary for the comfort of the travelers was provided. There were receptacles for water and food, and there was a tank of gas suf-

ficient to light and warm them for six days. But there was one little difficulty—they must breathe during the trip, which it was calculated would last about four days. The oxygen inside the cell certainly would not last them very long and the carbonic acid gas which they would expire would soon be sufficient to kill them. The question then amounted to this; the oxygen destroyed must be restored; the carbonic acid gas produced must be destroyed. All this is easy enough to do by means of chlorate of potash and caustic potash. The first of these, under a very high temperature gives out oxygen; the second absorbs carbonic acid; thus the valuable oxygen would be produced, and the destructive carbonic acid gas destroyed. The great chemists Messrs. Reiset and Regnault had demonstrated that this operation was easy enough. But as their experiments had only been

tried upon the lower animals, J. T. Maston offered to prove that it would be successful in the case of man.

"Since I cannot take the trip," he said, "shut me up in the shell for eight days. I will thus discover whether or not atmospheric air can be produced by artificial means."

The offer was accepted, and a sufficient quantity of the necessary chemicals, with food enough to last eight days, were placed inside of the shell; and on the twelfth of November, at six o'clock in the evening, J. T. Maston took leave of his friends, mounted the ladder, and disappeared through the aperture in the top of the cone. The cover was then screwed down tight. How he liked it inside it was impossible to know. The walls were so thick that nothing could be heard from him.

On the twentieth of November, precisely at six o'clock in the evening, the hole in the shell was opened. Maston's friends were naturally a little uneasy; but they were soon encouraged by a shout that came from the inside of the shell, and in a moment J. T. Maston appeared on the top of the cone in a triumphant attitude.

He had actually grown fat!

We must now go back a little in our story. On the twentieth of October of the preceding year sufficient money had been paid over to the University of Cambridge to construct a telescope large enough to observe the course of the projectile which was to be sent to the Moon.

There was no reason why such a telescope should not be constructed. There was money enough, there was iron enough, and brass enough, and glass enough. And the Gun Club had faith enough and energy enough to do almost anything. And so, after great labors, and the most unheard of victories over mechanical difficulties, the telescope was finished. It was two hundred and eighty feet long, and sixteen feet in diameter.

The next question that arose was that of situation, and it was necessary to choose a high mountain. So the requisite materials were taken to one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. It was almost as difficult to set up this telescope in the position selected, as it had been to make it. It was necessary to transport enormous stones, weighty pieces of forged metal, heavy corner stones, the vast sections of the cylinder, and the object glass, which weighed itself nearly thirty thousand pounds, into

the region of eternal snow. But all difficulties were surmounted and, in less than a year from the commencement of the work, the great telescope sat proudly on the summit of the rocky peak.

It was now the twenty-second of November. In ten days the great event would take place. There was only one thing now to be done, and that was to load the cannon, and it was rather a delicate operation to stow away four hundred thousand pounds of gun-cotton. But Barbicane was equal to most difficulties, and he had this cannon loaded under his own eyes. The gun-cotton was brought from Pensacola by rail, ten great cartridges at a time, and these were carried to the mouth of the cannon by workmen in their bare feet. They were then lowered to their position by means of windlasses worked by hand. No steam engine was allowed to be used, and fires were forbidden within a distance of two miles. It was even necessary to guard against the heat of the sun, and so all the work was done at night by the light of an electric lamp. The cartridges were placed in order in the bottom of the cannon, and were all connected by wires in such a way that they could be exploded by means of an electric battery. All the wires were united in a single conductor, which ran through a hole in the side of the casting, and then through one of the vents in the stone lining, to the surface of the earth. There this wire was supported on telegraph posts for a distance of two miles, where it was connected with a powerful battery. All that was necessary then, when everything was in order, was to press a little button, and the four hundred thousand pounds of gun-cotton would be instantly ignited.

On the twenty-eighth of November the work of charging the cannon with gun-cotton was completed. Nothing now remained to be done but to lower the conical shell to its place in the great cannon. But, before this was done, the passenger-projectile was furnished for the journey; a number of thermometers and barometers were placed in a suitable case, and to facilitate their observations on arriving at the Moon, the travelers took with them Beer and Moedler's selenographic map, a most admirable publication which no traveler to the Moon should be without. The travelers also provided pistols, rifles, powder and shot, for there was no knowing what enemies they might meet; and spades, shovels,

saws, hammers and gimlets; for how could they be certain that they would not have to build themselves a lunar habitation?

Michel Ardan would have liked to have carried some animals. He did not desire to take snakes, or tigers, or alligators, for there might be nothing of the kind in the Moon, and he would not care to be the means of introducing them there. All he wanted to take with him was a horse, or an ox, or a cow or two. But Barbicane objected. He never had traveled with a cow on his lap, and he did not want to try it at his age. And so, although Ardan thought it would be a very nice thing to have fresh milk on the trip, it was agreed to take no animals but a couple of dogs.

Several bags of grain of different kinds were packed away in the shell, and Michel Ardan was very anxious to carry along some earth to sow them in. This was not allowed, but he took a bundle of young fruit trees of the most approved varieties, which were carefully wrapped in straw, for transplanting in lunar soil.

Besides all this, food enough for a year was packed in the projectile. There were also about fifty gallons of brandy, and water enough to last for two months. The travelers had no doubt they would find water on the Moon, and food too, for that matter. They were not so certain, however, about brandy.

Everything was now prepared. The great cone was brought to the cannon's mouth, and elevated by enormous windlasses. Here was delicacy and danger. If those chains had broken, the fall of such an immense mass would surely have exploded the gun-cotton, and the shell would have traveled Moon-ward without waiting for its passengers. But nothing untoward happened; and, after several hours' work, the shell was safely lowered to its proper position on the mass of gun-cotton.

As soon as this operation was satisfactorily completed, Captain Nichol paid to President Barbicane three thousand dollars, the amount of the third wager. Barbicane was not willing to receive the money under the circumstances, but Nichol insisted. He wished to pay all his debts before he left this world.

The first day of December now arrived—a very important day. For, if the passenger projectile were not started on its way to the Moon at exactly forty-six minutes and forty seconds after ten o'clock that evening, more than eighteen years would

elapse before the Moon would again be found in the proper positions of zenith and perigee.

A perfectly enormous crowd surrounded Stone's Hill. From every portion of the United States, and from various parts of the old world, spectators were assembled.

About seven o'clock the Moon arose above the horizon. Grandly and brightly she mounted the skies, punctual to a minute to her appointment. Never did the Moon receive so magnificent a welcome. Cheer after cheer arose from five million throats.

Every one was now wild with excitement. Before the applause which greeted the Moon had died away, the three lunar travelers appeared ready for their voyage. On their appearance the applause burst forth with redoubled force; and then, impelled by national enthusiasm, the whole crowd began to sing, in thundering chorus, the national air of Yankee Doodle.

At last the singing ceased; all sound died away, and everybody looked and listened. The three travelers now approached the mouth of the cannon. They shook hands with their friends. It was a touching scene. J. T. Maston wept; and, at this last moment, implored to be allowed to go along. But Barbicane shook his head. It was impossible.

The three companions descended to the shell. They entered it, and screwed the plate over the orifice in the top. Then the windlasses and ladders were removed from the mouth of the cannon.

Everything was ready.

Two miles away, the civil engineer, Murchison, stood, with his finger over the button of the electric battery.

The silence became awful; people scarcely dared to breathe. Every eye was centered on the gaping mouth of the great gun.

Now there were but forty seconds remaining. Each of these seemed an age. At the twentieth second the crowd fairly trembled with nervous excitement. Some people sobbed, some fainted. Then through the silence came the sound of counting: "thirty-five!—thirty-six!—thirty-seven!—thirty-eight!—thirty-nine!—forty! FIRE!!!"

Then Murchison touched the button.

Immediately the most awful and unheard-of explosion took place. Nothing like it was ever imagined. If a mighty volcano had burst into atoms the detonation could not have been more fearful. A

straight jet of fire sprang into the air, and seemed to pierce the very sky, and the whole country, for hundreds of miles, was lighted up. The ground shook as if an earthquake had rumbled beneath it. Not one of that vast assemblage remained upright: men, women and children were hurled upon the ground together. The heated gas that arose from the mouth of the cannon in such vast quantities, created a partial vacuum, which was followed by an awful hurricane, which swept down every hut and tent in the vicinity, and every tree within twenty miles; and burst upon the town of Tampa, destroying hundreds of houses, among others St. Mary's Church and the new Exchange building. Great damage was also done to the shipping in the port, many vessels being torn from their anchorage and dashed upon the shore. Ships, even at a great distance upon the ocean, felt the effects of this artificial storm, and the wreck of the *Childe Harold*, of Liverpool, which occurred in consequence of the hurricane, was made the subject of diplomatic remonstrances on the part of England, which came near producing war between that country and the United States.

When all was again quiet, and the people could once more stand erect, several millions of telescopes and opera-glasses were pointed towards the Moon. But they could not see the passenger projectile: it had passed entirely out of sight.

Nothing was now to be done but to wait for telegrams from the observatory on the Rocky Mountains.

The projectile was due at the Moon at midnight of the fourth of December; and, from eight o'clock until midnight of that day, it might have been possible, under favorable circumstances, to have watched the course of the shell, which would have appear-

ed like a black point moving over a portion of the bright face of the Moon. But from the time of firing until the night of the twelfth of December the sky had been overcast; nothing could be seen. On that night a great wind-storm arose, and the clouds were swept away; and, sailing through the heavens, appeared the glorious Moon. Then came news from the observatory of the Rocky Mountains, which was telegraphed all over the world. The projectile had been perceived through the great telescope of the Gun Club! The following is the substance of the dispatch:

"The projectile fired from the great gun at Stone's Hill, December first, has been perceived at forty-seven minutes past eight o'clock P. M., December twelfth. The projectile has not reached the Moon. It has passed to one side; but it is near



OBSERVING THE PASSENGER PROJECTILE.

enough, however, to be retained by the lunar attraction. In this position its movement has been changed to a circular motion of great velocity, and it describes an elliptical orbit around the Moon, of which it has become a satellite. The laws which govern this new star have not yet been calculated; but it is distant from the surface of the Moon about two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three miles. Either the attraction of the Moon will gradually draw the projectile to its surface, in which case the travelers may attain the object of their voyage; or the projectile will continue to revolve around the Moon until the end of time. This question will be settled some day; but, at the present, the experiment of the Gun Club has only resulted in giving a new star to our solar system.

"(Signed) J. T. BELFAST.

There was nothing more for anybody to do in this business. No assistance could be rendered the unfortunate travelers.

One man alone would not admit that the

situation was hopeless: this was the brave, indomitable J. T. Maston. He did not entirely lose sight of his friends. He took up his residence at the observatory on the Rocky Mountains, by the great telescope.

Every night when the Moon was visible he gazed at it through this instrument and watched the passage of the passenger projectile over its glittering face. And thus he remained, as it were, in perpetual communication with his three friends, who probably felt happy, in the certainty they must have felt that the worthy J. T. Maston would keep his eye upon them as long as he lived and the telescope held together.

He did not despair of meeting them some day. "We will correspond with them," he would say, to those who wished to hear, "when circumstances permit. I know them. They are ingenious men; and they carry through space all the resources of Art, Science, and Industry. With these they can do what they wish; and you will see that they will yet come out all right."

BOUDOIR PROPHECIES.

ONE day in the Tuileries,
When a south-west Spanish breeze
Brought scandalous news of the Queen,
The fair, proud Empress said,
"My good friend loses her head;
If matters go on this way,
I shall see her shopping some day
In the Boulevard-Capucines."

The saying swiftly went
To the Place of the Orient,
And the stout Queen sneered "Ah well!
You are proud and prude, ma belle!
But I think I will hazard a guess,
I shall see you one day playing chess
With the curé of Carabanchel."

Both ladies, though not over wise,
Were lucky in prophecies.
For the Boulevard shopmen well
Know the form of stout Isabel,
As she buys her *modes de Paris*;
And after Sedan, in despair,
The Empress, prude and fair,
Went to visit *Madame sa Mère*
In her villa at Carabanchel—
But the Queen was not there to see.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.



I.

THIS must be the very night !
 The moon knows it !—and the trees—
 They stand straight upright,
 Each a sentinel drawn up,
 As if they dared not know
 Which way the wind might blow !
 The very pool, with dead gray eye,
 Dully expectant, feels it nigh,
 And begins to curdle and freeze !
 And the dark night,
 With its fringe of light,
 Holds the secret in its cup !

II.

What can it be, to make
 The poplars cease to shiver and shake,
 And up in the dismal air
 Stand straight and stiff as the human hair,
 When the human soul is dizzy with dread—
 All but those two that strain
 Aside in a frenzy of speechless pain,
 Though never a wind sends out a breath
 To tunnel the foggy rheum of death ?
 What can it be has power to scare
 The full-grown moon to the idiot stare
 Of a blasted eye in the midnight air ?
 Something has gone wrong ;
 A scream will come tearing out ere long !

III.

Still as death,
 Although I listen with bated breath !
 Yet something is coming, I know—is coming ;
 With an inward soundless humming,
 Somewhere in me or in the air—
 I cannot tell—but its wing is there !
 Marching on to an unheard drumming,
 Something is coming—coming—
 Growing and coming ;
 And the moon is aware—
 Aghast in the air,
 At the thing that is only coming
 With an inward soundless humming,
 And an unheard spectral drumming !

IV

Nothing to see and nothing to hear !
 Only across the inner sky
 The wing of a shadowy thought flits by,
 Vague and featureless, faceless, drear—
 Only a thinness to catch the eye :
 Is it a dim foreboding unborn,
 Or a buried memory, wasted and worn
 As the fading frost of a wintry sigh ?
 Anon I shall have it !—anon !—It draws nigh !
 A night when—a something it was took place
 That drove the blood from that scared
 moon-face !

Hark ! was that the cry of a goat,
 Or the gurgle of water in a throat ?
 Hush ! there is nothing to see or hear,
 Only a silent something is near ;
 No knock, no footsteps three or four,
 Only a presence outside the door !
 See ! the moon is remembering—what ?
 The wail of a mother-left, lie-alone brat ?
 Or a raven sharpening its beak to peck ?
 Or a cold blue knife and a warm white neck ?
 Or only a heart that burst and ceased
 For a man that went away released ?
 I know not—know not, but something is
 coming
 Somehow back with an inward humming.

v.

Ha ! Look there ! Look at that house—
 Forsaken of all things—beetle and mouse !
 Mark how it looks ! It must have a soul !
 It looks, it looks, though it cannot stir ;
 See the ribs of it—how they stare !
 Its blind eyes yet have a seeing air !
 It *knows* it has a soul !
 Haggard it hangs o'er the slimy pool,
 And gapes wide open as corpses gape :
 It is the very murderer !
 For the ghost has modeled himself to the shape
 Of this house all sodden with woe,
 Where the deed was done long, long ago,
 And filled with himself his new body full—
 To haunt forever his ghastly crime,
 And see it come and go—
 Brooding around it like motionless Time,
 With a mouth that gapes and eyes that yawn,
 Blear and blintering and full of the moon,
 Like one aghast at a hellish dawn.
 —It is coming, coming soon !

vi.

For, ever and always, when round the tune
 Grinds on the barrel of organ-Time,
 The deed is done ;—and it comes anon—
 True to the roll of the clock-faced moon,
 True to the ring of the spheric chime,
 True to the cosmic rhythm and rhyme ;
 Every point as it first went on,
 Will come and go till all is gone ;
 And palsied with horror from garret to core,
 The house cannot shut its gaping door ;
 Its burst eye stares as if trying to see,
 And it leans as if settling heavily,
 Settling heavy with sickness dull :
 It also is hearing the soundless humming
 Of the wheel that is turning—the thing that is
 coming.

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On the naked rafters of its brain,
 Gaunt and wintred, see the train
 Of gossiping, scandal-mongering crows,
 That watch, all silent, with necks a-strain,
 Wickedly knowing, with heads awry,
 And the sharpened gleam of a cunning eye—
 Watch, through the cracks of the ruined skull,
 How the evil business goes !
 —Beyond the eyes of the cherubim,
 Beyond the ears of the seraphim,
 Outside, forsaken, in the dim,
 Phantom-haunted chaos grim,
 He stands with the deed going on in him !

vii.

O winds, winds ! that lurk and peep
 Under the edge of the moony fringe !
 O winds, winds ! up and sweep ;
 Up, and blow and billow the air,
 Billow the air with blow and swinge ;
 Rend me this ghastly house of groans ;
 Rend and scatter the skeleton's bones
 Over the deserts and mountains bare ;
 Blast and hurl and shiver aside
 Nailed sticks and mortared stones ;
 Clear the phantom, with torrent and tide,
 Out of the moon and out of my brain,
 That the light may fall shadowless in again !

viii.

But alas ! then the ghost
 O'er mountain and coast
 Would go roaming, roaming ; and not a swine,
 Grubbing and talking with snork and whine
 On Gadarene mountains, had taken him in,
 But would rush to the lake to unhouse the sin !
 For any charnel
 This ghost is too carnal ;
 There is no volcano, burnt out and cold,
 Whose very ashes are gray and old,
 But would cast him forth in reviving flame,
 To blister the sky with a smudge of shame.

ix.

Is there no help—none anywhere,
 Under the earth, or above the air ?
 —Come, come, sad woman, whose tender
 throat
 Has a red-lipped mouth that can sing no note !
 Child, whose midwife, the third grim Fate,
 Shears in hand, thy coming did wait !
 Father, with blood-bedabbled hair !
 Mother, all withered with love's despair !
 Come, broken heart, whatever thou be,
 Hasten to help this misery !

Thou wast only murdered, or left forlorn :
 He is a horror, a hate, a scorn !
 Come, if out of the holiest blue
 That the sapphire throne shines through ;
 For pity come, though thy fair feet stand
 Next to the elder-band ;
 Fling thy harp on the hyaline,
 Hurry thee down the spheres divine ;
 Come, and drive those ravens away ;
 Cover his eyes from the pitiless moon ;
 Shadow his brain from her stinging spray ;
 Droop around him, a tent of love,
 An odor of grace, a fanning dove ;
 Walk through the house with the healing
 tune

Of gentle footsteps ; banish the shape
 Remorse calls up, thyself to ape ;
 Comfort him, dear, with pardon sweet ;
 Cool his heart from its burning heat
 With the water of life that laves the feet
 Of the throne of God, and the holy street.

X.

O God, he is but a living blot,
 Yet he lives by thee—for if thou wast not,
 They would vanish together, self-forgot,
 He and his crime :—one breathing blown
 From thy spirit on his would all atone,
 Would scatter the horror, and bring relief
 In an amber dawn of holy grief :
 God, give him sorrow ; arise from within :
 Art thou not in him, silence in din,
 Stronger than anguish, deeper than sin ?

XI.

Why do I tremble, a creature at bay !
 Tis but a dream—I drive it away.
 Back comes a full breath ; bounds again
 My heart released from the nightmare train ;
 God is in heaven—yes, everywhere ;
 And Love, the all-shining, will kill Despair.
 I turn the picture to the wall,
 And go away.

XII.

But why is the moon so bare, up there ?
 And why is she so white ?
 And why does the moon so stare, up there—
 Strangely stare, out of the night ?
 Why stand up the poplars
 That still way ?
 And why do those two of them
 Start astray ?
 And out of the black why hangs the gray ?
 Why does it hang down so, I say,
 Over that house, like a fringed pall
 Where the dead goes by in a funeral ?
 —Soul of mine,
 Thou the reason canst divine :—
 Into *thee* the moon doth stare
 With pallid, terror-smitten air :
 Thou, and the Horror lonely-stark,
 Outcast of eternal dark,
 Are in nature same and one,
 And *thy* story is not done.
 —So hang the picture on thy chamber wall,
 And let the white moon stare.

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE fish was not made into chowder ;
 Audrey broiled it a golden brown over the
 hot coals ; Goddard, who had the palate
 of an epicure, and the deft fingers of a
 cook, seasoned it. He was as pleased as a
 baby with a toy at the sight of the old da-
 mask cloth which Graff had brought and
 pinned down on the sand with half a dozen
 pieces of the famous Swenson china. But
 Jane, stunned as she was at the wreck of
 her life which she foresaw, could not help
 scolding at Audrey's folly in risking such
 priceless pottery. Her dread of Goddard's
 fickleness was not as overwhelming, how-
 ever, as it would have been had she not
 known him so long.

"He has had such fancies and fevers a
 dozen times," she thought, as she stood,
 pale and jaded, watching him fluttering
 and beaming down on Audrey and the
 coffee-pot, radiant as a winged Mercury
 just lighted on the earth. "There was
 that pious Madame La Rouche, hippopo-
 tamus of a woman as she was ; his taste for
 six months ran into devotion and fatness,
 and that silly Quaker girl with her bee-
 tles last summer ; and the jolly burlesque
 actress afterward. It was always the good
 in them that he loved—some good that
 I had not. His taste is so pure !" and the
 poor young woman groaned almost audi-
 bly. "It will be the same after we are mar-
 ried, I suppose. Though he always comes
 back to me as he would to a comfortable

old coat that he liked." As she buttered the biscuit, which was her share of the work, she set herself again as she had done every day for so many years, to find out how she was to strain her nature to match it with his. It was, she felt, the bare stalk of corn with its one or two ears stretching itself to mate with the great blossoming tree which flung wide its branches to catch every breeze.

"If he had been like Kit Graff? If I could have just canned peaches or buttered biscuit for him and satisfied him with that and—" She did not say "love," only looked across the fire at the handsome little man until the water stood in her eyes with the hunger of them. It was for him, Jenny Derby with her dull intellect and sharp perception had worked half her life to be *Bohémienne* and *littératuse*, and groped and stretched after the æsthetic tastes and fancies so real to him, but to her such airy, unconquerable nothings.

After all, the little feast was gay and hearty enough. Goddard and Audrey, like two children out on a frolic, cooked and told stories, and sang by turns: Graff after consoling himself with observing that Goddard actually wore No. 4 boots, and that no sensible woman could care for such a little gadfly, ate his supper comfortably. Besides, the sea air had made them all hungry, except Miss Derby, who tasted nothing but talked more than anyone, her cheeks colorless and eyes burning. When the supper was over she got up and walked about.

"You will make a picture of it, you say, Niel?" shivering and glancing about her. "I never want to see the picture, then, I'm sure. These gray sands and the eternal wash of water and the dull red blotch of fire with your three faces behind it—it is all unreal and ghastly to me. As if some final crisis for one of us was coming to-night, and these common things had taken on life, and, somehow, had a prophetic meaning."

"I think I know what you mean," said Audrey, eagerly. "I have seen it when death came suddenly. The very walls and trees had a prophecy of evil. My grandmother," turning earnestly to Goddard, "had the second sight. Many a time when she was spinning, she said that she held in her hand instead of thread the bride's dress or shroud it was to be. Miss Derby is the same. She touched the shroud just now."

"Miss Derby," irritably, "has nerves and you are a silly, superstitious

afraid. Do sit down, Jane, and talk common sense. You do not know how real such things are to people on the sea coast."

"We live nearer to Nature; so it is natural that she should take part with us and make some sign when we are about to die." Audrey tried to joke the matter away, but she was ill at ease, and watched Miss Derby anxiously.

"I had no intention of playing seeress or medium," said Jenny tartly. But she still went to and fro; she could not be quiet; every nerve was strung and rasped. Audrey, before night fell, had wrapped a waterproof cloak about her. It was her head rising out of this mass of black drapery, and lighted by the dull burning fire that Jane saw instead of any spirit; its rare sweetness and power made her draw her breath more quickly; what must it be then to Goddard? The poor girl did not need second sight to tell her the crisis of life was coming to her to-night; and the sands and sky and wash of water seemed to wait and listen with her.

Graff cleared his throat once or twice. "There are some queer beliefs hung around Henlopen Cape," he said, ponderously. "I don't make much account of them, though Audrey does. These old pilots and fishermen have so much time on their hands that they spend it in seeing ghosts. They'll tell you that the old Swensons and Rodneys keep guard over the Cape to this day. By the way," hesitating a little, "there was an odd thing happened to me a year or two ago. I set one of my men, a stout mulatto (Henry it was, Audrey) to ploughing a certain pasture land, one morning. Presently he came to me, his yellow skin actually spotted with his fright. A man on horseback, with flowing gray hair, and sword in hand, had suddenly stood before him and commanded him to stop. His dress, as the lad described it, was that of an officer in the Continental uniform. On going to the place I found the fellow had, without knowing it, ploughed up the grave where a hundred years ago Colonel Dagmar Graff had been laid—not to rest, as it seems, but to keep watch," forcing an uneasy laugh. "There's the fact. I don't pretend to explain it. Of course Henry had never heard of Colonel Graff."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Usually, Goddard would have relished a well authenticated ghost-story as he would a good cigar, but now he was busied with its effect on Audrey. In his opinion, if

she had a fault, it was that of indifference. Very few subjects interested her; but to-night she was roused and excited by these trifles. "Not," thought Goddard, shrewdly, "that she cares for these dead Graffs, but this lonely coast and sea have come to be the reallest thing in the world to her, and she fancies through these superstitions she will get at their secrets."

Graff had beckoned one of his men who was in waiting, to carry home the basket, and now began to throw sand on the fire. "Time for home and bed," he said, hiding a yawn. They strolled slowly all together down the beach. The sun had long gone down. Inland was an unbroken, sullen darkness, except where the five gigantic white hills of sand loomed in spectral procession. A low moon hung over the sea in the far horizon, hardly strong enough to throw their shadows upon the beach. The sea was to-night simply an unknown dark and cold; the waves flowed out of it to their feet and ebbed into it again unseen but for an instant flash of dappled light on the wet sand as each died away.

"The old settlers at the Cape will tell you these sands are alive," said Audrey, with a good deal of embarrassment. "These great mountains rise out of the sea year after year, and march steadily southward. No one knows whence they came, or why they move. It is a thing which I suppose nobody could explain," she added gravely.

"Any geography would give you the reason for it," retorted Jane sharply. "In the Landes of Gascony these dunes are—"

"These are very different, of course, as Audrey says, from any European hills," interrupted Graff, gruffly. "Where do they come from?—there's the question. Do you see those green twigs at the top of that first hill? That is not grass, but the highest branches of a pine forest under which Audrey and I have played many a day. Fourteen feet and a half these hills move southward every year; not an inch more or less. Do you think there's no intelligence in that? But they have their object," dropping his tone, "and they are following it, as sure and certain as death; and no man can stop them."

Miss Derby was hurrying on with her scientific explanation, but Goddard checked her by an amused look. "What is their purpose?" he said gently.

"It may be only a foolish tale to you," Audrey said, "but it is a fact that these mys-

terious hills were not always here. The story is that shipwrecks were once so common on this coast that the people grew hardened, and would risk nothing to save the crews. One ship was suffered to go down within sight of land when a single boat could have rescued the men on board. A man named Cortrell was the only one who saw it, and he sat quiet, too selfish to venture to their help. One of the sailors, who was washed ashore, lived long enough, the story goes, to pray that the vengeance of God might pursue this man from out of the sea until there should be not one drop of his blood, or trace that he had lived, left on the earth; he swore too that he would not sleep in his grave until this vengeance was fulfilled."

"Well?"

"That is the legend; the facts are that these dunes did rise out of the sea that very year, and have gone down the coast until every hearth-stone of the Cortrells is buried out of sight. The old man's two sons went down at sea; he was lost in a quicksand, it is supposed; for he went out one day and never returned. Only his whip and a sunken spot in the sand showed where the sea had stretched its fingers inland to claim him."

"The rest of the story may be true, too," said Graff, "for all ship-wrecked sailors were buried hereabout in the sand, and here—you see the result." He stopped and pointed to the side of a white hillock, whence protruded a broken coffin and some glistening polished bones. "Hide them as you will, the wind uncovers them. The sailors are keeping watch still."

"What beastly inhumanity! The town of Lewes ought to look for the fate of the Cortrells," said Goddard, with a shudder. "Come away, Audrey."

"The whole tradition has taken a curious meaning here," said Audrey. "They say that the sea stretches out its hands to punish selfishness. Sand or wave creeps over every man's life who lives for himself alone. He is sure to die by the one or the other."

They had reached the Graff house now, and paused at the gate to bid good night to Jane. Kit went in with her, as bound by hospitality. "Mr. Goddard will leave you safely at home, Audrey," he said with an air of ownership. When he entered the house he found, much to his relief, that Jane had gone to her own room. She was watching from the windows the two dark figures passing down the road. They did

not turn to the Swenson house, but went back to the beach. After a moment, Jane, wrapping a cloak about her, followed them.

CHAPTER VIII.

"CERTAINLY," said Audrey. "I will go down to the sands for a while. Unless," bluntly, "your being with me would annoy Miss Derby. I will not do that. Going or not going, is of no importance to me."

Of no importance? Niel Goddard looked at her. The grapes out of reach became desirable. At that moment he first felt a real love for her. It was real, though purely of the Goddard kind.

"There is no reason why it should matter anything to Jane," he said quietly.

"None?" Yea was yea to Audrey Swenson, and nay, nay. Her large blue eyes rested on him steadily for a minute as they walked on together. After that some impalpable veil which she had let fall between them was gone.

There is so little to tell of these two who were going down together, and of Jane following behind, that I am tempted to give up the story. But after all what is all life but the history of some man and some woman—lovers, or husband and wife, or mother and child, with a background of sea sand or farm-house or city street, trying to catch hands—to find in each other something which they lack in themselves or in God? Marriage seldom makes a break in the story. Sometimes the knife or pistol interferes to put a vulgar, bloody, cluttered end to the fine tragedy or comedy, and then it becomes public.

The mist was heavy, and not only hid Jane, but carried their voices toward her. No scruples had she about eaves-dropping; her notions of honor were never accurate nor neat. Fighting for her life as she was just now, all the world for her had gone down into those two shadows in the mist—the woman's a little taller than the man's, and held carefully apart; for Audrey had an odd habit of walking free, and alone. "If she once touches hands with him, that will be the sign it is all over," thought Jane, guessing at even the personal whims of the woman who had taken her place. She knew well—no guessing there—all that would go in that other and smaller shadow, into the marriage. Just now, when she loved him best, she held up his faults and *minauderies* and jeered at them savagely. "If she knew him as I do, she would

not care for him; she is not a fool!" she said. She knew by the merest drift of a word the current of their talk; for Niel, like all "brilliant conversationalists" was apt to repeat himself. "Now he is telling her about his mother; every woman cries when he tells about his mother; now he is on his struggles to keep art out of trade; he makes the common run of women think he could feed himself on fame and his aspirations without market-money. Aspirations, indeed! Though it does seem as if his soul kept his body alive," said Jane, faithful in her rage, with a choke and sob in her throat. "And now—now he is letting silence speak for him." One of his maxims was, that "with souls nearest akin to our own, intuition took the place of words." She knew all his maxims as she did her alphabet; they were a sort of alphabet to her, in fact.

Dropping the cloak-hood from her ears, Jane came closer to catch their words more distinctly. They had stopped below a headland on the beach. She was hidden in its shadow; between them lay a patch of wet sand. The moon was bright enough for her to see Goddard's face. She knew it in all its moods, but never had seen it kindled with such resolve and intentness as now. But could she have heard their words she would have found that this was assuredly on Audrey's part no love-making.

"What I want from you," deliberately as if she were buying sugar from a grocer, "is to tell me what my voice, touch, and knowledge of music are worth. These are only my tools, to be sure, but I must know whether they are good tools or not. I never met anybody before who could tell me."

"It would need five years, at least, of severe study to give you such power of expression as would content you."

She nodded gravely. "I thought it would be longer. Well, I can give that."

"You would not be a very young girl at the end of five years," essayed Goddard, after a cautious pause. "It is the very time of life which most women give to dreams and fancy, and to—love."

She was looking at him anxiously, with precisely the practical air that she might have worn had she doubted that the sugar was good. "I'm not sure," thoughtfully, "but I don't think that I know what dreams and love are, as other women do."

Niel Goddard was no sensualist, but he drew his breath faster as his eye ran over the delicate yet strong hand and arm which

the cloak left bare. The swelling throat, the erect head of the girl, held at a level with his own, were unique, in his knowledge of women, in their beauty and power. Nature, he remembered, made no mistakes. Cleopatra in soul or body was not better fitted for the subtle communion of spirit, the kindling of passion, than this cold, unawakened child. "I don't believe," she continued with a grave simplicity, "that God made me to be a wife or mother."

"You think," said Goddard, as grave as she, "that instead, he has given you a message to deliver?"

She turned sharply. "Who told you that I thought that? I never did. I never put that into words." She was greatly shaken, and finally, without recovering herself, walked hastily away from him. He followed her, speaking as though she had not answered him at all.

"You are not sure of your means of expression in music. But are you sure of what you want to say?"

"Yes. I know that. I do know that. If I were not sure of that—what would become of me?"

Goddard stopped to consider. He began to comprehend how this one idea possessed this lonely woman, almost to insanity. She had always been so simple in words and manner that he had begun to think her ignorant of her exceptional power, and shallow in feeling, to deficiency. Now, he feared to meddle, to suggest an idea to her, as though he had been about to thrust his rough hand into the chorded strings of a harp. If his words should be coarse, jar against this belief, offend her!

"In your message is it only the sky or sea you must interpret? Has no other woman a share in it? No man?"

She laughed. Her secret was shut down by this time quite out of sight—no glimpse of emotion in the steady blue eye. Outside of her secret, the world was still but a cheerful holiday ground to Audrey. "What could I have to say for humanity? Humanity for me means my uncle and Kit."

"And me?" carelessly.

"And you." Surely he detected a pale pink on her face that had not been there before. There was a sudden silence, too, which they found it difficult to break.

Miss Derby, unable to hear what they said, had had time to decide upon a plan of action. There was something in Goddard's manner different from anything she had ever seen there with the women who

had been the objects of his fervent short-lived friendships. "All other women have petted Niel. This is the first one whom he could protect," she thought shrewdly. The danger, therefore, was real.

But Jane tapped her thin breast, under which a paper rustled. "He will never marry her while he is a poor man. And the Stonepost Farm is mine—mine."

Nothing was easier than to join them; to prevent Goddard, by her mere presence, from betraying his feeling, and when they were alone together to show him the paper,—"in a light, joking way," she resolved, "as if it would be impossible for me to interfere with his good fortune. It is precisely the absurd romantic kind of generosity which Niel would appreciate. He will believe afterward in this girl's 'largesse for mankind' just as entirely; he will pay homage to her hair and eyes and genius, for a week or two, but he will never make her his wife while I own the Stonepost Farm. Market-money *versus* Aspiration! I know which will win." With bitter tears in her eyes she buttoned her cloak, looking for a dry path, for the sand on which she stood was uncomfortably wet and clammy, but seeing none, struck boldly across the sunken space between herself and him. The next moment she looked down. Was it mud on which she walked? It gave way quickly to her tread, but closed and clung about her shoes. Her feet sank deeper with each step; the weight of the wet sand, if sand it were, grew heavy on them as though it were glue. Before she was one-third of the way across her ankles were not strong enough to drag them out.

"Niel! Niel!" she cried.

"Miss Derby has followed us," Audrey exclaimed, and hurried to meet her. Goddard came slowly after her with an impatient shrug, muttering something about being spied upon perpetually. Audrey stopped.

"She does not move," turning to him startled, "and this is near—"

"I cannot move," cried Jane. "It feels as if some one were dragging my feet down."

"So like a woman!" muttered Goddard. "She has run open-eyed into a swamp, and cries to be taken out of it." But Audrey caught him by the shoulder breathlessly.

"Stop! Let me see where we are," turning her pale face from side to side. "The lighthouse to the left. Symme's pond at our back. Merciful God! she is in the quicksand!"

Goddard shook her off. "Let me go. Keep still, Jenny. Don't struggle, I'm coming. Let go my arm, I say!" But Audrey held him in a grip like iron.

"No, I'll not let you go. You don't understand. Three men have been lost in that quicksand, with the whole village looking on. There's no help possible. You would only sink with her."

"Yes, I am heavier than she, that's true," wiping the cold sweat from his face.

"But, good God! I can't stand here and see Jenny Derby die! You don't know what she has been to me, woman! Let me go. I can die with her." He shook her off, and shivering and quaking stretched out his hands to Jane, who stood quite motionless, hearing every word that was spoken, but uttering neither word nor cry. "It was natural that the other woman should hold him back. But he loves me! *Me.*"

The thought flashed through her like a fiery heat of triumph. For herself she suffered no physical pain. It was incredible that she could be in imminent danger. Her feet and ankles were buried in the sand, which had now closed firmly about them. She was not conscious of the slow, steady sinking.

Audrey had loosed her hold. "But you will not go," she said, as an older person speaks to a younger. "I do not mean that she shall die. There must be a way. We shall find one. I am going for Kit and the people. Stand here, Mr. Goddard. Just here. You can give her great comfort and strength by speaking to her. But if you go to her you only cause her to sink faster. Remember that." She disappeared swift as a shadow.

Goddard held out his arms across the dull gray space. "I could not bear the agony of seeing her die!" glancing up to heaven in a confidential way, and wiping the cold sweat from his face. Then he called to her: "If I cannot devise a way to save you, I will come, and we will die together, Jenny."

"Yes, Niel," she said quietly. Her head fell upon her breast. In her ordinary moods Jane would have struggled against dying, tried medicines and doctors with all the alertness and shrewdness of her small body and small mind, but death had taken her by the throat when she was in a manner lifted above her usual self by passion and jealousy. She was calm to heroism. It seemed to her a simple and natural thing that this man whom she loved should come to die with her.

As for Goddard, he stood still. Ten steps would bring him at any minute beside her, on to the swaying shadow which the moon made of her figure on the fatal glistening flat of sand. Death seemed to him at that moment a drink divine. Surrounded by the somber majesty of the night, in the vast silence of sea and shore, going like a young god to the side of this faithful creature who loved him with dog-like affection—it was to pass the dark portals as a hero or a king! Indeed, the first line of a poem descriptive of the sacrifice he meant to make rushed into his heated brain.

Meanwhile, with his hands outstretched, the wind blowing back his hair from his white, set face, instinct with all its noble meanings, he was a very fair type of a hero.

CHAPTER IX.

GODDARD, after awhile, recovering from his rapt contemplation of death, was conscious of a crowd of people ringed about the quicksand. There was but little noise: the most of them being horrified into silence. Kit Graff's big, burly figure was nearest to him. "Tut! tut!" was all that Kit could find to say, now that the crisis which poor Jenny had foreseen was upon her. Goddard turned from him disgusted.

"You might as well have brought one of his own oxen," he thundered to Audrey. The little man's fiery indignation was always ready to blaze forth recklessly at any hint of cowardice or lack of feeling.

The moon was up now; sea and quicksand, the whispering groups of women and arguing men, stood out clear against its ghastly pallor to Goddard's eye as a black picture on a white ground—one of Fuseli's terrible outlines. In the midst, with the treacherous pitfall around her, underneath which lay death and the grave, Jane crouched on the ground a black tumbled heap. Her heroism had evaporated; she struggled and cried and shrieked and threw herself to and fro as any other poor unreasoning animal would do, sucked in to the jaws of death inch by inch. How far her body had really sunken it was impossible to tell owing to her crouching position.

But now that she had wakened to the fear of death for herself, she was suddenly conscious that it might come to Goddard. She stopped short in her cries for help (which had been so shrill and piteous as

to drive the blood to the heart of every man there) the moment she heard his loud protestation of his resolve to die with her, and listened intently. Then she stood up and called out to them with a certain tone of authority.

"You men, I'll not cry for you to help me again. I don't want to vex any of my friends. But I'll pay any man well that will come to save me. And I'll pay you double if you will keep Mr. Goddard back. For God's sake keep him back."

The moonlight showed her her Apollo, poised vehement, as though ready to spring to her from the heights of heaven. She could see the upturned flash of his blue eyes, the moonlight was so bright; see even the intaglio which dangled from his watch-chain over his blue sailor shirt; and she remembered, poor Jane, how she had gone without meat and butter for a year, to buy and send it to him anonymously. "He thought old Shively sent it; and that pleased him better," she thought, looking at him with a queer, tender smile, even while the dead weight on her legs tugged cold and heavy, as though her feet were in truth already in the grave. So that he were pleased, what did it matter who had had the credit?

The hum of voices began to grow dull to her ears; the black encircling line of figures swam and swayed like a mist; only Goddard stood out distinct. If she died he would suffer so! It seemed to her but little matter whether she lived or died if he could be kept safe in his youth and brilliance and power. And yet an hour ago she had intended, in her mean, selfish spite, to rob him of his inheritance, to keep him from marrying the woman she thought he loved. She stretched out her hands to him. If she could but creep into some corner of the world, and watch him from there, happy with any woman, even with Audrey! What! was poor Jane Derby to be the wife of such a man!

It was but a little while that she was thus driven in on herself by the hold of death, but it first taught her what love was, as it does many a woman and man. After that the very cold and pain and physical nervous shock conquered her, and she fell into a sort of stupor.

The villagers, during those few minutes, had great difficulty in keeping Goddard back. He was quite sincere in his efforts to dash across the sand and perish with her. However, they held him, while they

laid plans for her rescue, and discussed the situation with that deliberative zeal about to-morrow's work peculiar to people in Delaware and Jersey.

"I do allow," said Pike, "that she could have been got out of any other sands or swamp than this by means of ropes and drags such as Mr. Graff there is preparing. But not out of this. No sir. It's noted dangerous, this quicksand is."

Audrey, who was the only woman who was not weeping, and who did not join the men in their talk, came up now to Graff. "I thought or heard of a way, long ago, that seems worth trying. If she had thin, stout planks, such as the staves of a hog-head, and could drive them into the sand about her, in a circle—sloping in, you understand, until they met below her feet—the sand in which she stood would then be motionless and we could easily drag her out of it."

There was the usual civil, doubting pause with which men receive a practical suggestion from women. Then Pike nodded. "Seems to be somethin' in that, Mr. Graff, provided we had the staves. But staves don't lie loose around hyar on the beach. Nor axes to drive 'em. Before we'd bring 'em, that poor young creature 'll be drawn out of sight."

"The difficulty would be," said Graff, "that she is not strong enough to drive the staves sufficiently deep. But—we'll go for them, boys," nodding to a group of young men. After they were gone the others went on talking.

"Who is this young woman? Derby? Don't know the name. Don't belong to Sussex county." Audrey paid no heed to those whisperings going about, until one question made her prick up her ears.

"Is she got any Cortrell blood? 'd like to know that. If she has there's no chance for her. The sea'll never give up its old grudge agin the Cortrells."

"It is not possible that she should have any Cortrell blood in her veins?" going up anxiously to Goddard as he stood gloomily apart, his eyes closed to keep out the death scene in which he could not share. "Her foreboding to-night was strange. Women with the second-sight always have those clear gray eyes. What do you think, eh?"

Audrey's shudder, her evident belief in the superstition itself threw Goddard quite out of his agony, just as a switch puts a train off one track on to another. He stared at her as Hamlet at

the murdered Dane. "Her grandfather or aunt or somebody *was* a Cortrell! I remember now hearing her once talk of them."

"Now," said Graff to the men, who, like himself carried a lot of these planks on their backs, "Lay them here. Stand out of the way, if you please, Mr. Goddard. You're the strongest, Joe. When I call out to you, 'steady!' you're to throw the planks to me, one at a time."

"Where are you going?" Audrey stepped in front of him. Her face more than her hand barred his way.

"Stand aside, child. There's no time to lose. She's not able to drive the staves, but I am, I fancy. I can reach her safe enough, and when I reach her we're safe enough, too." Goddard wondered why the man, if he did propose to play the hero, could not shape his sentences more grammatically and dramatically.

"This is *my* errand," stepping forward

and thrusting Graff aside, "I am ready, God knows, to risk or give my life for her."

"Very likely," said Graff, coolly, "you can find another axe and follow if you like. You can't have this one. I don't reckon you're much of a pile-driver, though," looking down contemptuously on the thin little man dilated with heroic resolve. "You understand, boys? Heft me the planks as I call for them. Bye-bye, child," looking down at Audrey for an instant, and then turning quickly away.

"You must not go, Kit," and down went her voice to a whisper,—"*She is a Cortrell.*"

Graff unquestionably lost color. "The devil!" stopping short, axe in hand. "So she is. I remember now. Well," drawing breath, "no matter." He turned to the quicksand again. But as he passed Audrey he laid his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her steadily, said, "Good-bye, child," once more.

(To be continued.)

IRREPARABLE.

THE sorrow of all sorrows
Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
The mourning of the dead,
And darkly buries pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
To all who think, or feel,—
A wound no after gladness
Can ever wholly heal;
And yet, so many share it,
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
Of friends is sadder still;
For friends grown foes, assailing,
Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining,
Have still a friend remaining!

The death of those who love us,
And those we love, is sore:
But think they are above us,
Or think they are no more,—
We bear the blows that sever,
We cannot weep forever!

The sorrow of all sorrows
Is deeper than all these,
And all that anguish borrows
Upon its bended knees;
No tears nor prayers relieve it,
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken
And find that love is flown,
And cannot be o'ertaken,
And we are left alone :—
No wo that can be spoken,
No heart that can be broken !

No wish for love's returning,
Or something in its stead;
No missing it, and yearning
As for the dearer dead :
No yesterday, no morrow,—
But everlasting sorrow !

ANNALS OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

PART III.

It was not an age of newspapers or public meetings, popular debating assemblies, or stump oratory. When the people rose they rose meaning business, in a temper which was the bursting of pent and smothered fury.

Instinct pointed out to them their immediate enemies. It was the lawyer who had ruled that "a villain" could not sue his lord. It was the lawyer's parchment by which the tenantry were held as chattels,—part and parcel of the soil. It was the lawyer again who lay in watch for them like some wild beast, dragging them through king's court, bishop's court or abbot's court, serving writs upon them for any trifling oath or hasty sin, or enforcing dues and fines at the pleasure of the manorial chief.*

Pinched, ground and starved as they had

* The exactions of the spiritual courts were peculiarly hateful.

The king taxeth not his men
But by assent of the communalte,
But these each year will ransom them,
Maisterfully more than doth he.

been in the name of law, they fell at once on the instruments of their oppression.

"Let us hang all lawyers," was the cry which Shakespeare places on their lips in describing the later insurrection of Jack Cade, and Cade is made to answer:

"Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment—that parchment scribbled over should undo a man?"

Shakespeare in his account of Cade was but translating (though giving life by his own touch to the dead words) from the Monk Walsingham's history of the rebellion of 1381. In those inarticulate days passion turned instantly to act. With a sharp axe (hanging had not yet come into fashion) the Kent insurgents chopped off the heads of every

Her seales each yeare better be
Than is the king's in extend
Her officers have greater fee,
But this mischief God amend.

[Complaint of the Ploughman. *Political Songs and Poems*, vol. i., p. 323.]

judge, lawyer or lawyer's clerk that they could catch upon their march. To be able to write was sufficient evidence of guilt.

"Dost thou use to write thy name?" says Cade to a clerk who was brought before him with his implements in his satchel, "or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?"

"I thank God," the clerk answers, "I have been so well brought up that I can write my name."

"Away with him," cry the mob, "he hath confessed." "Away with him," says Cade. "Hang him up with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."

This is no more than a paraphrase from Walsingham. *Periculosum erat agnosci pro clerico, sed multo periculosius si ad latus alicujus atramentarium inventum fuisset. Nam tales vix aut nunquam ab eorum manibus evaserunt.*

The abbeys and manor-houses on their route were broken open and sacked. The muniment chests were searched, and every roll and deed was taken out and burnt.

Then gathering frenzy and growing savage with the taste of blood, the wild army swept on over Blackheath to London Bridge. The city had risen as they expected at the news of their approach. The counties to the west and south had taken fire, and troops of villagers were streaming up along the road from Hertfordshire and Bucks. The gentlemen, flustered and helpless, gathered into small knots for self-protection, but, without orders from the court, knew not which way to turn. The gates on the bridge had been closed; but they were opened by the mob from within. Peasants and citizens flung themselves into each others' arms; and London and all that it contained lay at the mercy of a hundred thousand madmen.

It was Corpus Christi day, the 13th of June, when Wat Tyler entered the city. The enormous multitude was parted into three divisions. Jack Straw made his head-quarters at Highbury Barn, outside the walls, on the North Road. Half the rest seized Tower Hill. The others lay at Mile End, at the head of Whitechapel Road.

With method in their fury they sent separate detachments on the work of destruction. The King, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was Lord Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Walworth, the Mayor of London, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick and Suffolk had shut themselves into the Tower without attempting resistance. Still aiming at the lawyers, the people attacked the Temple and burnt it,

with the records which it contained.* They proceeded next to destroy the Savoy Palace belonging to the Duke of Lancaster, the most beautiful house in England, and afterwards the Hospital of the Knights of Rhodes, the bloody axe beating time to their march, and every supposed enemy of popular rights that was unable to escape being dragged to the block.

Another section attacked Lombard Street. There dwelt the bankers, the Flemish merchants, the money-lenders, those who fixed the rate of interest and were the representatives of the usurers, who took advantage of the poor man's necessities and ground him to grist in their mills. On these poor wretches wild vengeance alighted; scaffolds were extemporized in the streets, and their bloody heads rolled in the kennels.

"So the ungracious people demeaned themselves like men enraged and wode (mad), and did much sorrow in London."

The fury waxed through all that midsummer day, Thursday, the 13th of June. In the evening the tide rolled up against the Tower. All night it raged about the gates—a crowd of furious men crying for the king, swearing they would not go till they had the king at their pleasure, and till they brought to his account the head of the legal profession in England, the Archbishop-Chancellor, Simon of Sudbury. Unhappy Archbishop Simon! not specially guilty above other chancellors, judges, magistrates, officers of an unjust law; but having the bad luck to be the foremost representative of all the heedless wrong which had been heaped for generations on the back of the English commons, at an hour when authority was struck down, and the forces of nature had broken loose to bring all these things to judgment.

Inside the Tower there were 1,200 soldiers besides the retinues of the king and the nobles. Walworth the Mayor proposed a night-sally on the half-armed, half-drunken mass of howling frenzy. A few determined men might slay the rebels in their sleep—slay them, as was said, "like fleas." What more horrible than a murdering crowd of maniacs! What more likely than that London itself might perish, as the Savoy Palace had perished, unless order dared to assert itself? Blood enough was on the hands of the miserable wretches. Little cause might a brave magistrate have seen to hesitate. But behind the mob lay the crimes which had kindled the

* *Ubi plura munimenta quæ juridici in custodiâ habuerunt igne consumpta sunt.*

conflagration and unnerved the hands of the saviors of society. "The Earl of Salisbury and the wise men about the king said, 'Sir, if ye can appease them with fairness it were best and most profitable, and to grant them all that they desire; for if we should begin a thing which we could not achieve we should never recover it again, but we and our heirs ever to be disinherited.'"

The earl's "counsel was taken." Another victim, the most innocent and the most illustrious, was yet necessary before the plague could be stayed. As day broke the mob again roused themselves to action. Dark gangs of workmen swarmed about the Tower archway, while a yell rose from sixty thousand throats, "Bring out the Archbishop." The gates were opened and the human torrent poured through them. The men-at-arms stood in files with their halberds and battle-axes, but with orders not to resist, and "more dead than alive." Horny hands caught the knights by their beards and stroked them. Artisans in their greasy jerkins surged into the royal apartments, flung themselves into the satin chairs and rolled on the velvet counterpanes. The Princess of Wales, the king's mother, was there. Some workman or practical preacher of equality begged a kiss from her. But for the present at least the people meant no hurt to her or the king. The cry was still for the traitor prelate, the oppressor of the commons. Where was he? They seized a servant in the archbishop's livery, a dagger was held at his heart, and he was told to lead them to his master's hiding-place. He brought them to the vaulted chapel in the central tower, where the old man was kneeling before the altar, foreseeing his fate, and impatient to have the business over, "*moras eorum arguens*."

He rose to meet them. "Welcome, my children!" he said; "I am he that you seek, though no traitor and no oppressor." They rushed upon him. His chaplain held up the Corpus Dominicum. They flung him aside and dragged their prisoner unresisting across the court, and through the Tower gates to Tower Hill. As he appeared there rose a yell from the crowd not like any human shout, but like "a scream from Satan's peacocks"—"*voci-bus pavonum diabolicis*"—swords flashed over the venerable head. "What means this?" he said. "What have I done? If you kill me, the Pope will lay you under an interdict."

"Pope and interdict go to their own place," was the answer. "Thou art a false traitor. Lay down thy head." The archbishop was most eloquent—eloquent, it was

said, above all Englishmen of his day. He pleaded hard, but it availed nothing. A ruf-fian struck at him. "Ah, ah," he cried, putting his hand to the wound in his neck, "it is the hand of the Lord." The next stroke severed his fingers and cut an artery. At last, with eight blows they hacked the head from the body, and left him in dust and blood.

The story now returns to St. Alban's, where we left the townsfolk and the abbey tenants smarting under the hands of Abbot Thomas de la Mare. The news of the insurrection shot through the midland counties. The passionate cry was heard everywhere that serfdom and villanage were at an end—Englishmen were to receive at last their eternal birthright of freedom.

On the same Corpus Christi day, the 13th of June, on which Wat Tyler entered London, companies of men came trooping into St. Alban's, old and young, horse and foot, from the neighboring towns. They were received with shouts of welcome, and quia totum genus humanum pro majori parte ad malum citius quam in bonum semper est proclivum, peasants, farmers, and burghesses at once addressed themselves to the abbey to demand their liberties once more. Dusty messengers were following one another from London, some from Wat inviting the commons of Hertfordshire to his standard; some to tell the abbot that London was in the insurgents' hands. The abbot proposed that a joint deputation should go up and learn the king's pleasure; what the king should order, he said that he was ready to do. The leader of the St. Alban's rising was a burgess named William Grindcobbe,* who had been educated at the abbey school. His experience of the monks, either then or afterwards, had not disposed him to look favorably on them, and the dislike was mutual. There had been a quarrel between the abbey and the town about the limits of the abbey precincts. Grindcobbe's house, it was pretended, encroached on the abbot's premises. The abbot had sent officials to inspect; Grindcobbe had beaten them, and had been excommunicated in consequence, and been compelled to do penance naked in the presence of the assembled convent. It was now Grindcobbe's turn. The required respite was conceded, and the next morning (Friday, the day of the archbishop's murder) he started with a few hundred of his best-armed followers to see how matters were going.

* Patriotism ran in the family. The name of another Grindcobbe appears on the charter granted by Abbot Hugh, among the signatures of the burghesses.

He found Wat holding his ragged court at Mile End. The king, despairing of immediate assistance, had conceded every request that was presented to him. He had abolished serfdom so far as an act of the crown could abolish it. He had granted charters to all who asked for them. He had pardoned all the murderers. In a word, the English peasantry were free, and multitudes of the country-people, supposing their object gained, were trailing back to their homes. Wat himself, who knew the difference between paper grants and real victories, intended to take more substantial guarantees, and had determined to remain till he got them. It may be that he had views for himself too. For a leader who had climbed to so high an eminence, there was no easy or safe descent. Grindcobbe was admitted to an interview, and told the story of the abbot of St. Alban's misdoings. Wat sent him on to Richard. The king gave him a letter to the abbot, and promised, as he was pressing to be gone, to send a charter after him. Wat undertook to see that the promise should be kept, bade Grindcobbe return in peace and tell the abbot that unless justice was done immediately he would go to St. Alban's himself with twenty thousand men and shave the monks' beards for them. With this message, and the king's promise, Grindcobbe rode back in the gloaming. The news of the murder of the archbishop in the morning had gone before him. The prior who managed the estates, and knew himself to be specially hated, seeing how things were going, had slipped out at a postern with his attorney and his clerks, and had ridden for his life to the North.

The following morning, Saturday, June 15th, St. Alban's was early astir to assert its regained rights. Every gentleman and commoner residing within the liberties of the abbey had been ordered by the delegates of the people to attend on pain of death. So had commanded Wat Tyler, champion of England's freedom. The inhabitants marshalled in procession, moved once more upon the detested fences which shut them out from their woods and meadows. Swearing first a solemn oath to stand by each other, they leveled the walls and paling. A rabbit starting from its seat among them, they speared it, carried it on a lance-point into the market-place, and set it up there as a symbol of free warren. "Wherefore," comments the chronicler, characteristically, "because they had infringed Christ's patrimony, their leaders were afterwards dragged over those meadows and through those woods, and then hanged ac-

cording to their demerits, as shall be hereafter told."

Christ's patrimony was the abbot's game preserve; so thought the monk Thomas of Walsingham. Under such convictions are serious, well-intentioned men permitted to live and act, and sow the seeds of revolutions to come, as history has also to tell.

The impaled rabbit thus duly being set on high, Grindcobbe led his company to the abbey once more. The abbot's order was to make no resistance, and to leave the gate open. The first step was to break the door of the abbey jail and release the prisoners. Most of them probably were, like Nicholas Tybbeson, confined for non-payment of questionable exactions. One unhappy wretch, for an unnamed reason, perhaps because he was a real criminal, who had claimed benefit of clergy, the mob decided to lynch. A block and axe were extemporized—they struck his head off under the abbot's windows and set it beside the rabbit's. So far they had gone when a horn was heard, and a company of horse galloped up with the royal standard flying. It was Richard of Wallingford, one of the chief burgesses, who had accompanied Grindcobbe to London the day before, and had been left behind to receive the king's letter, which he was now bringing with him. The standard was planted; the people were directed to remain by it, and Grindcobbe, Richard, and other delegates, entered the church and sent to the abbot to come to them.

The abbot had been sitting in sad chapter with the convent. He had said that he would rather die than yield the Church's rights. The brethren had told him that his death would not help the situation. The people would either have their way or would kill them all and burn the abbey. Thus pressed, the abbot repaired to the insurgent leaders. Richard of Wallingford placed in his hand a command from the king to restore the charters which had been granted by Abbot Hugh; to grant a complete release of all rights over wood and meadow; all rights of corn-mill and fulling-mill, *ceo que lei et reson le requeront*—as law and reason required. This done, all grudges should be thenceforth removed.

The abbot said, feebly, that although it was true his predecessors had granted such a charter, it had been afterwards surrendered.

Richard of Wallingford answered that times were changed. The people were now masters, and the people meant to have their way. "There stand," he continued, as he saw the abbot still hesitating, "a thousand men

before your gate waiting your answer. Either yield, or we send word to Wat Tyler, who will burn your abbey to the ground."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the abbot. "For these thirty-two years I have been your father. I have injured none of you; and now without cause will you destroy your kind master?"

It was to no purpose. Richard of Walsingham said he must have a yes or no.

Abbas librans pericula yielded. He gave up the charters, and certain bonds with them into which the burgesses had entered to submit for the future. The bonds were carried off and burnt at the market-cross under the rabbit's and the prisoner's head. Another charter was promised *de libertatibus villanorum*, setting the "villains" free. One more piece of justice, this time an innocent one, the people executed for themselves. The millstones in the floor of the "parlor" were torn up and broken, and the fragments distributed through the town "as if they had been pieces of holy bread."

The abbey was now left to itself. The citizens withdrew. The monks went to dinner, which they ate in sorrow, "mixing their meat with tears and their drink with lamentations." Here was a change. Richard the clockmaker's work all undone again. The master down, the servants up, the abbey likely to be burnt, and their very lives in the hands of clowns. At night the mob were at the gates again crying for the promised emancipation charter. Five hundred peasants bivouacked under the walls, threatening to break in at any moment, and were only kept in good humor by bread and beer from the buttery. All persons who had claims on the abbey were invited to bring them in for settlement. "An abbey tenant, who himself owed us money, came and demanded a hundred marks, of which he said the prior had robbed him. The wretch at last accepted twenty pounds, saying he would gladly lose all if he could but catch the prior and settle scores with him."

The night wore away in misery. The monks were meditating flight and meant to be off in the morning. The day when it came brought news that the tide had turned.

Not this time, nor for many an age to come, was England to be a commonwealth after Wat Tyler's pattern. Commonwealth indeed on such terms it could never be, but only a pile of units without power or coherence, ready at the first blast of wind to be scattered like dust. It would be no very excellent England when a Wat Tyler's or a

Cade's mouth was to be its parliament.* This, and all nations which deserve the name, can exist only where there is settled order and settled rule, and where fools and knaves submit to let wise men guide them; yet with this condition also laid down in the *Eternal Statute-Book*, that the wise shall also be just,—or red republics will rise and again rise, and mad socialisms, and reigns of terror, and archbishops must be shot on barricades, or have their heads hacked from their shoulders by the swords of clowns.

Wat Tyler's work was done. The bloody lesson had been read, and a small step gained for suffering mankind. Nature or destiny was for the time satisfied, and the tools with which she had worked were flung away.

This same Saturday morning, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and Ball lay with twenty thousand of their followers in Smithfield. They were meditating, it was said, a general confiscation of property. London was to be plundered and the spoil divided. The king's person was then to be secured, and the new triumphs were to govern England in his name on communist principles. Richard—so the story goes—was intending to escape, if possible, from London, and with the mayor and forty gentlemen about him left the town and rode past the skirts of the mob. If he had really meant to fly, it is singular that he should have chosen the route which exposed him most certainly to interruption. At all events he appeared in Smithfield. Wat Tyler, on horseback, placed himself in the king's path, struck at one of the equerries, Sir John Newton, and then insolently addressed the king. Walworth, the mayor, coming up at the moment with a party of horse, rode in upon the rebel leader and bore him to the ground. One of the king's attendants sprung off and ran him through the body with his sword, and at once all was confusion. Wat Tyler had been the life of the insurgents. The sudden blow upon the head stunned and stupefied them. Other parties of gentlemen with armed servants were riding in from the cross streets, likely enough with preconcerted purpose. The king, with a courage which promised a better future for him than he lived to realize, rode forward and spoke

* DICK.—I have a suit to your lordship: that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

CADE.—I have thought upon it. It shall be so. Burn all the records of the realm. "My mouth shall be the parliament of England."

Wat Tyler declared, says Walsingham, "that all things should be in common, and the laws should come out of his lips."

with address and presence of mind. He renewed his promise of emancipation, with pardon for all that had passed. The crowd melted away. The two priests went off with the rest. Ball was immediately taken. Jack Straw escaped into the eastern counties.

It was now the turn of the ruling powers. Promises freely given might require to be observed. Promises made to rebels in arms were binding only while the force which extorted them remained. Walworth, with the city guard, seized such straggling wretches as had been left behind and struck their heads off. Knights and barons came up with their followers in haste from the country, to prevent the disgrace of the crown and to "save society." In four days the king had forty thousand men-at-arms about him. Justice was not allowed to linger. A special commission was appointed to try offenders, and Richard, with Chief-Justice Tressilian, went down into Kent to hold his court. The miserable people inquired with wonder if they were in a dream. "Had they not been promised pardon and promised freedom?" "Rustici fuistis et estis," the king replied—"Clowns ye have been, and clowns ye are. In bondagio permanebitis, non ut hactenus, sed incomparabiliter viliori—In your bondage ye shall remain: not as heretofore, but infinitely worse. So long as I live and reign I will make you an example to future ages."

"My father chastised you with whips, and I will chastise you with scorpions." So answered a foolish Hebrew king, and lost an empire for his pains. So often answer the rulers of this world in the pride of their power. But there is a higher power in nature which will not be so answered—as Richard found when Henry of Lancaster hurled him from his throne; and as the barons found when, a generation later, they watered the English meadows with each other's blood. For the present it was the hour of authority,—authority which had forgotten its own injustice in the crimes of those who had risen in arms against it. Prisoners were brought in in gangs, and sent at first with short shrift to the block. Propter multitudinem perimendorum, "on account of the multitude of those who were to be executed," there was no leisure for more discriminating proceedings. When the first fever of revenge was slaked, Tressilian sat for ordered justice, and the criminals were hanged, drawn, and quartered with the usual ceremonious ferocity.

The insurrection died hard. Jack Straw fled to Norfolk, where the commons were still unbroken. They knew now the mercy for

which they had to look. A crowd of infuriated people, said to have numbered fifty thousand, again gathered about him. Sir John Cavendish, one of the judges, was in the county. They killed him and set his head on a spike in Bury St. Edmunds. Off too went the head of the prior of St. Edmund's monastery, and was set lip to lip with the head of Cavendish. Less happy he than his brother of St. Alban's, who was safe in Northumberland. A mock monarch was set up to succeed the Tyler, one John Littestere. They called him "King of the Commons," and set themselves in force to attack Norwich.

But the tide had turned, and the barons were now on their guard. Henry le Spencer, a fiery youth whom the fates and a disordered age had made into a bishop, gathered his lances round him. He found Straw and Littestere entrenched at North Walsham, behind a ditch and a barricade of carts. Le Spencer, in full armor, snatched a spear from a comrade, put his horse at the water, and flew over it *velut aper frendens dentibus*—"like a boar grinding his tusks." The first man that he encountered he pinned to the ground. Then, with a huge double-edged sword, he plunged into the crowd, hewing round him and lopping heads and arms. Fast after the bishop came his mailed companions. The wretched commons were cut down in heaps till none were left to be killed. Straw was sent to London, where Walworth promptly hanged him. The bishop himself took charge of the King of the Commons. Combining the functions of a ghostly father and provost-marshal, he first heard the poor king's confession and made him ready for eternity. Then throwing him on the hurdle and with his own hand holding up his head—*ne collideretur a terra*—"lest it should be dashed against the ground" as he was being dragged to the gallows, he hung him in chains for the crows to feast on as a lesson to all revolvers against the rule of priests and barons.

Sharp practice, and perhaps necessary; yet to be followed promptly by the division of these same high persons into two camps, like the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, two-thirds of them to perish by each other's swords.

Thus rapidly was Wat Tyler's rebellion extinguished in its own blood. The last scene of the drama remained only to be played out before the curtain fell. The stage chosen for the close of the performance was St. Alban's.

We left the abbot in despair—the monks preparing to fly; the Hertfordshire mob drinking the abbot's ale before the gates; Wat

Tyler, perhaps, looked for in the morning to reduce the abbey to ashes. So had passed the night of Saturday, the 15th of June. Sunrise brought news of the change in London. The king and the mayor had recovered the city, and Wat Tyler was dead.

A knight followed on a horse, bloody with spurring, bringing orders in the king's name for every one to return to his house. Events had followed so thick one upon the other, that the meaning of the new catastrophe was not at once understood. King Richard had renewed his promise of emancipation. The cause survived, if the leader was gone. The mob were not savage, but they persevered in demanding what they considered their rights. Reinforced by the tenants of every farm in the county which the abbey possessed, they required a paper under the abbot's hand, guaranteeing to them in perpetuity a list of specified concessions. Their leaders dictated the principal points in the abbot's chamber. It was not necessary to insist further on emancipation. The king, it was assumed, had put an end to serfdom, by an act which he had solemnly renewed in Smithfield over Wat Tyler's body. The burgesses of the town and the tenants required further their pasture rights, their fishing and warren rights, and the right to grind their corn, free of toll and tithe to the abbot's mills.

A clerk took down their words. The charter of rights was reduced to form, was duly signed and sealed, and was carried off and read at the market-cross. Villanage, and all forms of forced labor were declared to be abolished. Carts went round distributing bread and beer. Peace and good-will were to reign thenceforward between high and low, and the day was spent in jollity and mutual congratulations.

"The fools believed," says Walsingham, "that all were now as noble as the family of the king himself, and that there were to be no more masters upon earth."

For several days they were left in their illusion. A few St. Alban's people had been taken in Essex, and were in danger of the gallows. They sent word to their friends. The abbot was appealed to, and the abbot swore, *se maluisse tractum fuisse gladio quam talia audisse*—"he would rather have been run through with a sword than have heard such a thing." He and his monks were still defenseless, and, if the people suspected that they were betrayed, the abbey might be destroyed before help could reach them. He dispatched a courier to the court,

bidding him spare neither whip nor spur. The prisoners were released, after taking an oath of fealty, and the alarm passed off.

Shortly after, it was reported that Sir Walter at Lee, a Hertfordshire knight, was coming with a party of soldiers to quarter himself at St. Alban's to preserve the peace of the county.

What was the meaning of this? Grindcobbe the champion of the burgesses, "*plenus improbæ animositatis*," "full of wicked resolution," came once more to the front.

"Pluck up your hearts, my friends," he said; "we are rich; we shall not want friends while our money holds. There are eight or ten townships of us confederated. Let us mount our horses and meet this Sir Walter, and learn if he comes in peace."

Out of the nettle danger was to be plucked the flower safety. They encountered Sir Walter, Grindcobbe at their head. Sir Walter had but fifty lances and a company of archers, who, if he tried violence, might go over to the people's side.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Walter smoothly, "his Majesty, who is patron of the Abbey of St. Alban's, has heard of certain wrongs being done to the abbot. He was coming hither himself with a force so large that it would have consumed the whole country. Out of my affection for you I persuaded him to leave the inquiry to me. If you can satisfy the abbot, you have nothing to fear from the king. Let me know who the persons are that have occasioned the riot."

The speech was apparently well received. The two parties rode together to the town. Sir Walter selected twelve burgesses as a grand jury to present the names of the men who had done anything wrong. The grand jury returned for answer that no wrong had been done. They were all loyal subjects together.

Sir Walter and his company passed on to the abbey and heard mass, and having then a stout wall and a barred gate to shelter him, he informed the citizens that they must surrender the charters which they had forced the abbot to give them. The citizens answered promptly that they neither could nor would. The country would tear them to pieces.

Sir Walter's followers were not to be relied on. A body of three hundred archers, who had come into the town to support the people, were handling their bows ominously. He waited till night, and then, with a small party, he contrived to surprise Grindcobbe in his bed, and with a certain John the Barber,

who had been prominent in tearing up the millstones in the abbey parlor, he sent him under a strong guard to Hertford jail.

At Hertford these two gentlemen were likely to have received summary treatment. They were taken before the magistrates in the early morning, and were on the point of being ordered for execution, when an express came from the abbey. The people had risen again, swearing that if their fellow-citizens were injured they would take a hundred lives for one. The garrison was too weak to be depended on, and justice must pause. Grindcobbe and the Barber were released on bail, the burgesses undertaking that they should surrender on the following Sunday, if peace had not been made meanwhile.

This was on Tuesday, the 18th. Again at St. Alban's they called a meeting, and Grindcobbe, *cujus cor induratum in malo fuerat*, whose heart was hardened in evil, rose and spoke: "Fellow-townsmen," he said, "after long oppression, you have at last secured your freedom. Stand now, therefore, while stand you may. Fear not for me. If they take my life it will prove better in the end for you. I shall count myself happy if I am a martyr in your cause. Act for yourselves as you would have acted if my head had fallen yesterday at Hertford. Nothing saved me then but the abbot's message. The judge was sitting, and they were calling out for my blood."

Of course there were cheers for Grindcobbe. They were free men, and sooner than their liberty should be torn from them they would all die. They would have Sir Walter's head, and set it on a pole as a warning to tyrants.

Hard as Walsingham considered Grindcobbe's heart, he kept his word which he had given at Hertford. The town held out as he recommended. He himself, when the week was out, went back to jail, and too probably to death.

Fate was closing round him. Sword and rope having done their work elsewhere; Jack Straw and the King of the Commons hanged, and the towns of Kent and Essex and the eastern counties duly decorated with the heads and quarters of the executed criminals, the king and his chief-justice were at leisure to attend to Hertfordshire, and put the finishing stroke to the work of justice. As the month came to its end, there was no longer a doubt that the royal army was really approaching. The fate of the other counties told but too surely what would follow on its arrival.

In honest alarm for the imprisoned Grindcobbe, the burgesses now fell on their knees. Rights, charters, all should be surrendered.

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They offered the abbot two hundred pounds, equal perhaps to three thousand of our modern money. In vain. The time of grace was past. *Abbas non reputavit illam horam idoneam esse ad tractandum cum illis super re tam ardua.* "The abbot did not think it a fitting moment to treat with them on a matter of such importance." The meaning of this was not to be mistaken. As it had been in Kent, so it was to be in Hertfordshire. The humbled wretches carried back the fragments of the millstones and replaced them in the floor. They flung their charters at the abbot's feet. They brought their gold in bags and meekly prayed the abbot to accept it. The abbot took the gold, but the king came, notwithstanding, with his knights and barons and his chief-justice, and St. Alban's, like other places, was to taste the value of royal promises.

A jury of burgesses was again empaneled. Tressilian told them that if they trifled again they should be indicted themselves for treason; and between terror and skillful handling they were drilled into complacency. Grindcobbe and the Barber were brought back from Hertford, and, with thirteen other citizens, were tried, found guilty, and hanged.

A wail of indignant lamentation rose from the town; execrations were heaped upon the abbot, the women especially being eloquent in their fury; and the soldiers who had come with the king, and had little love for churchmen, were suspected of being seduced by the women's arts to listen. * Stake and gallows were threatened freely to silence their slanderous tongues. But the abbot was his own worst accuser. What deeper condemnation could be pronounced against a house of religion than to have inspired all its dependants with so deadly hatred?

One more victim had yet to be sacrificed,—the original cause of the rebellion, the preacher who had questioned the existence of gentlemen, when Adam dived and Eve was learning to spin. John Ball had been taken at Coventry and been handed over to Tressilian. The Bishop of London had procured him a few days' respite, being anxious for his soul, *quia circa salutem suæ animæ sollicitus fuit.* The saving state of mind being arrived at, he too was made over to the executioner, and on the 15th of July—a month and two days after his triumphal entry into London, fate having overtaken

* *Suadebant et mulieres eorum quod viri non valebant quæ satis communes fuerunt eisdem tempore hospitalitatis.*

him at last, he was hanged, drawn and quartered at St. Alban's in the king's presence.

Richard, who had found the month a trying one, and required some amusement after it, now went off on a hunting-party. The mourners left behind in the town less easily recovered their spirits. The night of the king's departure the bodies of the burgesses were taken down from the gibbets and buried. The news of the daring exploit found Richard at Berkhamstead. He did not return; but he, or those about him, sent back orders with which it was necessary to comply. The people were compelled to take the bodies out of the earth and again hang them up in chains.

"Such," says Walsingham, with childish malignity, "such was the liberty which they had won for themselves, the liberty of being made into hangmen."

All was now over, and the chains were once more riveted on the English commons. Something had been gained. The barons recognized that slavery could not last forever; that means must be found for gradual emancipation; and from this time the serfs and villains were allowed, when their lords were willing, to purchase their freedom. All else settled back into the old grooves. The commons failed to rescue themselves from the gripe of the manorial lords. The Wickliffites, who at one time were likely to have antedated the Reformation, were soon after beaten back in the same way along the lines of the spiritual revival. The barons were brought to justice in the wars of the following century, when the feudal system virtually perished. The monasteries, with the superstitions on which they rested, prolonged their sickly days for another hundred and fifty years. So much grace was granted them if haply they could learn their lesson and repent. On them, alas! the storm had swept in vain; and they used their respite only that monks and monkery might steep themselves in deeper infamy, and make their very names loathsome in the nostrils of honest Englishmen.

Not willingly did the St. Alban's tenants bend again into obedience to Abbot Thomas de la Mare. Their handmills were gone, but sooner than grind at the abbey mills they carted their corn to be ground many miles away beyond the abbot's jurisdiction. The relations of the poor men who had been executed, "so deadly was their malice," set fire to one of the abbot's barns. For many months the bitterness and hate continued. Gradually, however, they bowed their necks

to the inevitable. Life in town and convent fell back into the old routine, and the abbot recovered his spirits and forgot his calamities. The king and his soldiers had eaten him bare, but another harvest or two replenished his stores. The lawsuits which he won brought him wealth, and with the wealth he added splendor to the abbey. He bought pictures for the church in Italy. He regilt the shrine, rebuilt the hall and gateway; he glazed the cloister, and found an artist to paint in fresco in front of the chapter house the likeness *sue* *Majestatis*, *i.e.*, of God Almighty. Sore at the attacks upon his warrrens, he became the strictest of game-preservers. The monks complained that they could not be allowed now and then a day's shooting. Otherwise they admitted that he was a kindly old gentleman, good to the sick, gracious in manner to all, and not too harsh in enforcing austerities upon others which he scrupulously practiced himself. He wore a hair-shirt, with which he never parted. Once or twice a week "*corporales disciplinas satis asperas suscepit*,"—he gave himself a severe flogging. At length, growing very old, he became helpless in body and imbecile in mind. In this state he lingered till he was 87 years old, and when he died, there died with him all that was left of worth in the Abbey of St. Alban's.

The Prior, brother de la Moote, who had for some years managed everything, had made his own arrangements for his election as successor. No sooner was the breath out of Abbot Thomas's body, than the prior's friends voted him in by acclamation without prayer or ceremony; seized him in their arms, carried him into the church, and seated him on the altar. Huge presents to the king and Pope secured the ratification of the otherwise scandalous proceeding, and then set in in earnest the age of riot and extravagance. The monks did not fill up their numbers, that there might be more money to share among those who remained. Their complement was a hundred. They fell away to sixty-four and thence to fifty. The abbot lavished the revenues upon costly buildings—the most worthless of these great persons being always those whose tastes were most magnificent. He spent large sums at St. Alban's. He spent sums still larger on a private palace which he erected on a distant estate. He kept no accounts; all was waste and confusion. No note was taken of days of rest or saints' days. Alike on fast and festival, spade and pickaxe, trowel and hammer were kept busy. All regard for religion appeared to have perished. At length the "painz of

Gehenna" overtook him. He died of remorse and pleurisy.

There is no occasion to follow step by step the descent of the stair which ended in destruction. Two abbots only remain to be noticed, the second of whom may be said to have achieved a supremacy of infamy; the other at the better end of the scale lived to show how well-intentioned men found their moral nature contaminated in the conventual atmosphere.

Abbot John, of Whethampsteade, having held office for some years in the early part of the 15th century, retired as unable to conduct the business satisfactorily to himself or others. He was succeeded by an Abbot Stokes, whose administration was again a scene of confusion and peculation. At Stokes's death, in 1452, there being no other tolerable candidate, the convent invited the aged Abbot John to resume the ungrateful duty. On taking the reins once more, Abbot John found the management of the house had fallen entirely into the hands of a young monk of sharp business qualities, named William of Wallingford. On this William were heaped the offices of arch-deacon, cellarer, sub-cellarer, bursar, forester and chamberlain. He was officarius generalis, official general, in fact, and was known by that name in the abbey.

Abbot Stokes, among his other delinquencies, had been a miser. On his death-bed he was surrounded by a group of brethren, among whom the prior, as spokesman for the rest, thus addressed him:

"Sir," he said to the dying man, "you have been a Midas, seeking only for gold. For the Church you have done nothing. To us monks you have been mean and parsimonious. Death is now at your door, and has almost sealed your lips. Tell us now, while you are able to speak, what have you been doing these eleven years with the abbey revenues?"

The abbot muttered feebly that he had saved and secreted a thousand marks. Four hundred of them he left to the convent for repairs. The rest he bequeathed to the next abbot, who would find the accounts in disorder.

The prior inquired where the hoard would be found. The abbot pointed to the officarius and his brother Thomas. They could point out the place, he said. It was in a chest under the dormitory. The abbot died. The officarius was invited to produce the treasure. He brought out two small locked boxes which, when opened, were found to contain two hundred and fifty marks. He protested that he knew of no more.

The prior, stupefactus, said no more at the time. This little incident was probably the secret of the recall of Abbot John, whose age and weight might counterbalance the power of this questionable William. Abbot John, after his second installation, long felt himself unequal to pressing so delicate an inquiry. It was plain to him that in the official and his brothers he had to deal with an Ananias and Sapphira; but he knew not precisely how to act towards them. In theory the possession of private property was a breach of the monastic vow; but the rule had been effete too long to bear sudden revival. At length he collected his courage, sent for the officarius, and questioned him.

The unabashed officarius stood to his story. He admitted that Abbot Stokes had spoken of a thousand marks; but the abbot's senses must have been wandering. He swore by God and all the saints, he even offered to swear on the sacraments, that for his part he knew of nothing but what he had produced.

"Brother," Abbot John answered, "no God-fearing man can believe that my predecessor told a lie when he was dying. To lie at that time is to go straight to the author of sin and everlasting darkness. Do not slander his memory. If you have kept back the money, confess. You commit one sin in having money at all; you commit another, and a worse, when you perjure yourself."

The officarius had gone too far to draw back. He persisted in his innocence. His brother Thomas persisted with equal confidence. Both wished they might go to hell, and never see paradise, if they were not speaking the truth.

The abbot bade them have mercy on their souls. They were doing worse than murder. The pit might swallow them up.

They had probably come to consider the pit a highly problematical place. They swore again, with all most solemn attestations, that Abbot Stokes had been mistaken; and the Abbot John, knowing that they had a strong party in the convent and out of it, at their backs, and that if he pressed too hard, odium potius quam aurum extorqueret, he might extort more hate than gold, he again seemed to let the inquiry drop.

But he kept his eyes open. Two accounts are given, slightly differing, of what followed. Substantially, however, it was something of this kind. The most cautious rogues are not always consistent in their stories. At one time the officarius admitted, in confession, that he owned property to the amount of £160. At another he said, in conversa-

tion, that he had paid a hundred and forty pounds to the abbot. The abbot sent for his accounts under the heads of his different offices: under each head the convent was made out to be in debt. The abbot asking what was to be done, the officarius said coolly that the treasury was empty, and he must borrow. It was too much. Secret investigations had revealed that the officarius had been speculating with the funds of the abbey "like a child of this world," *filius hujus sæculi*. He had been buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market,* and pocketing his gains. On his first entrance into the convent, while yet a lad, he had been a capitalist, and was found to have lent money on usury. As bursar he had cut down wood and sold it, and had made no entry of the payments. He had manumitted "villains," and the price of their freedom had gone to his private purse.

The abbot, in *mente abhorrens*, delivered his soul!

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you not confessed? Is not the whole convent ringing with it, that you have a hundred and sixty pounds? Have you not said that you have brought a hundred and forty pounds to me? Blush, brother, blush. This is the most audacious lie that you have yet told. Under what planet were you born? You know well you have brought me no money. You so swear and forswear and contradict yourself that there is no truth in you. It is now plain, as others have told me, that you will say anything. You are not to be believed though you swear on book or sacrament. You have plundered us in your places of trust; we are in debt and cannot maintain our state. How unfit are you then to hold office in the family of the Lord! Where is the money for which you sold our woods? Where is the price of our villains' freedom?"

In Abbot Paul's time the punishment for such an officarius would have been excommunication till full confession; after confession the hair-shirt, the scourge, the penitential vigil; years of disgrace and suffering; and absolution hardly earned at last. Times were changed. The new age had trampled out the old, and penance was out of fashion.

Abbot John was a good man in his way, but he was more anxious to recover his money

than to punish sin. If he could wring out of the alarms of the officarius a share of the spoils, convent discipline might lie over till better times, and brother William's talents for business might be useful to the abbey.

"Go now," he continued; "in recompense for these transgressions bring the late abbot's hoard. Bring what you have yourself gained by your unlawful tradings. The brother that conceals treasure departs from God and becomes one of the family of the Devil. Dives, for his avarice, had his reward in hell. Lest you too go to the same place, fetch the money. It must be a thousand pounds in all. If you refuse, I will proceed against you by the canons. Use no more vain subterfuges. The good servant may live by his office, but if he is a robber and a thief he is fit only to be hanged, and to burst asunder like Judas. Tell no more lies. Peccatores, are they, brother, not precatores (the abbot condescending to pun), who heap up riches and deny the possession of them? Prævaricatores, are they not prædicatores, who justify themselves, and wash their hands in innocence when they are really guilty? Bring the money, I say; bring it, and you shall find me your gracious lord. You may keep something in your own purse, that you may live like an honest fellow. You must not pile up gold for yourself, and give nothing to your brethren. I can allow you to do a stroke of business now and then for yourself. Confine yourself within the limits which I prescribe, and you shall not be worried about your vow of property;* but do not plunge into the mire, or for a little gain risk being swallowed in the pit forever."

So ended the abbot's harangue, and the officarius withdrew to bethink himself. If he gave up the money, he confessed to perjury. If he held out, he might be prosecuted and the whole convent might turn against him. He was a monk of resources. He went privately to the abbot's chaplain. If the abbot, he said, would indeed be his gracious lord, and would leave him in his offices, he would pay all the outstanding debts of the abbey. He would pay the sums which were due to the Pope and king on the last election; and he would undertake further that in three years his abbot should have three hundred pounds in the treasury, and should owe nothing to any man.

Here was something like an official gen-

* *Studuisti assidue bono pretio emere et caro pretio vendere*. It is interesting to find a man charged as a crime with having acted on the cardinal maxim of the modern science of sciences. The art of successful trade was understood before Adam Smith, but was less highly appreciated.

* *Et nullus contra te objiciet aut super vito proprietatis improprietabit in æternum*—a faint pun again on the word property.

eral. What more could be desired? Gold flowing like the stream of Pactolus; and scandals smoothened over and buried.

Abbas gavisus non modice. The abbot was delighted. Brother William, who had been filius perditionis, was once more an heir of salvation. The chaplain was empowered to say that, on these terms, all should be forgotten. The officarius "was as glad as one that had found great spoils." The debts were paid; the abbey flourished, as well as the Roses wars would allow, so long as Abbot John lived; and when he died, we read without wonder that, after a short interval, this William of Wallingford, by consent of the whole house, reigned in his stead.

Little more remains to be said. We shall read without wonder also, that of all abbots of St. Alban's, this William of Wallingford contributed more towards the erection of that magnificent pile of buildings whose ruins breathe celestial music in the spirit of sentimental pietism.

It was the same William of Wallingford who made the Abbey of St. Alban's, while he ruled over it, a nest of sodomy and fornication—the very aisles of the church itself being defiled with the abominable orgies of incestuous monks and nuns.

The evidence of their infamy lies recorded with deadly conclusiveness. The cry of indignation against the condition of the exempt English abbeys reached to Rome, and shocked even the tolerant worldliness of the much-enduring Pope. When the civil war was over, and Henry the Seventh was settled on the throne, Innocent the Eighth enjoined Cardinal Morton to visit St. Alban's, and report upon it. Cardinal Morton, after examination of witnesses, has left in his Register * as the result of his inquiry, that the brethren of the abbey were living in filth and lasciviousness with the inmates of the dependent sisterhoods; that the adjoining Nunnery of Pray was a common brothel; the prioress setting the example, by living in unrebuked adultery with one of the monks. The abbot himself, too old for pleasures of the flesh, had reverted to his early habits; had cut down the

woods and sold them; had made away with the altar-vessels, and stolen and disposed of the jewels of the shrine. The few members of the house who retained a sense of decency were oppressed and persecuted, and the beautiful abbey, the home of the proto-martyr, which had been born in miracles and cradled in asceticism, was given over to the abomination of desolation.

Another fifty years, and the religious houses in England,—the soul of them long dead, the body putrefying and poisoning the air,—were swept away by the besom of Henry the Eighth. The land could bear with them no longer. So abhorred were they, that in many places the country-people rose on them and, when the Government gave the word, tore them down, aisle and tower, groined arch and fluted column, down to the very ground, not leaving one stone upon another, and driving the plough over the spot where they stood. In the general ruin, the church of St. Alban's was saved by the burgesses. The long battle was over at last. The scene of so many struggles was endeared to them by the recollection of the fight. On the passing of the Act of Suppression, they purchased the buildings from the Crown for £400; and the church itself has been used since the Reformation for the Protestant service.

The ruins of the rest have stood, for three centuries, instructive emblems of the fate of noble institutions which survive the spirit which gave them meaning and utility. They preach with a silent force more eloquent than the tongues of a thousand orators, that the most saintly professions are not safe from the grossest corruption, and that the more ambitious the pretensions to piety, the more austere is the vengeance on the neglect of it.

There is a talk now of restoring St. Alban's. We are affecting penitence for the vandalism of our Puritan forefathers, and are anxious to atone for it.

Cursed is he that rebuildeth Jericho. Never were any institutions brought to a more deserved judgment than the monastic orders of England; and a deeper irreverence than the Puritan lies in the spurious devotionism of an age which has lost its faith, and with its faith has lost the power to recognize the visible workings of the ineffable Being by whose breath we are allowed to exist.

* Cardinal Morton's letter to the abbot, detailing the scandals which had been discovered, is printed in the third volume of Wilkin's Concilia.

SPEECH-MAKING IN CONGRESS.

ACCORDING to those who have heard Clay and Webster, there was something in their eloquence which carried people away, and, according to the accounts of the biographers of Patrick Henry, there was something still more effective in his; and these statements are doubtless correct. The probability is, however, that the power was not altogether in their gift of speech, but also in having a receptive, impressionable people to listen to them. Naturally, there must have been that sympathetic relation between the listener and the speaker which enabled the one to work up the other to a white heat, as a blacksmith does his iron, to be made malleable and shaped according to his will.

This receptive, impressible character of the people arose from its being young; for nations, like individuals, have their youth, prime, and old age. The secret of the power which, according to the writers of his time, Patrick Henry exercised, lies in his audience—a virgin people, living in a heroic age. Since then, with each succeeding generation, as the nation has grown older, the hold of the orator on the people has grown correspondingly weaker. During the war, before which the orator was gradually disappearing, there was something of a revival of eloquence, for misfortune and struggle impart the faculty of noble speech to the speaker and the power of song to the poet, and for a time men spoke as they had not done for a score of years. Among these, notably, was Lincoln, who on several occasions rose into biblical imagery and a charity that was heaven-born. A great moral idea was the key-note of his theme; the people were receptive, and they listened to him because they were under the stroke of adversity; for it is incontestable that they who suffer always listen to the teachings of virtue better than they who are happy. Others beside the President touched the hearts of those who asked for nothing better than to be soothed in their affliction and stimulated in their patriotic resolution. Men acquired stronger convictions and gave their lives freely to the country, and, as a consequence, things mundane fell correspondingly in value. Houses, land, food and raiment were no longer necessary; to save the country was the only recognized

necessity of the time. Thus, the pervading feeling was like a dry, thirsting, August prairie, requiring only the fire of the orator to set it in a blaze. Such a season the orators fell upon, and they set the country in a glow from one end to the other, and they who did it must regard this as the brightest page of their histories. It is not probable that such an opportunity for the display of oratory and patriotism will ever again occur in the lives of the present citizens of the republic.

Eight years of material prosperity has made a change. Public feeling is no longer a tinder to be set ablaze by the speech of orators. What would most strike the people, were Patrick Henry to speak to them to-day, would be the absence of those very marvelous effects in which they have been taught to believe from childhood up, for the bond of sympathy indispensable to the orator in moving an audience would be broken. Henry's burning sentences would now be called gush, his elaborate rhetoric stilted. The country is no longer young and impressible, and patriotic exhortation has degenerated into the diffusive, ardent harangue of the stump. Everything that sounds like an appeal to conscience or patriotism is rejected as buncombe; for there is little of one or the other in public life, and such rejection is logical. Thus, however much our elders were electrified with the words of Henry Clay, the men of to-day could sit under them, cool and calm as a May morning.

The sneer at the old-fashioned orator has got into the school-houses and pervades journalism. It has taken the emotional feature of speech out of the young men who are coming forward to make laws and govern the country. There always has been a jealousy, latent or apparent, between the speaker and the writer, and the latter now takes his revenge and calls the former a blatant blatherskite—a vacuous vaporor; and here the orator is at a disadvantage, for his work spreads thin in comparison with that of the writer, who has the time to arrange his thoughts in compact form. The old-fashioned orator himself either recognizes the change in public sentiment or the fire of his early manhood is burnt out by age, for he

no longer exhibits the heat and vociferation of his younger days. He is lost in the general level of conservatism, and has become, like the messenger of bad tidings to Macduff, niggard of his speech.

A gulf separates these conservatives, young and old, from those enthusiasts of war-time who, from the stump, the school-house, and the church, hurried the people into the ranks, and joined with them in their march to the front, to the rude, wild air of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on"—the Marseillaise of the American war. The air and the words of the song are ordinary, but the time gave it an extraordinary significance, and heroes, with riddled flags and stout hearts, sang it like men inspired as they marched to death or victory. The same men could now listen to it with very slight emotion—the remote and dying ripple of a mighty wave.

John J. Crittenden, who lingered behind Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton, on the Congressional stage as a member of the lower House, must have been struck with the change that had even then come over that body. Instead of the old legislative assembly to which he had been accustomed, where men hung on the eloquence of an orator of the old school, he found himself in the midst of a kind of legislative mob, where ten minutes' attention was rarely given to any man's speaking. It was like going from a quiet country village into the whirl and roar of Broadway. Every day there was the rush of business, the "fillibustering," and the crack of Thaddeus Stevens's whip with his "previous question." The old Kentuckian was so bewildered by this state of things that he remained a passive spectator in what took place about him—he was in it, but not of it. Under new rules and ways, he saw that it was impossible for him to take an active part, and he wisely refrained.

Although the bombast of the past was wearisome, it had its virtue in the patriotism by which it was usually inspired. This virtue gave it attraction, and there are few of our elders who have not been thrilled by the diffusive, burning harangue of the stump; but to our ears the wild cry of the bird of freedom has become a disagreeable squawk. After a while, its voice got into the throats of demagogues oftener than those of true men, and thus it went out of fashion. Now, when a man begins

to talk about this great and glorious country, and her manifest destiny, we suspect him of a scheme to obtain land grants or subventions for steamship lines—to extend the area of freedom. When he speaks of the sufferings of his community through the want of internal improvements, we suspect him of a desire to get his hand into the meal-bag; and when he says he is ready to lay down his life on the altar of liberty, our suspicions grow almost to convictions. If, in addition to this, he invokes the name of his Maker as to the purity and patriotism of his motives, our mind is made up.

A score of years ago and less, it was enough for a man to declaim his glowing tribute to the country: after that he sat down satisfied. His ambition seldom went beyond this, and he would work weeks and months on a speech to perfect it to the standard of his time. Doing this once or twice a year, he thought he was fulfilling all his obligations to his constituency. To talk eloquently was the chief business, and all had the time to listen. Some of the contents which agitated the soul of the old orator, appear to us like tempests in a tea-pot in these latter days, so full of big events. Now, the man who occupies his place does his earnest talking with his colleagues in the committee-room. He who speaks in the old way is regarded as superannuated or weak in mind. Now, men are expected to make their points quickly and in a business-like way. The business which was formerly conducted on the floor of the chamber, is rapidly passing into the Committee-room, and the tendency to strangle extended debate is growing stronger every session. The raw member, living in the old traditions, who wishes to "save the country" in a speech modeled after Clay or Webster, is unmercifully knocked down with the gavel, or is sure of a hard fall or two at the hands of experienced athletes who devote themselves to tripping up new men and bringing them under discipline. The utilitarian has killed the orator, and the glory of grand sentences has departed.

The increase of Congressional business has rendered necessary the transfer of the talking, or at least much of it, from the chamber to the Committee-room. In this way, the Committee-rooms have become miniature legislatures, all working at the same time. Most of the measures which pass through these hidden bodies, are rejected or accepted according to their

recommendation. If there is one of too great importance to be acted upon without general debate, the report of the Committee presents the vital points of it, and thus facilitates action in the chamber. Congress has much business before it now, but it has much more in the future. The business has been increasing ever since the centralizing tendencies, developed by the war, have manifested themselves. No man or set of men can be held responsible for these tendencies, for they are in a great measure the logical effects of certain causes which were beyond control. Several agencies have brought this about and are still at work. The extraordinary condition of some of the Southern States calls for federal interference and the Executive officer steps in to restore order and a republican form of government. People are getting into the habit of looking to the central government to right them in their wrongs. There is now an outcry against the oppression of telegraph and express companies and great railway corporations, and an appeal is made to the national government to put an end to two of them by purchase, and thus become the owner of several principal lines of railways, like Belgium, to compete with the others in private hands in order to reduce the rates,—and of all the telegraphs in order to furnish faithful service as well as low rates. Some remedy must be had, and this is the only one which so far presents itself. If it should be applied, Congress and the President will become the standing directory of a national telegraph company and a national railway company. Whether the remedy is worse than the disease, is a difficult question to determine. Compared to such a project, Nicholas Biddle's National Bank was pale business. The power and the affairs of the central government have been much augmented through its financial department, whose collectors and assessors are stationed in every part of the country, and its banking system which makes every bank responsible for its circulation by deposit of bonds in the hands of the government. Thus, the financial system is a gigantic tree whose roots extend through every state, county and town of the Union. This is in addition to the mysterious power conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold and greenbacks and withdraw bonds, at discretion. Besides these elements of centralization, there is another now assuming colossal proportions,—the

internal improvement plan to which the President committed himself in his last inaugural message, and in favor of which members of Congress from different parts of the Union have made speeches. This plan comprises the dredging and clearing out of rivers and the building of locks from the head waters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and the Ohio, down to the Delta, in Louisiana; and the construction of canals through Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, New York, and other parts of the Union. This project, from a financial point of view, is the most stupendous ever submitted to an American Congress, and what was given in aid of the construction of the Pacific Railway will appear small in comparison with what will be required for this. There is but little doubt that a sweeping measure of this kind will be passed within a few years, for almost all sections of the Union demand something of the kind, and the members of Congress will strike hands and make a general bargain by which one will help the other in order that all may get what they want.

All this makes business for Congress, and shows how necessary to its expedient dispatch are the Committee-rooms, which may be regarded as threshing and winnowing machines that prepare the wheat for the great hopper—the Legislative Chamber; and it also shows that where there is so much work to be done there is not so much time for talking.

There is necessarily a good deal of acting in legislative debates, and if the truth were known, it would be discovered that a bold front often hides a sinking heart. A man is conscious that his argument has been crushed like an egg-shell by a cunning adversary, and yet he wears the air of a victor. Retreating, he feigns to be advancing; besieged, he looks as if he were laying siege. He tries his best to hide a breach, and direct attention to a point yet unassailed, and if such strategy is transparent to the skilled, it often carries conviction to the galleries and the unpracticed. It is a point of honor to act out the rôle of one who holds his ground, but occasionally the player throws off the mask in the coat-room before his adversary and frankly acknowledges defeat. This arises partly from native pluck, but more from that settled determination of every member to retain his prestige in the eyes of his constituency, under all circumstances. He is

possessed of the idea that his personality is so identified with his district or his state, that deterioration in one correspondingly affects the other. The constituency of which he is the interpreter, is constantly before him. He professes to know it from head to foot as the skillful surgeon and psychologist knows the individual body—its inmost feelings and aspirations, its very heart and soul; and to hint that he is wanting in such knowledge is to express the most disagreeable thing that can be said. He is confident that he knows everything that it wants from Constitutional changes to *ad valorem* duties, and to say to him that he does not, would be like telling an editor that he does not know how to edit a newspaper.

Eccentricities in speaking are not lacking. Under Johnson's administration there was one senator from the Northwest, who, occupying one of the back-seats next to the aisle, began, as soon as he spoke, to move out from behind his desk to the aisle, stepping slowly down the first steps as he progressed in his speed, and then at right angles in behind the second row of desks, until he reached the third desk. It took him about fifteen minutes' speaking to bring him to this point; then he slowly retraced his steps, backward, adroitly raising himself upon the step, heel foremost, thus usually reaching his desk at the completion of his speech. If at a distance, waves of sound gently fell on the ear at regularly recurring intervals. But, in listening to his words, however much the ear was pleased with the soft swell and fall of voice, the mind remained unsatisfied, for the sounds were vastly better than the words.

A contemporary of this senator from one of the middle States, occupied one of the middle seats to the left of the aisle. When he began to speak he edged off to the right and came in contact with a neighbor and spoke partly over his desk. To have a man gesticulating over one's head is an untenable position to the most pre-occupied, and the neighbor usually vacated his place when he saw the senator moving on him with a set speech. Having thus routed the first neighbor, the speaker victoriously continued to advance to the right, over the ground from which the other had retreated, until he reached the second obstacle, another senator, whom he usually put to flight in the same manner. He was as singular in his manner of speak-

ing as he was in his movements. For a few moments his words ran in a low and sometimes inaudible tone; then they rose, at a jump, into a shriek which fell brusquely again into the monotonous, low tone and badly-articulated words. His speeches were made rather to be read than heard; for he was a man of unusual talent.

There are fewer bellicose scenes now than formerly. Were another Thomas H. Benton now to advance upon an opponent, dramatically throw open the lapel of his coat and ask him to fire, the affair would be treated as an extravagant farce. The war-whoop of the old warriors, with its dramatic accompaniments, has died away. If there is truculence now, it appears to be for show rather than anything else, and men pass with felicity from the froth and turbulence of the campaign into comparative peacefulness. In fact, the vindictive screams and beatings of the air, the enthusiastic cheers and brass bands, are only for effect. This conclusion is more flattering to humanity than to believe that politicians feel all they do and say before their constituencies. In all this there is acting, and it shows how demagogism is slipping into the habits of the American politician. A couple of provincial partisans, aware that their constituencies see them from afar, call each other hard names on the floor of the House, and a few minutes afterward greet each other in the restaurant below, over an oyster stew or a whisky cocktail, with the significant wink and smile which show that these two understand each other if the public does not. The amenities of the restaurant, like a sponge, wipe out the traces of political feud, real or pretended, and the galleries are put upon. Machiavel held that it was amusing to deceive the people, and these buncombe-orators doubtless share his opinion. To confront each other on the floor like two relentless gladiators, and then adjourn below to chink glasses like a pair of Teniers's tavern bums, furnishes a pleasure something akin to eating stolen fruit. The old constituencies did not believe that representatives earned their salaries unless they constantly and energetically attacked their political adversaries on the stump and in Congress, and there are still some constituencies which hold to the ancient tradition. This offers a possible explanation of some of the wordy warfare of the House—certain of the mem-

bers do not wish to be accused of not earning their salaries.

Many members are demagogues without knowing it. Their political lives are passed in studying the means of keeping their places, and everything available is resorted to for this purpose. If the community is a beer-drinking one, beer is the nectar of the gods, and the followers of Gambrinus are the jolliest and best men on earth, and those who interfere with their drinking are men who trample under foot the inalienable rights of American citizens. If the constituents want protection, those who oppose them are men who steal the bread out of the mouth of the republican citizen to give it to a foreigner. If they want free trade, their adversaries are aristocrats who enrich themselves at the expense of the poor, and destroy everything like equality and fair play. If the constituency is an Irish one, there never was such a country as Ireland, and the best blood in the United States came from there; the emigrants from Erin, with their hard, honest hands built the schoolhouse, the canal, the railway, and developed the commercial resources of the nation; and to their hands are confided its destinies. If they are Germans, the Vaterland has given to the world all it has of good and beautiful, and it is a proud privilege to have come from such a place; sauerkraut is an appetizing dish and beer is the friend of man; the men from Rhineland have been the pioneers of civilization, have cut down the wild forests, turned up the virgin soil, and developed the agricultural resources of the country. This particular district, in a word, is blessed in having a choice population.

Often a member in the Congressional hall imagines that a stream of light beats upon him from all quarters of the Union, and that every word he utters is recorded in the national memory. This puts him on parade, and he goes over the interminable talk about his "record," and his services to his party and his country. The average member is especially prone to this vanity. A modest man with his meager attainments would never be where he is. Vanity, and ignorance of his own ignorance, have sent him up the political ladder to stand upon Congressional heights and expose his incapacity to make laws. I hold that this man is not a fair representative, in morality, ability, or education, of a nation of free citizens almost all

of whom can read and write, and who are certainly as virtuous as any other on the globe. In these respects the legislators of France and England stand on a higher plane than the constituency. In portions of these two nations there are people who cannot speak the language of their country, who are steeped in ignorance, but whose interests are represented by trained, intelligent men. Here we have communities, reasonably intelligent and virtuous, misrepresented by men of tainted character and imperfect education, whose knowledge of the science of government is confined to organizing victory in the elections.

To some Congressmen the most painful condition in political life is to be let alone. If praise cannot be had, censure is better than indifference. To be named in the printed proceedings as introducing a resolution or even presenting a petition, is something to be sought for on every occasion, but to be the author of remarks which produce an effect approximating to a sensation, is happiness. The *Congressional Globe* is the Valhalla which enshrines their names for posterity. To two or three of them, notoriety is sleep and nourishment, and if newspaper men were to make a compact never to mention their names, they would probably go into mental and physical decline. Once in a while they denounce the press, which returns the fire, and thus unwittingly contributes to their happiness. In any discussion where sensation is to be had, they thrust themselves forward and endeavor to take a leading part. They love agitation as the petrel loves the storm, and as soon as it begins they are inevitably at hand. Other members with the same ambition for notoriety, but less ability, are obliged to content themselves with minor results, such as rising to a personal explanation in reference to an attack in the columns of the *Broad Ax of Freedom* or the *Voice of Roaring Run*. Such an attack, with its attendant vindication, is sweet to these panting souls.

The style of much of the speaking shows that the prayer-meeting and the playhouse have been its nurseries. Those who have taken play-actors as models, are inflated, emphatic and painfully slow. Such members say, "Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to introduce a bill," as if the utterance were a startling truth that had never burst upon the world before. They have the theatri-

cal gags and vulgarities, and say che-yild for child, me for my, with much *basso profundo*, swelling and posing. Such pretension promises much, and always falls short. Those who have taken the class-leader and the preacher as their models, are also unpleasant speakers. There is, and has been, a tendency in certain of the priesthood to run into a nasal sniffing tone in the exercise of spiritual functions, under the mistaken notion that it adds solemnity to the words. This influence is very perceptible in Congressional speaking, and sometimes becomes so marked that we expect a speaker to reach the climax, raise himself on his toes with a tremulous shake and pronounce the "Yea, ver-i-ly" of the Praise-God Barebone of Puritan memory.

Not all that a man says, when he has the floor, goes down in the Congressional record; nor all that is said about him. A portion of his speech is interlarded with side questions and replies, of a somewhat familiar character. A. throws out his arm and shouts, "Mr. Speaker," and when fortunate enough to obtain the Olympian nod of the gavel-holder, does not usually get in more than three or four sentences before B. says to him in a tone that is ostensibly *sotto voce*, but is loud enough to be heard in the galleries, that he ought to take in such and such a point, while C. tells him in the same tone that he is wasting the time of the House, whereupon A. makes answer and retort, to all of which the Congressional reporter shuts his ears. Some members make a specialty of flanking with these hand-grenades of speech, to embarrass the speaker, but there are certain members whose resources in the way of rejoinder are well known, to whom they give a wide berth.

In the speaking of Congress, it is worthy of remark, that a great body and prominent stomach lend a certain weight to the words pronounced. The dapper man with an insignificant voice is thus at a disadvantage, for let him speak as he will, his words do not have the importance of the man who delivers his over a great abdomen,—supposing them to be of something like equal talents. This was illustrated in the presentation of a gold snuff-box to Lord Jeffreys, a man of great mental stature but small in the flesh. He who presented the box was large,—compared to the diminutive nobleman,—and of dignified manners; after pronouncing the usual compliments, he handed the box to the nobleman with a grand bow: the theatrical ease of word

and manner took away the little man's faculty of speech, he thrust the box into his pocket and sat down without saying a word. In the same way, the big men in Congress occasionally bear down upon the small lean ones, and if they cannot take away their speech, they do sometimes disconcert them with their ponderous ways and utterances.

In the operation of the five and ten minute rules of the House there is something savage. As soon as the allotted time expires, though the member should be in the midst of a sentence, down goes the gavel, and the mutilated speech passes into the world, like the body of Richard III., half made up—born before its time. To try to invest it with some symmetry, by adding another phrase, is seldom attempted before a frowning Speaker, who stands with the uplifted emblem of his office in the rôle of inexorable Fate.

It is rare that any member enunciates a distinct individual opinion on any important subject under controversy until he has felt the home pulse. Some argue that this is right—that the representative should regard himself as an agent only, employed by a Congressional district to carry out certain instructions. The prevalence of this opinion sinks individuality; and when boldness and blustering are seen, they are pretty sure to be backed up by popular home feeling. This course is so common that any departure from it is remarkable, as in the case of General Butler, who, in defiance of public opinion, advocated the increase of Congressional salaries. Mr. Butler was the rat that belled the cat, and, in doing so, exhibited a temerity very unusual in the House, however unworthy the act. A more notable instance is that of Thaddeus Stevens, who, in acts and speeches, consulted his own views, regardless of those who sent him to Congress. He was too formidable to be opposed, and his people followed him like a child. It would have been impossible to keep a man like him within the limits of a Congressional district. In the House, there never was before nor since such an exercise of individual power. Republican Representatives were driven in leash by one man; and if any one, impatient of the rein, broke from it, he was pretty sure to get back to his place with an apology to the great Jehu, who accepted it with the grim, epigrammatic humor for which he was famous.

Speaker Blaine has something of this boldness in his relations with his constituency, as well as his party. He leads his constituents, and is probably the ablest speaker in the Republican party. He has been growing mentally within the last few years, and is remarkably quick and decisive in debate. He is possibly an abler man than Thaddeus Stevens was; but he does not entirely persuade us that he speaks from long-settled convictions, as the great representative from Pennsylvania did. If Stevens sometimes resorted to parliamentary twists and turns, we always knew that the end to be attained was worthy.

In his legislative experience, Mr. Blaine has measured himself with his contemporaries, and he is conscious of his superior ability, and this impels him, at times, to something approaching to tyranny in presiding over the Chamber. Comparatively young, full of vigor and ambition, the probabilities are that before long he will be the acknowledged leader of the Republican party out of the Chamber as well as in it. His most prominent rival, with, perhaps, the exception of Senator Morton, is now at the Court of St. James; and when he returns, Mr. Blaine will probably be so far ahead that the diplomate will never catch up.

There are others who are regarded by their friends as neck and neck with the Speaker, and amongst these are Dawes, Conkling, Edmunds, and Bingham; but this opinion is not generally shared. The House has never been so little without a leader as now; but so far as it is led, the honor is shared by Dawes and Bingham, both of respectable attainments, but not of commanding ability. Mr. Bingham not being reëlected, the presumption is that Mr. Dawes will aspire to undivided leadership in the House, the next Congress. He is to retain his position as head of the Ways and Means Committee, which, with his talents, will continue to render him a conspicuous representative, but will not make him a successful rival of Mr. Blaine. Senator Edmunds is as capable as Speaker Blaine, if not more so. He is the type of a large class of New England men, his nature being hard and dry, and his voice nasal. He lacks that breadth and sympathy essential to national popularity, which, for example, are such common traits in the Western man. Senator Morton's physical disability will probably pre-

vent him from entering actively into the struggle which is necessary to success. He is a tenacious, forcible speaker, with the off-hand manners of the Western man, and that common fault in Congress—repetition. Formerly, he bullied the opposition in a way that was hardly consistent with senatorial dignity; but of late malady has softened him to comparative gentleness, and inspired a general sympathy in both Houses. Another aspirant, Senator Conkling, in appearance is the finest specimen of a man in the distinguished body to which he belongs, and this contributes something to the effect of his words. He speaks with deliberation, and a trifle too much emphasis; and a combative temperament renders him, at times, less courteous than he should be. If his talents were equal to his pluck and tenacity, he would be the coming man. Perhaps the best gladiator work Mr. Conkling ever did was, several years ago, in a bout with Mr. Blaine in the House, in which there was much give-and-take, and rather more personality than befitted a legislative hall. He exhibits the same capacity now which he did then, showing little or no change, while his old adversary has grown so strong in the interim that a match between them now would be unequal.

In the Liberal camp, the prominent group which presents itself is composed of Banks, Trumbull—neither reëlected—Schurz, and Sumner. To one of these especially the nation owes a debt of gratitude not less than what it owes to Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, Grant, Farragut, and General Sherman. Sumner's moral, as well as his physical nature, has been affected by late events, which, with encroaching age, will incapacitate him from ever resuming the place he formerly occupied as a leader. The egotism of his character and the inflation of his speeches are easily overlooked in consideration of the man's unimpeachable integrity. From the beginning he took his part seriously as an American statesman, penetrated with a sense of responsibility, still further heightened by egotism—not an egotism that ever had aggrandizement of a personal or material kind in view, but simply an admiration of his own capacity and of the important trust which fell to his lot in shaping the policy of the country. The political sagacity which turns, twists, and doubles through years of legislative life, to present a respectable record, is foreign to his nature. His

speeches may be objected to, embellished and elaborated as they are; but they have been delivered with the best English pronunciation spoken in either House; and the words, reasonably effective in themselves, have been rendered more so by the spotless character of the man who stood behind them. The other leading Liberal, Mr. Shurz, is the philosopher of the Senate. His speeches on the science of government are interesting. It is a relief to turn from those who never get out of the sound in the mill about carrying elections and pressing for appropriations—to a scientist like this, who eloquently discusses that most difficult question of the world, the governing of men. He is young, and if the drifting political elements concentrate into combined opposition, he will probably be one of its champions—for there is still much work left in him.

There is, perhaps, less talent in the Democratic party of Congress now than there ever was before. It has no one in the House equal to Blaine, Dawes, Bingham, or Butler, nor any one in the Senate equal to Morton and Edmunds, or the Liberals, Sumner and Schurz. The most prominent group of Democrats in the House is composed of James B. Beck,

George W. Morgan, Charles A. Eldridge, Henry D. Foster and Fernando Wood, and of these Mr. Beck is probably the ablest. He is an energetic, argumentative speaker, and was more conspicuous during the last session than any other member of his party in the House. In the Senate, Mr. Thurman is the only Democrat who, in point of talent, appears on a footing with the leading men of the other parties. He, like Mr. Bingham and others that might be named, turns an idea inside out, and shows it under every possible light, until the process becomes wearisome. This thin spreading is common to both bodies, a little being made to go a great way. The man the furthest removed from this kind of speaking, when in the House, was Mr. Schenck, whose thoughts came from him chunky and suggestive—a man full of ideas, but sparing of words.

In conclusion, by way of summary, it may be said that in Congress there is now a growing taste for silent or laconic men, or those who are given to exact statements of facts and figures; that the days of imagination and thrill are over, and that henceforth the national legislature is to be more a place for the transaction of business than for talking.

THE "CHRISTUS"

OF THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU.

How does life seem to thee? I long to look
 Into thy inmost soul, and see if thou
 Art even as other men! O, set apart
 And consecrate so long to purpose high,
 Canst thou take up again our common lot,
 And live as we live? Canst thou buy and sell,
 Stoop to small needs, and petty ministries,
 Work and get gain, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
 Sin and repent, as these thy brethren do?
 Unto what name less sacred answerest thou
 Who hast been called the Christ of Nazareth?
 Thou who hast worn the awful crown of thorns,
 Hanging like Him upon the dreadful tree,
 Canst thou, uncrowned, forget thy royalty?

GLIMPSES OF TEXAS—I:

A VISIT TO SAN ANTONIO.

GALUSHA A. GROW, once the noted speaker of our national House of Representatives, and now the energetic and successful manager of a railroad in the Lone Star State has changed the once memorable words, "Go to Texas!" from a malediction into a beneficent recommendation. The process was simple: he placed the curt phrase at the head of one of those flaming posters which railway companies affect, and associated it with such ideas of lovely climate and prospective prosperity, that people forthwith began to demand if it were indeed true that they had for the last twenty years been fiercely dismissing their enemies into the very Elysian Fields, instead of hurling them down to Hades.

The world is beginning to learn something of the fair land which the adventurous Frenchmen of the seventeenth century overran, only to have it wrested from them by the cunning and intrigue of the Spaniard; in which the Franciscan friars toiled, proselyting Indians, and building massive garrison missions; which Aaron Burr dreamed of as his empire of the southwest; and into which the "Republican" army of the North marched, giving presage of future American domination. The dread pirates of the Gulf made the islands of the Texan coast their retreats and strongholds; Austin and his brave fellow-colonists rescued Texas from the suicidal policy of the Mexican government; the younger Austin accepted it as his patrimony, and elevated it from the degraded and useless condition in which the provincial governors held it; it spurned from its side its fellow-slave, Coahuila, and broke its own shackles, throwing them in the Mexican tyrant Guerrero's face; it nourished a small but noble band of mighty men, who made the names of San Felipe, of Goliad, of the Alamo, of Washington, of San Jacinto, immortal. It crushed the might of Santa Anna, the Napoleon of the West; it wrested its freedom from the hard hands of an unforgiving foe, and maintained it, as an isolated republic, commanding the sympathy and respect of the world; it placed the names of Houston, of Travis, of Fannin, of Bowie, of Milam, of Crockett, upon the roll of American heroes and faithful soldiers; and

brought to the United States a marriage-gift of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand square miles of fertile land. The world is beginning to know something of this gigantic south-western commonwealth, which can nourish a population of fifty millions; whose climate is as charming as that of Italy; whose roses bloom, whose birds sing, all winter long; whose soil can bring forth all the fruits of the earth, and whose noble coast-line is broken by rivers which have wandered two thousand miles in and out among the Texan mountains and plains. The land is a region of strange contrasts in peoples and places: you step from the civilization of the railway junction in Denison to the civilization of Mexico of the seventeenth century in certain sections of San Antonio; you find black, sticky land in northern Texas, incomparably fertile; and sterile plains, which give the cattle but scant living, along the great stretches between the San Antonio and the Rio Grande. You may ride in one day from odoriferous, moss-grown forests, where everything is of tropic fullness, into a section where the mesquite and chaparral dot the gaunt prairie here and there; or from the sea-loving populations of Galveston and from her thirty-mile beach, to peoples who have never seen a mast or a wave, and whose main idea of water is that it is something difficult to find and agreeable to taste if one is exceedingly thirsty. The State has been much and unduly maligned in many respects; has been made a by-word and reproach, whereas it should be a glory and a boast. It has been guilty of the imperfections of a frontier community, but has rapidly thrown the majority of them aside, even while the outer world supposed it growing more and more away from what it should be. Like some strange, unknown fruit, it has ripened in the obscurity of its rind, until, bursting its covering, it stands disclosed as something of passing sweetness, whereas all men had willingly believed it bitter and nauseous. Texas has suffered much odious criticism at the hands of people who knew very little of its actual condition; border tales have been magnified into generalities; the people of the North and of Europe have been

told that the native Texan was a walking armament, and that his only argument was a pistol-shot or the thrust of a bowie-knife. The Texan has been paraded on the English and French stages as a maudlin ruffian, who only became sober in savagery; and the vulgar gossipings of insincere scribes have been allowed to prejudice hundreds of thousands of people. Now that the State is bound closer than ever before to the United States, by iron bands; now that, under good management and with excellent enterprise, it is assuming its proper place, the truth should be told. Of course, it would be necessary to say some disagreeable things; it would even be just to make severe strictures upon certain people and classes of people; but it would not be necessary to condemn the State wholesale, and to write of it in a hostile spirit. The first impression to be corrected—a very foolish and inexcusably narrow one, which has, nevertheless, taken strong hold upon the popular mind—is, that travel in Texas, for various indefinite reasons, is everywhere unsafe. Nothing could be more erroneous; there is only one section where the least danger may be apprehended, and that is vaguely known as the "Indian country." Hostile Comanches, Lipans, or predatory Kickapoos might rob you of your cherished scalp if you ventured into their clutches; but in less than three years they will have vanished before the locomotive—or, possibly, before the legions of Uncle Sam, who is said to be possessed of a strange mania for removing his frontier quite back to the mountains of Mexico. Indeed, this apprehension with regard to safety for life and property in Texas is all the more inexplicable from the very fact that the great mass of the citizens of the State were interested to maintain law and order, and fought the outlaws who found their way among them with bitter persistence. It is true that during, and for two years after, the War things were in lamentable condition. Outlaws and murderers infested the highroads, robbed remote hamlets, and enacted jail deliveries; there were a thousand murders per year within the State limits; but at the end of the two years the reconstruction government had got well at work, and annihilated the murderers and robbers. It was a noteworthy fact, too, that the people then murdered were mainly the fellows of the very ruffians who murdered them; shot down in drunken

broils, or stabbed in consequence of some thievish quarrels. Of course, innocent people were plundered and killed; but then, as now, most of the men who "died with their boots on" were professional scoundrels, of whom the world was well rid.

It may with truth be said that there exists in all of the extreme Southern States a class of so-called gentlemen who employ the revolver rather suddenly when they fancy themselves offended, sometimes killing, now and then only frightening, their opponent. These people are not treated with sufficient contempt in Texan society as yet; there are some instances of men who have killed a number of their species, who are still considered respectable; and the courts do not mete out punishment to them with proper severity, sometimes readily acquitting men who have wantonly and willfully shot their fellow-creatures on fantastic grounds of provocation.

The correct verdict, however, with regard to the present condition of Texas, may be summed up as follows: A commonwealth of unlimited resources, with an unrivaled climate, inhabited by a brave, impulsive, usually courteous people, who are anxious for the advent of others to share the State's advantages with them; who are by no means especially bitter on account of the results of the War; who comprise all grades of society, from the polished and accomplished scholar, ambassador, and man of large means, to the rough, unkempt, semi-barbaric tiller of the soil or herder of cattle, who is content with bitter coffee and coarse pork for his sustenance, and with a low cabin, surrounded with a scraggy rail-fence, for his home. The more ambitious and cultured of the native Texans have cordially joined with the newly-come Northerners and Europeans in making improvements, in toning up society in some places, toning it down in others; in endeavoring to compass wise legislation with regard to the distribution of lands, and the complete control of even the remote sections of the State by the usual machinery of courts and officials; and the binding together and consolidation of the interests of the various sections by the rapid increase of railway lines.

Thus the impressions formed during a residence of some weeks in various parts of Texas took shape in my mind as I sat beside the driver of the San Antonio stage, on the high box-seat, perched above four

sleek and strong horses, in front of the Raymond House, at Austin, the Texan capital, one charming morning in the month of April. Heavy heat was coming with the growing day; the hard, white roads glistened under the fervid sun; the patches of live-oak stood out in bold relief against a cloudless sky; the shopkeepers were lolling under their awnings, in lazy enjoyment of the restful morn; a group of Mexicans, squatted upon their haunches, cast wild glances at us from beneath their broad sombreros and their tangled and matted black hair; in the distance, Mount Bonnel showed a fragment of its rock-strewn summit, and white stone houses peered from the dark green of the foliage; the State House, crowning a high knoll, and flanked on either side by the Land Office and the Governor's Mansion, hid from us the view of the rich plain, extending back to the bases of the hills, which form an amphitheater, in whose midst Austin is prettily set down.

Nine inside and three outside. Now, then, driver, are you ready? Here is your way-bill; here are half-a-dozen mail-bags; ballast up carefully, or you will have your coach upset! The driver, a nut-brown man, handsome and alert withal, clad in blue overalls, velvet coat, and black slouch hat, springs lightly into his seat, cracks his long whip-lash, and we plunge away towards the steep banks of the Colorado, bound for an eighty mile stage-ride to the venerable and picturesque city of San Antonio. Rattle! we are at the bank, and now we must all dismount, and walk down the declivity, cross the almost waterless river channel on a pontoon bridge, toil painfully across a sandy waste, then up the bank on the other side, turning to look at the town behind us, while the horses pant below. A cavalcade of hunters, mounted on lithe little horses and grave, sure-footed mules, returning towards Austin, passes us. The men are brown with the sun; they carry rifles poised across their high-peaked Mexican saddles; their limbs are cased in undressed skin leggings, and their heads are covered with broad hats, with silver braids twined about them. Each man bows courteously; then all canter briskly down to the stream, where their tired animals drink eagerly.

Mounting once more to our perches, artist and writer alike are inspired by the beauty of the long stretch of dark highway, bordered with huge live-oaks, or with the

wayward mesquite, whose branches are a perpetual danger to the heads of outside passengers. The driver nervously inspects us; then lights a cigar, and, in a gentle voice, appeals to his horses thus: "Git up, ye saddle critturs!"—this being evidently a mild reproach. The saddle critturs dash forward at a rapid gait. The glossy flank of each is branded with the name by which he is known; and whenever a leader lags or a wheel horse shows a disposition to beskitish, the loud voice says, "You Pete!" or "Oh Mary!" and Pete and Mary alike prick up their pretty ears and manifest new energy. The driver's tones never rise beyond entreaty or derision; and the animals seem keenly to feel each stricture upon their conduct. So we hasten on, past pretty farm-houses with neat yards, where four year old boys are galloping on frisky horses, or driving the cattle or sheep afield; past the suburbs of Austin, and out into the open country, until we have left all houses behind, and only encounter from time to time long wagon trains, drawn by oxen, and loaded with barrels and boxes, with lumber and iron, toiling at the rate of twenty miles a day towards the West. Behind each of the wagons marches a tough little horse, saddled neatly; and a forlorn dog, who has a general air of wolfishness about him, brings up the rear, showing his teeth as we dash past.

So presently the driver turns to us, and says, "I'm a dreadful good hand to talk, if ye've got any cigars." This in response to a mild feeler from the Scribnerian party after information. Then, in another breath, "From New York, hey? Ain't ye afraid to come away out here alone?" (Implying a scorn for the outside erroneous impression of Texan travel). Still, a moment after, as if regarding Gotham as a place to be pitied, driver adds, in a tone of infinite compassion:

"Wal, I s'pose there are some good souls there. And," (confidentially,) "I've hauled more 'n two thousand o' them New Yorkers over to San Anton within the last year. Heap o' baggage. We told one young feller on the box here, one day, lots of Injun stories, just as it was gittin' dark. Reckon he wasn't much afeared. Oh, no!" Suppressed merriment lurking in the handsome, brown face. "You Pete! you ain't fit for chasin' Injuns! Git up!"

San Antonio is two hundred and seventy miles from New York by present lines of rail and stage, situated in

one of the garden spots of Southwestern Texas. To the newly arrived Northerner, Galveston certainly seems the ultra-antipode of Gotham; but once across the Brazos and the Colorado, and well into the fertile plains and among the glorious prairies of Western and Southwestern Texas, the sense of remoteness, of utter contrast, is a thousand-fold more impressive. To think, while clinging to the swaying stage seat, that one may journey on in this pleasant way for eight hundred miles, still within Texan limits, gives an actual idea also of the great State's extent. But hour by hour, thus whirling away from railroads and wooden houses, taverns, and bridges, and beaver-hatted and silk-bedizened folks, one cannot resist the growing feeling that he is in a foreign land, and as he sees the wild-eyed children staring at him from the fields, or notes the horseman coursing by, with clang of spur and clatter of arms, he has a vague expectation that if they address him, it will be in a foreign tongue.

A halt:—at a small stone house, through whose open door one sees a curious blending of country-store and farm-house and post-office. Here the mail for the back country is delivered. "Morning, Judge," (to an outside passenger,) from a lean by-stander, is heard while chewing tobacco. "Got those radical judges impeached, yet?"



HEADWATERS OF THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

VOL. VII.—20



SUNSET ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

Driver, won't you bring me a copy of the Texas Almanac next time you come out? Reckon I kin use it." A drove of pigs curiously inspect the open entrance to the store, whereupon two dogs charge them, flank the youngest of the swine, and teach them manners at the expense of their ears. Lime-flavored water is brought in a tin dipper and passed around; such of the passengers as choose perfume the vessel with an aroma of whisky. "Wal! shan't git ye to San Antonio 'fore this' time to-morrow if ye drink the rivers all dry," is the mild remonstrance. As we move off, the driver vouchsafes,—

"Thar was Mose, Judge, you remember Mose—; he wouldn't let no stranger talk to him, he wouldn't. Crosst man on this line; had a right smart o' swear-words: used 'em mostly to hosses, tho'! Had one horse that was ugly, and always tied his tail to the trace. Outsides mostly always asked him: 'What do you tie that horse's tail to the trace for?' You oughter hear Mose answer. Took him half an hour to get the swear-words out. One day, a feller from New York went over with Mose, and didn't say a word about the horse's

tail all the way to the relay; when they got to the unhitching place, Mose offered the New Yorker half a dollar—"Stranger," he says, "I reckon you've gin me that worth of peace of mind, for you are the first man that never asked me nothing about that 'ar critter's tail.'"

A ford: a sinuous road leading to the edge of a rapidly rushing streamlet, on whose banks, among the white stones, lie the skeletons of cattle perished by the wayside; buzzards hovering groundward indicate some more recent demise;—ah! a poor dog, whose feet no longer wearily plod after the wagon train: the collar gone from his neck; some lonely man has taken it with him as a remembrancer of his faithful companion. A mocking-bird sings in some hidden nook; a chaparral cock runs tamely before us, fans the air with his gray plumes, and gazes curiously at the buzzards. An emigrant wagon is lumbering through the shallow, bluish-green water; the children of yonder grim bearded father are wading behind it: inside, the mother lies ill on a dirty mattress. Two old chairs, pots and kettles, a Winchester rifle, a sack of flour, and a roll of canvas, are strung at the wagon's back. The horses display their poor old ribs through their hides; their tongues loll under the intense heat. Our horses splash through the stream: outsiders get a blow in their faces from a mesquite limb; we come upon a Mexican camp. A group of lazy peons, who have wandered across from Mexico, braving danger and death daily, have at last arrived in a safe haven. The dingy father sleeps under his little cart; his mules crop the dry grass, tethered near a small, filthy tent, where reposes an Indian-looking girl, with a cherub-child's head upon her exquisite arm. A gipsy-looking hag is munching dried meat before a little fire where coffee is cooking.

Now along a rolling prairie, in a route disfigured by what is known as the "hog-wallow;" then, up to a range of hills: and *O gioja!* the matchless beauty of a wide expanse of vale below filled with masses of



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

dense foliage, and beyond, forest-clad hills peered down upon by a blue, misty range, far away. A comfortable farm-house on the hill which we climb; the shepherds driving flocks of sheep afield; horsemen mounting and dismounting; bright-eyed maidens flitting about the yard, bare-headed and bare-armed; half-naked negro children tumbling on the turf; little white boys playing at Comanche on ponies. Majestic waves of sunlight flit across the valley; the campagna to which we are now coming swims in the delicious effulgence of the perfect Texas April noon.

A halt for dinner: we have had plenty of fresh relays of horses, and spin forward merrily. The Blanco river lies behind us. We crossed it, hardly wetting the horses' feet; but when the freshets come it holds the whole country round in terror for weeks. Our driver once waited seventeen days on its banks, "n it kep' throwin' tree trunks at us all the time," he said. Dinner is served in a long, cool kitchen; a swart girl stands at one end, a swart boy at the other. Each agitates a long stick adorned with strips of paper, and thus a breeze is kept up and the flies are driven off. Buttermilk, corn-bread, excellent meat, and the inevitable coffee are the concomitants of the meal. The landlady stares at the paper-currency offered; gold and silver only are known in this section. The farmer comes in from the field for his

dinner; his pleasant homely talk recalls one to America; this is not foreign land then, after all. "Stage ready; come, now, if ye want to git anywhar to-night," from the driver's sonorous voice.

Onward to the San Marcos, another small, immensely powerful stream, running through rich lands, and passing hard by the prosperous town of San Marcos, the shire of a county whose best products are cotton, corn, and sorghum. The river, which has its source not far from the town, and near the old homestead of Gen. Burleson, the noted Indian fighter, affords water-power which cannot fail to tempt Northern capital some day. Wood and building-stone of the best quality are abundant; San Marcos may yet be a second Lawrence or Manchester. We pass the court-house and the Coronal Institute; pass the long street lined with pretty dwellings, and ride forward through the hot afternoon towards the Guadalupe. The fields in which the corn is already half a foot high, are black; the soil is like fruit-cake. In obscure corners we find little cabins—erected by the Mexicans who abound along the way. Towards sunset we come upon neat stone-houses, with quaint German roofs. The driver ejaculates, "Everything Dutch now," and indeed we are about to see what German industry and German thrift have done for Western Texas. The stage rumbles on through the "lane" which extends for miles on either side of New Braunfels, bounded by fertile, well-fenced, well-cultivated fields, such as the eye of even a New England farmer never rested upon. It is dark as we rattle past the cottages; the German families, mother, father, and the whole gamut of children, from four to fourteen, are coming in from work. The women have been plowing afield, with the reins around their necks, and the plow handles grasped in their strong hands; yet they are not uncouth or ungracious; their faces are ruddy; their hair, blown backward by the evening breeze, falls gracefully about their strong shoulders. Surely, this is better than the tenement house in the bleak, comfortless city!

At last we reach the Comal, and crossing its foamy, greenish-blue waters, rattle on to New Braunfels, the cheery town which the German Immigration Company settled in 1845, and which is now an orderly and wealthy community of four thousand inhabitants, set down in the midst of

a county which has probably ten thousand residents. The Germans were the pioneers in this section, endured many hardships, and had many adventures, many battles with the Indians before they were allowed to push forward from New Braunfels to create other settlements. As we enter the long main street of the town, the lights from the cottage doors gleam forth cheerily; the village maidens are walking two by two with their arms about each others' waists, and crooning little melodies; the men are smoking long pipes at the gates; then we flash suddenly up to the hotel, and a pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a square silk cap, hastens to welcome us into a bright room, where little groups of Germans sit ranged about cleanest of tables, drinking foamiest of beer, out of shiniest of glasses. Are we then in Germany? Nay; for supper is spread in yonder hall, and the new driver whom we took up at the last relay is calling upon us to make haste.

New Braunfels bears as many evidences of wealth and prosperity as any town in the Middle States. It has always been liberal in sentiment, and for many years boasted of having the only free school in Texas. The admirable water-power of the Comal and Guadalupe rivers has been taken advantage of by the shrewd Germans; and there are many manufactories in the



OLD MILL ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

county. The Comal, one of the most beautiful streams in Texas, gushes out from a vast number of springs at the foot of a mountain range not far from New Braunfels; and from its springs to its confluence with the Guadalupe, a distance of three miles, has forty feet of fall, and mill-sites enough for a regiment of capitalists. Indeed it is easy to see that New Braunfels will, at some future time, become a great manufacturing center. White labor is easily obtained, and the community is peaceful and law-abiding. A large cotton factory was established on the Comal some years ago, but was destroyed by an exceptional tornado in 1869. There are many water-mills in the county, all engaged in the manufacture of flour for export *via* the

see little patches of the landscape, and beyond them the infinite darkness, relieved only here and there by the yellow of camp-fires, or by the fitful gleams of the fire-flies. At last we strike across the prairie. The mesquite trees look white and ghostly in the lamplight; every other moment we pass one, and can fancy them, as they seem to flit, a sad legion of restless spirits, coming up for a moment to gaze at us, then sinking away again. Then, too, there is the illusion that we are all the time approaching a great city, because the innumerable fire-flies delude us into the momentary belief that we see the gas-lights of some metropolis. The horses trot steadily. Now we are in a stable-yard, in the midst of a clump of mesquite



BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

port of Indianola, settled by the same Immigration Company which founded New Braunfels, or *via* Lavaca. The county abounds in fruit, cotton and corn, and all other cereals are raised in profusion; and the trees along the river and creek bottoms are almost laden down with the mustang grape. Irrigation, which is a prime necessity in western Texas, is not difficult.

It is quite dark when we mount once more to the coach-top, and a cool night-wind is blowing. We now settle ourselves for a ride which will last until two in the morning. The driver cracks his long whip, and we plunge into the darkness. The two great lamps of the coach, looking like the eyes of some demon, cast a strange light for twenty feet ahead, and we can

and oak; the tired horses are unhitched, fresh ones replace them, and away we go again over the prairies. Presently the architecture changes; the little houses, dimly seen at the roadside, from time to time, are low, flat-roofed, and built of white stone; there are long stone walls, over which foliage scrambles in most picturesque fashion; and the shabby Mexican cottages, with thatched roofs and mud floors, abound. Now there is a hint of moonlight; we are approaching hills, and can see the cattle in relief against the sky, hundreds of them lying comfortably asleep, or starting up as they hear the rattle of the coach, and brandishing their horns or flourishing their tails. Faster, faster flit the mesquite ghosts; faster fly away

the oaks and chaparral; faster we speed across the little streams and now mount upon a high table-land, from which we can see, faintly defined in the distance, a range of hills, and can catch a hint of the beautiful valley at their feet. The hours pass rapidly; the night breeze is inspiring; we are fresh as at dawn; the driver is singing little songs; we dash into a white town; pass a huge "corral," inside which blue-painted army wagons are drawn up in line; pass groups of quaint stone houses; then into a long street, thickly lined with dwellings, set down in the midst of delicious gardens; scent the perfume drifting from the flower-beds; climb a little hill, whirl into a Spanish-looking square, and descend, cramped in limb and sore in bone, at the portal or the Menger House, in the good old city of San Antonio, the pearl of Texas.

The great State is usually considered by its inhabitants as divided into eight sections—namely, Northern, Eastern, Middle Western, Extreme Southwestern, and Northwestern Texas, the Mineral Region, and the "Pan Handle." This latter section, which embraces more than twenty thousand square miles, is at present inhabited almost entirely by Indians. The mineral region proper, believed to be exceedingly rich in iron and copper ores, comprises fifty thousand square miles. The vast section between the San Antonio river and the Rio Grande—as well as the stretch of seven hundred miles of territory between San Antonio and El Paso, on the Mexican frontier, is given up to grazing herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, to the hardy stock-raiser, and the predatory Indian and Mexican. Across the plains runs the famous



SAN ANTONIO—A STREET VIEW.

"old San Antonio road," which, for one hundred and fifty years, has been the most romantic route upon the western continent. The highway between Texas and Mexico, what expeditions of war, of plunder, of savage revenge, have traversed it! What heroic soldiers of liberty lost their lives upon it! What mean and brutal massacres have been done along its dusty stretches! What ghostly processions of friar and arquebuser, of sandaled Mexican soldier and tawny-painted Comanche; of broad-hatted, buckskin-breeched volunteer for Texan liberty; of gaunt emigrant, or fugitive from justice, with pistols at his belt and a Winchester at his saddle; of Confederate gray and Union blue, seem to dance before one's eyes as he rides upon



SAN ANTONIO—THE URSULINE CONVENT.

it! The romance of the road and of all its tributaries is by no means finished; there is every opportunity for the adventurous to throw themselves into the midst of danger even forty miles from "San Antonio," as the Texans lovingly call the old town; and sometimes the danger comes galloping, in the shape of mounted Indians, into the very suburbs of San Antonio itself.

San Antonio is the only town in the United States which has a thoroughly European aspect, and it is more, in its older quarters, like some remote and obscure town in Spain than like any of the bustling villages of France or Germany, with which the "grand tour" traveler is familiar. Once arrived in it, and safely ensconced among the trees and flowerets on Flores street, or on any of the lovely avenues which lead from it out into the delicious surrounding country,—there seems a barrier let down to shut out the outer world; the United States is as a strange land. In San Antonio, too, as in Nantucket, you may hear people speak of "going to the States," "the news from the States," etc., with utmost gravity and good faith. The interests of the section are not so identified with those of the country to which it belongs as to lead to the same intense curiosity about American affairs that

and criticism only when the frontier defenses or the Mexican boundaries are discussed. "What general was that down yer with Gin'ral Sherman?" said a man to me at an out of the way town in Western Texas. "Reckon that was one o' your Northern gin'als." He had never heard of Secretary Belknap, for he had no interest in following Cabinet changes. Although everything which is brought to San Antonio from the outer world toils over eighty miles of stage or wagon transit, the people are well provided with literature; but that does not bring them any closer to the United States. Nothing but a railroad ever will; and the majority of the elder population rebels against the idea of a railroad. Steaming and snorting engines to defile the pure air, and disturb the grand serenity of the vast plains! No, indeed; not if the Mexicans can have their way, the older Mexicans, the apparently immortal old men and women who are preserved in Chili pepper, and who, as their American neighbors say, have been taught that they will have but short shrift when the railways come in. "It will bring you all sorts of epidemics, and all kinds of noxious diseases," they have been told by those interested to prevent the road's building. And this the venerable monied Mexicans actually consider a valid reason

for opposition, since San Antonio now has the reputation of being the healthiest corner of the American continent. The local proverb says, "If you wish to die here, you must go somewhere else;" and, although the logic is not quite clear, it is certain that there is a *fond de*



A SAN ANTONIAN STREET.

one finds manifested in Chicago, St. Louis, and even in Galveston. People talk more about the cattle-trade, the Mexican thievery question, the invasion of Mexico by the French, the prospects of the opening up of silver mines, than of the rise and fall of the political mercury, and the general government comes in for consideration

veritè. For many years consumptives have been straying into San Antonio, apparently upon their very last legs, only to find renewed life and vigor, in the superb climate of Western Texas; and so certain is it that consumptives and those poor in general health can be cured in San Antonio and the surrounding region,



THE CONCEPCION MISSION.

that retreats and quiet residences for people to enshrine themselves in during recovery are going up in all quarters there. A few of the golden mornings—a few of the restful evenings, when the odorous dark comes so gently that one cannot detect its approach,—and one learns the charm of this delightful corner of the world.

San Antonio is the cradle of Texan liberty. Its streets and the highways leading to it have been drenched with the blood of her brave soldiers. Steal out with me into the fields this rosy morning, friends, and here, at the head of the San Antonio river, on this joyous upland, at the foot of the Guadalupe mountains whence a thousand sweet springs arise as if by magic, and overlooking the old town, hear a bit about its history and the early struggles of the Texans.

France was a great gainer for a short time by the fortunate accident which threw De La Salle's fleet into the bay of San Fernando, on the Gulf of Mexico, during his voyage in 1684 from La Rochelle to take possession of the mouths of the Mississippi in the name of the king of France. De La Salle virtually opened Texas; after he had discovered his error of reckoning, and that he was on new ground, he founded a fort between Velasco and Matagorda; but it was soon after destroyed, and La Salle's premature death, at the hands of his quarrelsome and cowardly associates, greatly retarded the progress of discovery in Texas. But

the expedition, and those who followed it, caused great alarm at the Court of Spain, and as much indignation as alarm. A century and a half was yet to elapse ere Spain should feel herself feeble enough to abandon a conquest whose advantages she had so abused; ere she should see herself compelled to give up the immense territory which she had held so long. But De La Salle's expedition also caused new activity in Spain; and in 1691, a governor "of the States of Coahuila and Texas" was appointed, and with a handful of soldiers and friars went out to establish missions and military posts. Colonies were planted on the Red River, on the Neches, and along the banks of the Guadalupe; but in a

few years they died out. Presently other efforts were made—the Spaniards meantime keeping up a sharp warfare with the Indians, and the mission of San Juan Bautista, on the right bank of the Rio Grande, three miles from the river, was created a *presidio* or garrison, and the old San Antonio road "between Texas and Mexico ran directly by it. Meantime the French were vigorously pushing expeditions forward from the settlements along the Louisianian coast; and so very much in earnest seemed the movements of Crozat, the merchant prince, to whom Louis XIV. had ceded Louisiana, that the viceroy of Mexico began anew measures for establishing missions and garrisons throughout Texas. And it so happened that in 1715, after a mission had been established among the Adaes Indians, and another, the "Dolores," west of the Sabine river, the fort and mission of San Antonio de Valero was located on the right bank of the San Pedro river, about three-fourths of a mile from the site of the present Catholic Cathedral in San Antonio of to-day.

From 1715 may be said to date the decisive occupancy of Texas by Spain, as opposed to France; she drove out the French wherever found, opposed their advances, and finally succeeded in definitely planting fortified missions at the principal important points. San Antonio was then known as a garrison, and was usually spoken of as the *Presidio* of Bexar. Indeed to this day the elder Mexicans living in the surrounding country speak of

going *al presidio*, to the garrison, when they contemplate a visit to San Antonio. Texas was then known as the "New Philippines;" and was protected by four garrisons, one of which was San Antonio, having five missions under its protection. The Marquis of Casa Fuerte had long believed that this garrison would be a good site

for a town, and, having asked the Spanish government to send emigrants there, "thirteen families and two bachelors," thus say the ancient town records, arrived from the Canary Islands, and settled on the east side of the San Antonio river, founding a town which they called San Fernando. To them came sturdy Tlascalans from Mexico, and the colonists built a stout little hamlet around the great square which to-day is known as the "Plaza de the Constitution," or the main square in San Antonio. The town was called San Fernando, in honor of Ferdinand the then king of Spain. It was rough work to be a colonist in those days, and the Spaniards, friars, soldiers and all, were very glad to get in to the great square at night, close the entrance with green hides, to set their sentinels on the roofs of the flat houses, and, trem-



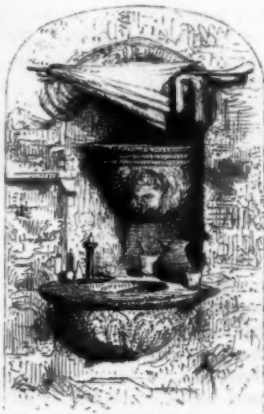
THE OLD MISSION OF SAN JUAN.

bling lest the sound of the war-whoop of the terrible Apaches and Comanches should startle their ears, to catch a little repose. These Apaches and Comanches in those days overran the country between San Antonio and Santa Fé, and ran down upon the infant settlement from their stronghold in the pass of Bandera. They swarmed in the Guadalupe mountains, where even now they come in the full of the moon searching for horses as their ancestors did.

In due time, there was a town on each side of the San Antonio river, each with its mission and attendant garrison. Around the mission of the "Alamo" had clustered a little garrison and village. This mission church, whose history is so romantic, was first founded in 1703, in the Rio Grande valley, by Franciscans from Queretaro, under the invocation of San Francisco de Solano, but, water being scarce, was moved back and forth until 1718, when,

"Borne, like Loretto's chapel, thro' the air,"

it migrated to the west bank of the San Pedro river, and remained in that vicinity until, in 1744, it was removed to the high plateau on the east side of the San Antonio river; and the foundations of the Church of the Alamo were laid on the very ground where, ninety years after, Travis and his braves fell as only heroes fall. The mission was known, until 1783, as San Antonio de Valero, in honor of the



THE FONT IN SAN JOSÉ.

Marquis of Valero, the then Viceroy of "New Spain." The town below the river retained its name of San Antonio de Bexar.

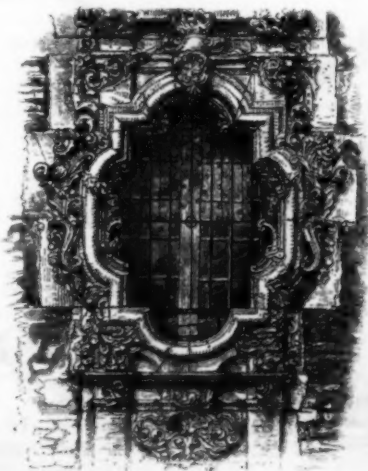
The missions built up around San Antonio were variously named La Purissima Concepcion de Acuna, San Juan Campitran, San Francisco de Assisis, and San José. The Franciscans, completely estranged from all the ordinary cares and passions of the world by the vows of their order, gave themselves heartily to the work, and vigorously employed the soldiers allotted them by the government in catching Indians, whom they undertook to civilize. The missions were fortified convent-churches, built in massive and enduring form, and surrounded by high walls, so thick and strong that they could resist all Indian attacks. Within these walls the converted Indians and the missionaries and soldiers gathered whenever a sentinel gave the alarm, and the brawny friars joined with the men at arms in fiercely defending the stations where the cross had been planted. The Indians who were induced to settle in the vicinity of the Franciscans, and submit to the religious and industrial training which the friars had prepared for them, were rarely guilty of treachery, and submitted to all the whippings which Mother Church thought good for them. Barefooted, and clad in coarse woolen robes, with the penitential scourge about their waist, the priests wandered among the Indians at the missions, learned their languages, and enforced chastity,



FROM THE PLAINS.

temperance and obedience among them. Inside the square which the mission buildings formed were the dwellings allotted both the soldiers and the Indians; and the savages chafed under this restraint, although they could not doubt the motives of the good fathers in restraining them. But they toiled well in the fields, went meekly to catechism, and were locked up at night, lest they should be led into temptation. Whenever the converts rebelled, there were soldiers enough at hand to subdue them; and the commander of the church garrison was a kind of absolute potentate, who made any and every disposition he pleased of a convert's life and property.

In 1729, the right reverend fathers forming the college of Santa Cruz of Queretaro were authorized to found three missions on the river San Marcos; and, in 1730, a superior order from the Marquis of Casa Fuerte authorized the foundation of these missions upon the river San Antonio, under certain conditions as to their distance from the San Antonio garrison. The result was that before 1780, four superb mission edifices had been reared, at short distances from each other, and not

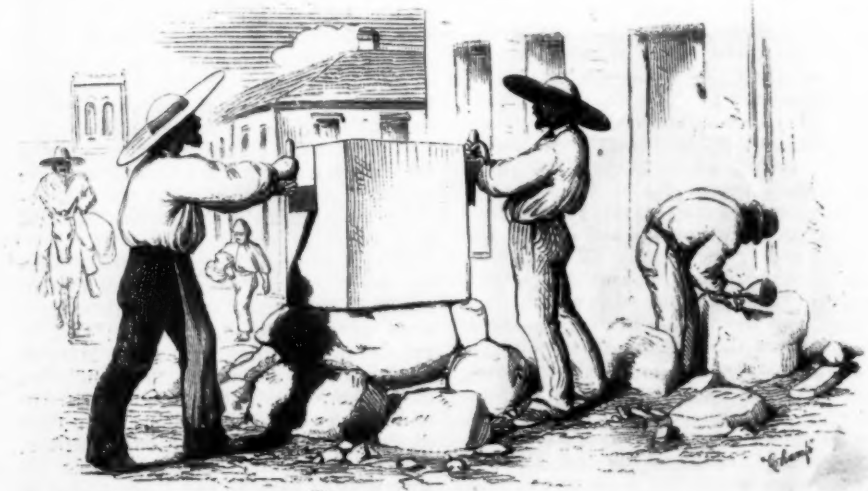


AN OLD WINDOW IN SAN JOSÉ.

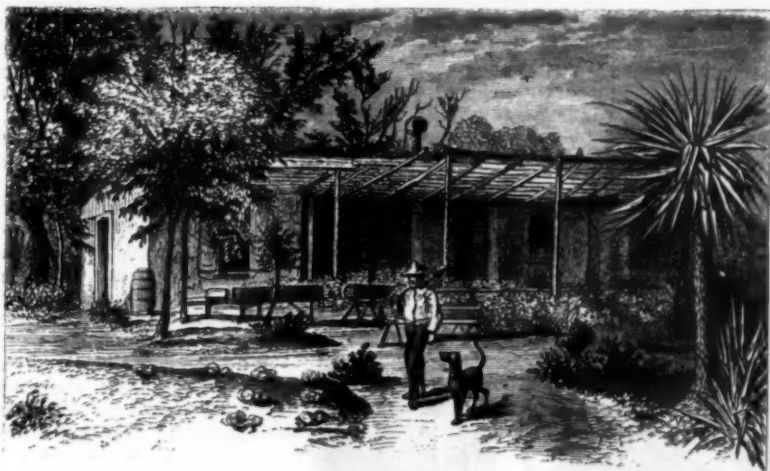
far from the beautiful San Antonio river. On the 5th of March, 1731, the foundations of La Purissima Concepcion de Acuna were laid, and, after many vicissitudes and imminent escapes from destruction, it was completed in 1752. Indians and friars had toiled for twenty-one years upon one of the noblest churches ever erected by Catholics in America, and to-day it is a ruin, deserted save by an humble German family, who exhibit the time-honored walls to visitors, and till the lands in the vicinity. The San José mission, in all respects the finest, was completed in 1771; that of San Juan in 1746; and the "Espada" in 1780. As the communities, clustered about these missions, grew, so grew San Antonio; as they suffered, so it suffered in protecting them. The same Indians who cantered up to the town-gates did not fail to offer some menace to the missions before returning to their mountain fastnesses. In 1758, they went farther, for they assaulted the mission which had been established at San Saba, and massacred the pastors and their flocks, as well as the guardian soldiery. Swarms of the savages surrounded the mission, and the wonderfully rich silver mines which had been developed near it, and not a Spaniard was left alive to bear the news of the dreadful massacre to his trembling comrades in the other missions. Some day the San Saba mines will be re-opened; but their exact location

has been long lost to the knowledge of Europeans or Mexicans, and no Indian will point the way to them.

It was sunset, on a beautiful April evening, when I first climbed to the roof of the Concepcion Mission. The day had been heated and dusty in town; I was glad, when some hint of evening came, to steal away down the lovely road; past the dense groves and perfumed thickets, along the route which wound fantastically among trees and flowers, and fertile fields watered by long canals; past quiet cool yards, in whose shaded seclusion I could catch glimpses of charming cottages and farm-houses, where rosy Germans or lean Americans sat literally under their own "vine and fig-tree." The carriage rolled suddenly through a ford in the deep swift stream, came out upon a stretch of open field, and at a distance I saw, peering above some graceful trees, the twin towers of Concepcion,—saw them with a thrill of joy at their beauty and grandeur, just as hundreds of weary travelers across the great plains had doubtless seen them a century ago. They were a welcome sight in those days, for they guaranteed comparative security in a land where nothing was absolutely certain, save death. Approaching, I could see that the towers arose from a massive church of grayish stone, once highly ornate and rich in sculpture and carving, but now much dilapidated.



MEXICAN MASONS AT WORK.



VICTOR CONSIDERANT'S TEXAN HOME.

The portal was decayed; a Spanish inscription told of the founding of the mission; the carvings and decorations were obscure. A group of awe-stricken girls lingered about the door-wing as an old man rehearsed some legend of the place. The mission bore here and there hints of the Moorish spirit, the tendency to the arch and vault which one sees so much in Spanish architecture; the great dome, sprung lightly over the main hall of the church, was a marvel of precision and beauty. In front a long wall, now fallen into decay, jutting out at the right hand, showed the nature of the original defenses of the mission. This wall was of enormous thickness, and the half ruined dwellings in its sides are still visible. Wandering a little about the venerable structure, I stood looking at the gray walls as they were bathed in the golden light of the fervid Southern sunset; noted the numberless doves hovering in and out of the grand towers; the lizards at the walls' base; the countless thousands of grasshoppers flashing in the air, and nestling playfully on the mission's sides; the stone cross between the twin towers, standing up black against the sunset; the curious parapets along the roof, so contrived that they were at once ornament and shelter, and the loop-holes in them for muskets; the mysterious entrances in the rear and the dark shadow which the stone threw upon the short, sparse, sun-dried grass; stood, and tried to call up the mission fort as it

was a century ago, surrounded with smiling fields, cultivated by patient Indians; the soldiers at their posts, diligently guarding the approaches; the old friars, in their coarse robes, building and teaching and praying and scourging themselves and the Indians; a cavalcade arriving at sunset from a weary journey; men-at-arms, and gaily-costumed cavaliers entering the gateway; the clatter of swords and the click of musket-locks; the echoes of the evening hymn from the resounding vault of the cathedral:—but the Present obtruded itself in the shape of a rail-fence and four excitable dogs anxiously regarding me from behind it, so I gave meditation the go-by, and asked the German family the way to the roof.

The barefooted German maiden, naïve and bashful, seemed strangely out of place in the shadows of the mission. I wandered through the kitchen, an old nook in the wall, and, venturing behind the heels of half a dozen mules stabled in a niche of the sanctuary, mounted a crazy ladder leading to the belfry window. Getting in at the huge opening, I startled the doves, who flew angrily away, and then clinging to the wall on one side, I climbed still another flight of stone steps, and emerged on the roof. It is a giant piece of masonry, my masters of to-day; you can certainly do but little better than did the poor friars and Indians a century ago. The ruin has crumbled in many places, being built of the soft stone of the country; but looks



SUNNING THEMSELVES.

as if it might still hold for a century. For miles around, the country is naked, save for its straggling growth of mesquite, of cactus, of chaparral; the forest has never reasserted itself since the fathers cultivated the fields; and one can trace the ancient limits very readily now. The grant of the Mission of Concepcion was about the first land-grant of the Spanish government in Texas of which there is any record. In March of 1731 the captain commanding at San Antonio went to the newly allotted mission grounds, kindly greeted the Indians who had decided to settle there, and caused the chief of the tribe to go about over the ceded lands, to pull up weeds, turn over stones, and go through all the traditional ceremonials of possession. The same formalities were observed in founding all the missions near San Antonio; the transfer of the lands being made to the Indians because the Franciscans, on account of their vows, could hold no worldly estate.

We Americans of the present should lean rather kindly towards these old Franciscans, for they were largely instrumental in the work of freeing Texas from the yoke of Spanish and Mexican tyranny. As priests, they were too human and sympathetic to enjoy or sympathize with the brutal policy of Spain; and as sensible men they had democratic leanings, doubt-

less enhanced by the Spartan plainness of their lives.

The various internal troubles, undergone by Spain early in this century, had only served to make her more arrogant towards her colonies, and a large party was anxious to revolt. At this time there were few Americans in the territory. Now and then the agents of Wilkinson and Burr ran through it, endeavoring to perfect designs for their new Southwestern Empire; but, besides these ambitious schemers, only desperadoes from the United States entered Texas. In 1813, however, Augustus W. Magee, a lieutenant in the American army, undertook, in conjunction with a Mexican revolutionist, to conquer Texas to the Rio Grande, with a view to annex-

ing it to America or Mexico, as circumstances should dictate. He resigned his commission and plunged headlong into the invasion, bringing to it many men and much courage, and fighting a good fight at Nacogdoches; but, finally attempted measures leading to a retreat, and not being able to carry his men with him in his plans, ended his life by his own hands, as is generally believed. A short time after, the invading Americans and the revolting Mexicans arrived before San Antonio, and attacked the city at once. General Salcedo, the Spaniard commanding, valiantly defended it, but the Americans and Mexicans won, and as the Indians from the missions had joined in, but few prisoners were taken. More than a thousand Spaniards were killed and wounded. Salcedo and a number of noted Spanish officials were brutally murdered. The Americans and Mexicans were attacked a few days afterwards by other Spanish forces, but repulsed them with great slaughter. But a third Spanish force was sent to San Antonio, and four thousand men gave battle to eight hundred and fifty Americans and twice as many Mexicans, composing the "Republican Army of the North," near the Medina River. The Spaniards were victorious, and all of the Americans but ninety-three were massacred. A large number of the Americans were shot on the San Anto-

nio road, and their cruel captors seated them by tens on timbers placed over newly dug graves, and thus dispatched them. This terrible massacre was known as the "battle of the Medina." Then the brave old town of San Antonio suffered the vengeance of the Spanish authorities. Seven hundred of its best citizens were imprisoned, and five hundred of the wives and daughters of the patriots were thrown into filthy dungeons.

From that time forth the history of San Antonio was one of blood and battle, of siege and slaughter. The Americans, who, in a reckless manner, had given their blood for Texan freedom, were henceforth to do it because actuated by the noblest of motives, and in defense of their own liberties.

The day of my visit to the San José mission was so over-bright that the Mexicans looked parched under their sombreros, as they loafed in the shade of the awnings, and the oxen in the wagon teams lolled out their great tongues in mute distress. About four miles westward from San Antonio, in the midst of the plain, stands the vast pile of ruins known as the San José. Mute, mighty, passing beautiful,—it is rapidly decaying; and the government should not willingly let it crumble into dust. The Catholic church in Texas, to whom the missions and the mission lands now belong,

is too poor to attempt the restoration of this superb edifice; but it should be saved. One of the most famous of Parisian architects, in a recent tour through this country, pronounced the mission the finest piece of architecture in the United States. San José has more claims to consideration than have the other missions, as the king of Spain sent an architect of rare knowledge and genius to superintend its erection. This architect, Huizar, finally settled in Texas, where his descendants still live. It is impossible to paint with words the grand effect of this imposing, yellowish-gray structure, rearing itself from the parched lands, with its belfry, its long ranges of walls with vaulted archways, its richly and quaintly carved windows, its winding stairways, its shaded aisles. As our party entered the rear archways an old, sun-dried Mexican approached, and in a weak voice, invited us to enter the church. In the interior of the edifice the old man and his bronzed wife have placed their household goods; and in the outer porch dried beef was hung over the images of the saints. An umbrella and a candlestick graced the christening font. The old man, lighting a corn-shuck cigarette, lay down on one of the beds, moaning, for he was a confirmed invalid; and we climbed to the tower, whence we speedily descended, for the great dome fell in last

year, and the roof is no longer considered safe. Returning to the shade, the Mexican woman, clad in a single coarse garment, her hair falling not ungracefully about a face which seemed still young, although she must have been fifty, served us water in a gourd, and then, seated on the ground with the hens affectionately picking about her, conversed. Was she born at the mission? No, Señor; but in San Fernando. And where had she spent her youth? In Piedras Negras, Señor. And did she not fear the roof of the old Mission might some day fall and crush her? Who knew—Señor—she answered, ambiguously; and gave that vague shake of the head by which both



AT SAN PEDRO SPRINGS.

Spaniards and Mexicans so accurately express profound unconcern. In the shade of some of the great walls were little stone cabins, in which other Mexican families lived; where bronzed children were running about in the sun, and bronzed fathers were working lazily in the field. In the distance, in any direction—chaparral, — mesquite, — cactus, — short, burned grass, and the same prospect all the way to the Rio Grande. A sun-swept, sun-burnished land; a land of mirages, and long weary distances without water; a land of mysterious clumps of foliage, inviting to ambush; a land where men narrowly watched each other when they met, and went armed to the teeth; where the soldiers were always chasing marauding savages whom they rarely caught, and where the Mexican and the Indian together hunted the cattle of the "Gringo;" where little towns clustered trustfully around rough fortresses; where the lonely "ranch" was defended by the brave settler with his "Winchester;" where millions of cattle and thousands of horses and sheep roamed fancy free from year to year, their owners only now and then riding in among them to secure the increase; —that was the beyond.

The San Juan Mission, a little beyond the San Antonio river, some three or four miles farther down, like the Espada, which stands upon a bend in the river still below, is but a ruin. In its day it was very large, and many families lived within its bounds. Now there is little to be seen, besides a small chapel and the ruins of the huge walls. A few families live among the *débris*, and there is even a "San Juan Mission Store." The scene about the humble abode of the Mexicans, residing in or near these missions, is usually the same; there is a rude water-cart near the door, a few pigs run about the premises, and a hairless Mexican dog watches them; two or three men, squatted on their haunches, sit blinking in the sun; no one ever seems to do any work; yet the Mexicans about San Antonio have good reputations as laborers.

It was at the Concepcion mission that the patriot army of Texas assembled in 1835, after the capture of Goliad; and along the river bottom and in the timber by the river, that a battle was fought in which the Mexicans received a severe whipping. Each of the ancient edifices has historic value which should entitle it

to consideration from the government of to-day; but the government is not over-delicate about neglecting its obligations in this respect.

On the river road from San Antonio to Concepcion stands the comfortable country-house so long occupied by Victor Considerant, the French free thinker and socialist. Considerant, after his ineffectual attempt to found a community of the Fourier type in Texas, lived tranquilly with his family near the old mission for many years, going to San Antonio now and then for society and occupying his leisure with literary work. A strange man, strongly fixed in his beliefs and prejudices, he was not thoroughly understood, but was universally respected by the Texans who met him.

San Antonio is watered by two beautiful streams, the San Antonio, and the San Pedro, the former running directly through the town's center. It is a deep, bluish current flowing in a narrow but picturesque channel between bold and rugged banks in some places, and sloping borders in others, and is everywhere overhung with delicate groupings of foliage. It passes under great stone bridges, by mystic arbors and bath-houses; by flights of stone steps leading up into the interiors of cool, cozy houses, as the stairways lead from Venetian canals; past little lawns, where the San Antonian loafs at his ease at midday; and on through sweet fields, where there is a wealth of blossoms. Nowhere, however, is it so supremely beautiful as at its source, on the high plateau at the foot of the Guadalupe range, where it breaks out from a thousand springs, and shapes itself at once into a beautiful stream. Around the natural park of several hundred acres which lies along the base of the mountains, Mr. Brackenridge, the banker who purchased the estate, has thrown a protecting wall; and has thus enclosed a park which an English duke might covet. The stream is a delicious poem, written in water on the loveliest of river-beds, from which mosses, ferns, dreamiest green and faintest crimson, rich opalescent and strong golden hues, peep out. Every few rods there is a lovely waterscape—a painting in miniature—an apotheosis of color. Noble pecans, grand oaks, lofty ashes, shade the stream. The head spring is clear as crystal; one may look down its glittering sides to its very bottom. The stream flows down towards a quarry a little above the town,



CABALLERO AND MULES.

where it again forms into a complete picture, such as in Europe only the Marne at St. Maur, or the Seine at Marly can rival. It is a perpetual delight, a constant treasure, and the people of San Antonio speak almost reverently of the current. The San Pedro is commonly known as a creek, but has many a beautiful nook along its banks; and in one of them the Germans have established their beer gardens, at what is called "San Pedro Springs." There, in the long Sunday afternoons, hundreds of families are gathered, drinking beer, listening to music and singing, playing with the fawns, or gazing into the bear garden and the den of the Mexican panther. There, too, the Turnverein takes its exercise; and in a long hall dozens of German children waltz, under the direction of a gray-haired old professor, while two spectacled masters of the violin make music. This is the Sunday rendezvous of great numbers of the citizens of San Antonio, Germans and Americans, and is as merry, as free from vulgarity or quarreling, as any beer garden in Dresden the fair. The German element has been of incalculable good to Western Texas, and especially to San Antonio. It has aided much in building up the material interests of the whole section; has very large-

ly increased the trade of the city; has brought with it conservatism and good sense in manners, so that even a frontier town, eighty miles from any railroad, and not more than thirty miles from Indians, has all the grace and decorum of older societies. The German was a good element, too, when the trying issues of the last war came; and was unwavering in its loyalty. The Germans suffered much and many were driven out, losing property and money: hundreds in trying to escape to Mexico, or into the Northwest, were slaughtered. There were some shameful massacres. But the Germans were not to be frightened, and they held to their views, although often obliged to conceal them. Texas is a changed place indeed to the people who were afraid to express their views before the war. As a gentleman in San Antonio said to me, "It was like living in an asylum where everyone was crazy on one especial subject; you never knew when dangerous paroxysms were about to begin." The Texas of twelve years ago, when it was dangerous for a man to be seen reading *The New York Tribune*, and critically perilous for him to be civil to a slave, has passed away, and the Texans themselves are glad that they are awakened from their dream of patriarchal aristo-

cracy, which placed such a check upon the development of their State. The Germans have settled several thriving places west of San Antonio, the most noted of which is Fredericksburg. German and Jewish names are certainly over the doors of more than half the business houses in San Antonio; and German or Hebrew talent conducts many vast establishments which have trade with the surrounding country, or with Mexico. San Antonio has so long been a depot for military supplies for all the forts on the Southwestern frontier, and for the supply of the Mexican States this side of the Sierra Madre, that many of the merchants are not in favor of the advent of railroads, fearing that with them trade will move beyond the venerable city, and not remembering, that, should that be so, the railroads will bring ample compensating advantages. The sooner Western Texas has railroads, the sooner will the Indian and Mexican difficulties be settled; the sooner will all the available rich lands be taken up. Even now the business done by means of the slow wagon trains, which can, at best, only make twenty miles per day, is enormous, amounting to many millions yearly; what would it be if railroads penetrated to the now untamed frontiers? Many of



A MEXICAN BEGGAR.

the appliances of civilization are fast reaching Western Texas for the first time; San Antonio now has four prosperous banks,—she had none before the war,—gas-lights, two daily papers, and a weekly for the German populations; how can she avoid railroads? Three lines are at present pointed directly for the antique city; the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad, which is now completed from Harrisburg to Columbus, and is to be continued from Columbus to San Antonio; the Gulf, Western Texas and Pacific Railroad, which at present extends from Indianola to Victoria, and has been graded to Cuero, thirty miles beyond Victoria; and the International Railroad, which contemplated touching both Austin and San Antonio, thus opening a through line to Longview, in Northern Texas, and Southwestward to Mazatlan on the Pacific, with a branch to the city of Mexico. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad will also touch at San Antonio, when the Mexican branch of that line is completed.

The *plazas*, or public squares of San Antonio, merit special attention. The four principal ones are those of the Alamo, the Constitution, the Military, and Travis. The latter is a handsome grass-grown common surrounded by pretty residences, some of them fronting upon charming lawns and gardens; and a stone church is to be erected there by the Episcopalians. The old church of San Fernando is now removed from the "Plaza of the Constitution," or rather is enshrined within a new and imposing edifice, built of the white stone of the section. The Constitution Plaza is the original garrison square of San Fernando—and from it



RETURNING FROM MARKET.

streets lead out into the open country, the Military Plaza, and the main part of the town. The Military Plaza is surrounded by store-houses and shops, and is always filled with wagon teams and their picturesque and ragged drivers. From thence it is only a few steps to one of the Mexican quarters of the town, sometimes called "Laredito." There the life of the seventeenth century still prevails, without any taint of modernism. Wandering along the unpaved street in the evening, one finds the doors of all the Mexican cottages open, and has only to enter and demand supper to be instantly served; for the Mexican has learned to turn American curiosity about his cookery to account. Entering one of these hovels, you will find

scattered along at the tables in the little houses in Laredito; even when we went there was a large party of the curious, ciceroned by one of the oldest and most respected of San Antonio's citizens, "Don Juan" Twohig, the wealthy Irish banker, who was sixty-five years old that very day, but rolled tortillas as heartily as when a sturdy youth, and was as gay as when, a gallant revolutionist, he beguiled the hours of captivity in the Castle of Perote, where the cruel Mexicans had sent him.

The residences on Flores street are all completely embowered in shrubbery, and many of them are intrinsically fine. There are few wooden structures in the city; the solid architecture of previous centuries prevails. Putting up a house is a work of



STREET SCENE.—A GROUP ON THE PAVE.

a long, rough table with wooden benches about it; a single candlestick dimly sending its light into the dark recesses of the unceiled roof; a hard earth-floor, in which the fowls are busily bestowing themselves for sleep; a few dishes arranged on the table, and glasses and coffee-cups beside them. The fat, tawny Mexican *materfamilias* will place before you various savory compounds, swimming in fiery pepper, which biteth like a serpent; and the *tortilla*, a smoking hot cake, thin as a shaving, and about as eatable, is the substitute for bread. This meal, with bitterest of coffee to wash it down, and liquid dulcet Spanish talked by your neighbors at table for dessert, will be an event in your gastronomic experience. You will see many Americans

time; but it is solid when completed, and cannot be burned. Most of the houses and blocks in Commerce and other principal streets are generally two, sometimes three stories high; there are some fine shops—one or two of them being veritable museums of trade. It is from these shops that the assortments are made up which toil across the plains to the garrisons and to Mexico; and a wagon-train, loaded with a "varied assortment," contains almost everything known in trade. Through the narrow streets every day clatter the mule-teams, their tattered and dirty-clothed negro drivers shouting frantically at them as they drag civilized appliances towards Mexico. The wagoners lead a wild life of almost constant danger



A STREET MERCHANT.

and adventure, but they are fascinated with it, and can rarely be induced to give it up.

The Mexicans monopolize a corner of the town, which has won the *sobriquet* of "Chihuahua." It is a picturesque collection of hovels, built of logs and stones and dried mud, and thatched with brush or straw. Little gardens are laid out in front of the houses, some of which are no longer than a sentry-box, and naked children play in the primitive streets. Young girls, bold-eyed and beautiful, gaily dressed, and with shawls thrown lightly over their superb heads, saunter about, idly gossiping or saucily regarding strangers; the men seem to be perpetually waiting for some one to come and feed them. They wander about in the most purposeless fashion; and one is tempted to think them on the lookout for a chance to rob or murder; but they are, on the contrary, quite inoffensive. "Chihuahua" and "Laredito" are nooks that one would never suspect could exist on American soil. But the Mexican is hard-headed, and terribly prejudiced; he cannot be made to see that his slow, primitive ways, his filth and lack of comfort, are not better than the frugal decency and careful home management of the Germans and Americans who surround him.

The Alamo is the shrine to which every pilgrim to this strange corner of America must do utmost reverence. As mission-church and fortress, it is venerable, and has been so baptized in blood that it is world-famous. The terse inscription on the Alamo monument, in the porch of the capitol at Austin, will give you a foretaste of the reverence in which the ruins are held by Texans: "*Thermopylae had her*

messenger of death; the Alamo had none!" There is but little left of the original edifice now. The portion still standing is used as a government store-house; and the place where Travis and his immortals fell, which should be the site of a fine monument, is a station for the mule and ox teams waiting to receive stores.

It was a noteworthy struggle which led to the massacre at the Alamo, and thence to Texan independence. Moses and Stephen F. Austin, father and son, struggled through a dreary period of colonization from 1821 until 1836. The father died before he had succeeded in availing himself,

to any extent, of the hesitating permission he had received from the Spaniards to introduce Americans into Texas; but his son took that permission as his patrimony, and went at the work with a will. Stephen Austin braved a thousand dangers in founding his first colony on the banks of the Brazos; but the colony grew, and acquired a steadiness and prosperity, even while the adjacent Mexican States were undergoing twenty revolutions. The time came, and speedily, when the government of Mexico perceived that the two races were radically antagonistic, and that American activity would soon conquer the whole territory, unless force were opposed to it. So, with the usual blindness of despotism, Guerrero, the weak and despicable tyrant, began hostilities against the Americans, and detachments of soldiers crept in upon the colonists, occupying various posts, under one pretext or another, until the colonists saw through the ruse, and openly defied the would-be invaders. Guerrero continued provocative measures; freed slaves throughout Mexico, thus violating a treaty made with the American colonists; the Mexican Congress forbade any more Americans to enter Texas. Then came the thunder-storm! The colonists sent commissioners to complain to the Mexican government of their ill-treatment; these commissioners were imprisoned and abused; the colonists flew to arms; took the citadel of Anahuac; took other fortresses and held them; released their commissioners; repudiated Mexico; and met in convention at San Felipe, in 1832, and edited a constitution which they desired to live under. Stephen Austin agreed to present it to the parent government in the

city of Mexico, but when he reached that place was thrown into prison. This and other odious tyrannies of Santa Anna, the new ruler and liberator of Mexico, opened the way to the Alamo, to San Jacinto, and to independence. It was a bloody path, but bravely trod! There were giants in those days, men who gave their lives cheerfully, men who held death in contempt. Such men were Austin, Houston, Travis, Fannin and Milam.

The final struggle between Santa Anna, dictator of Mexico, and the Texan-American army began in 1834. A clever pretext brought about a real war. The Mexican governor of Coahuila, the province allied to Texas, had, in order to meet his expenses, proposed the sale of a goodly number of lands in Texas. Numerous speculators presented themselves; but they were all Americans, and when this became known the Mexican government refused to ratify the governor's action; the governor insisted; troops were sent into Coahuila to expel the rebel Legislature which had voted the land measure; and the Texan-Americans found themselves, as well as their neighbors, in danger of invasion. They could wait no longer; they raised the standard of revolt on the plains of San Jacinto, August 16, 1835;

and as soon as the news of the rebellion came to Mexican ears, Gen. Cos, by Santa Anna's orders, sat down before San Antonio, the rebellious capital, to starve it into submission. There was fighting everywhere—at Goliad, at Gonzales, in all the towns, and around them. Gen. Cos took San Antonio; was besieged in it; had to give it up to brave Ben Milam and the "three hundred men who were ready to die;" and, a little time after, the people of Texas assembled in convention at Washington, on the Brazos river, enthusiastically voted the declaration of the absolute independence of Texas. So Santa Anna, with three army corps, began the third siege of San Antonio.

As you see the remnant of the old fort of the Alamo now, its battered walls looming up without picturesque effect against the brilliant sky, and the clouds of dust which the muleteers and their teams stir up, half hiding it—perhaps it does not seem to you like a grand historic memorial. Indeed it is not grand as in the days when it was a church, standing proudly under the shade of the noble cottonwood trees, the cynosure of every eye. It has fallen much into decay, and the government, which would use Washington's tomb for a store-house, rather than build a proper one, if Mount Vernon



THE MILITARY PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO.

were a military depot, has cumbered it with boxes and barrels.

But you must picture the old fort as it was on Sunday, the 6th of March, 1836, when Texas was a young and war-ridden republic; when Santa Anna, with an over-

ceeded in making their way into the fort from the town of Gonzales—one hundred and eighty-eight souls in all, say some chroniclers—made up their minds to defend the Alamo to the uttermost. Then and there did those immortal men stand in the

breach, as did Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae, then and there did they betake themselves to the task of nobly dying. Then and there did they consecrate Texas to liberty. The Alamo was stormed by thousands of ferocious Spaniards and Mexicans. The Texans fought like demons, and kill-



A RESIDENCE IN CHIHUAHUA.

whelming force of foot had hemmed in and forced to retreat into the fort a little band of one hundred and forty or fifty men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Travis. In those days the fort extended over two or three acres. A thousand men would hardly have been sufficient to man the defenses. It was a formidable structure, with chapel, long stone barrack houses, barrier walls, and intrenchments, fortified with cannon. The barrack houses were all loop-holed, and the doors were barricaded with semi-circular parapets, made of double curtains of hides filled with earth. The walls were tremendously thick and strong; batteries playing upon them night and day produced but little effect. It was a troublous time for the new republic; the United States had given sympathy, but no aid; the Mexican troops were ten times as numerous as were the patriot armies; terrible struggles had been made at Goliad, and at other places against the enemy, but in vain; all hope of succor was cut off from the soldiers in the Alamo; Houston's little army was doing its best to rally. Fannin was desperately awaiting the attack upon Goliad; the Alamo and its defenders were left alone, to the mercy of the "Napoleon of the West."

It was then that Lt.-Col. Travis and the little garrison army, made up its mind. There was but one interpretation of duty in the souls of these men. Bowie and Crockett and Bonham, and those noble ones who had suc-

ced hundreds of their assailants; but were finally overpowered, and were all put to death. Two women, their two children, and a negro boy, were the only survivors of this dreadful massacre; and but one, a Mexican woman, is alive to-day. The "Napoleon of the West" gave his name to infamy, and sealed the doom of his own cause by the infamous massacre of the Alamo, and the bloodier one which followed it at Goliad. The heroism of the Alamo was the inspiration of the army which fell upon Santa Anna's army at San Jacinto, destroyed it, and made Texas free. Not even the bones of Travis and his men were preserved; the mutilated bodies were burned, a few hours after the massacre; and the fierce winds of the North, which now and then sweep over the hill of San Antonio, have years ago scattered the ashes of the heroes which the Texans had gathered up, a year



STREET SCENE.—PLAYING AT WILD BULL.

after the massacre, and lightly buried.

A residence of a few weeks in San Antonio affords one a good look into the cattle trade of Western Texas, one of the most remarkable industries of the Southwest. One might with justice call it an indolent industry—for it accomplishes great results in a lazy, disorderly way; and makes men millionaires before they have had time to arouse themselves, and go to work. Cattle trading is a grand pastime with hundreds of Texans. They like the grandiloquent sound of a "purchase of sixty thousand head." There is something at once princely and patriarchal about it. They enjoy the adventurous life on the great grazing plains, the freedom of the ranch, the possibility of an Indian incursion, the swift coursing on horseback over the great stretches, the romance of the road. Near-

ous complaints of thievery on the frontier. While we were in San Antonio a government commission arrived from a long and tedious journey through the Rio Grande valley, and the country between San Antonio and the Mexican boundary, where they had been taking testimony with regard to the Mexican outrages. Opinion seems somewhat divided as to the extent and nature of the damage done the cattle-raising interest by the Mexicans, some Texans even asserting that the Texan claims are grossly exaggerated, and that there has been much stealing on both sides of the Rio Grande. But the commission itself has taken testimony with great care, and, whatever may be the exact nature of the claims against Mexico, they are enough to justify a prompt aggressive policy in case the hybrid neighbor republic does not



MEXICAN WOMEN WASHING.

ly all the immense region from the Colorado to the Rio Grande is given up to stock raising. The mesquite grass carpets the plains from end to end, and the horses, cattle and sheep luxuriate in it; while the giant pecan throws down stores of oily nuts every year for the wandering hogs to revel over. The mountainous regions around San Antonio offer superb facilities for sheep husbandry; and the valleys along the streams are fertile enough for the most exacting farmer. There are millions of cattle now scattered over the plains between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and the number is steadily increasing. It is not uncommon for a single individual to own 200,000 head of cattle.

The cattle owners of Western Texas have been much before the public for the last few years, on account of their numer-

see fit to take notice of the demands of her more powerful sister. The troubles on the Mexican-Texan frontier have resulted largely from an attack made on the Kickapoo Indians in May of 1864. It appears that these Indians, during our late civil war, left their reservation with the intention of going to Mexico, and while passing through Texas, were mistaken for a hostile force by a Confederate corps of observation, and were attacked. When the mistake was corrected, the Indians were allowed to proceed on their way; but they found the attack a pretext for an offensive policy, and soon after reaching Mexico began a series of distressing frontier depredations. There were only nine hundred and thirty-five of these Kickapoo Indians, originally; and it is now supposed that at least half of them are dead; but those who



A MEXICAN FAMILY.

remain are terrible fellows. The Kickapoo is a kind of perverted Indian; he is unlike the original tribes of Texas who were mild mannered until aroused by ideas of wrong, like their neighbors in Mexico. He was born with the genius of murder and rapine firmly implanted in his breast, and being somewhat civilized, of course he is much worse than if he were a pure savage. He had not been long in Mexico before he began to dominate the native Mexican Indians; and the Comanches joining with them, they soon had things their own way in their new home. These Bedouins of the West have been a terror to the stock-raiser since 1864. They have acted like fiends; and seemed to be far more malignant and savage than their ancestors. Indeed, as the Indian race decreases in Texas, from disease, internal dissensions, and intangible causes, the "type of the decadence" is the most repulsive which the blood has ever produced. It is as if the savage spirit made its last protest against its own annihilation tenfold bitterer and more deadly than its first.

The Kickapoos in conjunction with Comanches, Apaches, and Mexicans, have carried off great herds of cattle, and committed numberless murders. They have been almost ubiquitous, overrunning that vast section between the Rio Grande and San Antonio rivers, and the road between

the towns of San Antonio, and Eagle Pass, —a region embracing thirty thousand square miles. They were wont to dash into the ranches and stampe the all the stock they could frighten, driving it before them to the Rio Grande, and, although well-armed pursuers might be close behind them as they crossed the fords, they would usually escape with their prey, knowing that reclamation, in Mexico, would be an impossibility. They came, and still come from time to time, within a few miles of San Antonio, to gather up horses; and if they cannot succeed in escaping with the horses they invariably kill them. At the full of the moon the Indians will usually enter the vicinity of the ranches, on foot, carrying their lassos. They hide carefully until they have discovered where the stock is, and then the gathering up is a speedy matter. The pursuer can only travel in the day-time, when he can see the trail; therefore an attempt at pursuit is folly. The only hope of peace seems to be the extermination of the Indians.*

The Rio Grande valley has always been the paradise of stock-raisers. Before the Spaniards had left the Texan country, the whole section between the Rio Grande and the Nueces was covered with stock. The

* I believe the Kickapoos in question have been removed from Mexico to some reservation, but there are still Indians enough left in Texas to keep stock-stealing up to its old standard.

Indians were in those days employed in herding cattle; imagine one of them engaged in such a gentle, pastoral occupation to-day! As soon as the influence of the missionaries began to wane, the Indians ceased herding, and returned to their old trades of murder and rapine.

The United States commissioners to Texas are of the opinion that not only have the Indians been aided and abetted by Mexicans in their stealing from the rancheros of Western Texas, but that Mexicans are directly engaged in the stealing themselves, and that so great has been the loss from these causes since the war, that the number of cattle now grazing west of San Antonio is between two-thirds and three-fourths less than in 1866.

But the stock-raisers, despite the many dangers and vexations which beset them, are a healthy, happy set. Their manners have a tinge of Spanish gravity and courtesy; they are sun-browned, stalwart men, unused to the atmosphere of cities, and in love with the freedom of the plains. Their herds of thousands range at will over the unfenced lands, and only once yearly do the stout rancheros drive them up to be examined, branded, and separated. Ownership is determined by peculiar brands and ear-marks, records of

which are kept in the offices of the county clerks, and published in the newspapers. There is a stock-raisers' association which has decided on rules for mutual protection and aid. The cattle interest is rather heavily taxed for transportation, and suffers in consequence. In 1872 there were *four hundred and fifty thousand* cattle driven overland from Western Texas to Kansas, through the Indian Territory, by Bluff Creek and Caldwell, up the famous "Chisholm trail." In 1871 as many as seven hundred thousand were driven across. The general value of "Kansas beeves" is \$12 to \$13 gold; but after deducting all expenses the average profit on the "drive" is not much more than a fair rate of interest on the money invested. But few cattle are transported by sea; the outlet for the trade by way of Indianola has never been very successful. The Morgan steamships carry perhaps 40,000 beeves yearly that way. The two great shipping points in 1872-3 were Wichita, on a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, at the junction of the Arkansas and Little Arkansas rivers, and Ellsworth, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The whole country, at the time of transit, is covered with vast herds which begin to arrive in Kansas early in May and await buyers



A HUNTER'S CAMP IN WESTERN TEXAS.

there. A stampede is something which baffles description; you must witness it. It is a tempest of horns and tails, a thunder of hoofs, a lightning of wild eyes; I can describe it no better. Merely to see a man on foot is sometimes sufficient to set the average Texan cattle into a frenzy of fear, and a speedy stampede; for the great majority of them have never been approached save by men on horseback. The gathering up of stock is no small task, as a herd of seventy-five thousand cattle will range over an area fifty miles wide by a hundred miles long. Large stock-raisers are always increasing their stock by buying

was not grass enough on the island to maintain them. So he sent men to bring them off. There is probably nothing more sublimely awful in the whole history of cattle-raising than the story of those beasts, from the time they were driven from the island until they had scattered to the four corners of Western Texas. Among these Matagordian cattle which had run wild for years were eight hundred noble and ferocious bulls; and wherever they went they found the country vacant before them. It was as if a menagerie of lions had broken loose in a village. Mr. Maverick never succeeded in keeping any



NEGRO SOLDIERS.

herds adjacent to their ranges. Many persons make fortunes by simply gathering up and branding the cattle which the rightful owners have neglected to brand; and cattle found unbranded, and a year old, are known as "Mavericks." The origin of the name is very funny.

Col. Maverick, an old and wealthy citizen of San Antonio, once placed a small herd of cattle on an island in Matagorda Bay, and having too many other things to think of, soon forgot all about them. After a lapse of several years, some fishermen sent the Colonel word that his cattle had increased alarmingly, and that there

of the herd together; they all ran madly whenever a man came in sight; and for many a day after, whenever any unbranded and unusually wild cattle were seen about the ranges, they were called "Mavericks." The bulls were finally dispersed among the ranges; but they were long the terror of the land.

The estimated profits of cattle-raising are enormous. Some authenticated instances are worthy especial mention. One man in the vicinity of San Antonio began in 1856 with 150 head of cattle; he now has sixty thousand, and is considered worth \$350,000; another, who began by



THE ALAMO

taking stock to attend to for one-third of the increase is worth about the same sum. One ranch, that of Mr. Kennedy, some distance west of Corpus Christi, has an inclosure of one hundred and fifty thousand acres, the fencing for which alone cost \$100,000. Many a stock-raiser brands fifteen thousand head of calves yearly. The profits of horse-raising, making due allowance for losses by Indian raids and American and Mexican horse-thieves, are even greater. The owner of a large horse-ranch near Castroville* told me that he had repeatedly endeavored to get up an issue with the Indians, who often attacked his ranch—hoping to get them indicted, and then requisitioned in Mexico; but their tribal arrangements prevent that. The chief alone is responsible for the bad deeds of all his warriors, and any quantity of indictments would never bring him to justice. An attempt to operate under the treaty made by Corwin, in 1862—by which the government authorized district judges to demand the extradition of criminals was equally unsuccessful. The Mexican officers

on the frontier recognize no law—no authority except their own.

The headquarters of such troops of the regular army as are in the Department of Texas, is at San Antonio. A chain of defensive forts extends from Fort Sill in the Indian Territory—in that section occupied by the Kiowas, Arapahoes and Comanches,—southwest and south to the Rio Grande, and along the Mexican frontier. Forts Richardson, Griffin, Concho, McKavett, Clark, Duncan, McIntosh, Ringgold, and Brown, are the most impor-

tant posts, and each is well garrisoned with several companies of Infantry and Cavalry. It is at Fort Clark that the gallant Col. McKenzie has long been stationed. The close proximity of the fort to the river has somewhat troubled the raiding Indians; but they generally manage to pass between the forts without being observed. Cavalry scouts are constantly engaged along the whole defensive line; but the men and horses are but poor matches for the Indians and their ponies. There is no telegraphic communication from fort to fort; therefore the officers at the various posts are never capable of concerted action. The line of forts extending from Concho to Fort Sill is extended to protect against incursions from the "Staked Plains" district, where the Indians still wander at their own sweet will over the grass-carpeted plains which are seemingly bound-



THE MILITARY HEADQUARTERS—SAN ANTONIO.

* Castroville is one of the most thriving towns in Western Texas. It was founded by Henry Castro, a Frenchman of great culture and executive ability.

less as the ocean. The grandeur, the rugged beauty of these mighty table-lands will for many years yet be enjoyed only by the Indian; he makes a good fight there. Southwest from Fort Concho runs a defensive line, dotted with Forts Stockton, Davis, Hultman, and Bliss, the latter opposite El Paso, at the extreme western limit of Texas, and nearly seven hundred miles from San Antonio, at the entrance of the mountain passes of Chihuahua. Service in this department is no child's play; it is a rough and tumultuous school; and to see the general activity, one wonders that more is not actually accomplished; and finally determines that the railroads alone will solve the question. As it is, the thirty-five hundred men in the department, whether officered by Gen. Auger or Gen. Grant, cannot catch and punish the evil-minded Indians. The soldiers are rarely attacked; the alert and logical savage seeks a peaceful prey rather than a fight with men better armed than himself. He rarely, too, encounters the soldiers, because he never advertises his coming, as they often do. He is all eyes and ears: the tiniest cloud of dust on the horizon announces to him the approach of some one; he hears the faintest tremor among the grasses, and knows that it signifies sound afar off; he notes a little imprint on the plain and can decide at once whether or not it is the imprint of a soldier's foot, or a white man's horse. When he mounts a hill, he looks on all sides to see if there is anything stirring on the plain; if there is, he hides until he knows

what it is. It is easy to see that recruits and unpracticed frontiersmen cannot fight such people as these. Very few soldiers get killed; it is mainly the innocent settlers, who have no idea of protecting themselves, who suffer. Since 1866 over three hundred unoffending Texans have been killed by murderous Indians and Mexicans. Great care is necessary in traversing the plains, even with an escort of soldiers. A gentleman, returning from Fort Clark, once strayed ahead of the main party and was found dead, with arrows sticking in him and minus his scalp. The Indians even hovered around the government commissioners, on their journey from Eagle Pass to Laredo. The Texans should be allowed to take the matter of subduing the Indians and protecting their frontier against the Mexicans into their own hands.

Wonderful land of limitless prairie—of beautiful rivers and strange foliage—land where there is room to breathe full breaths—land beyond which there seem no boundaries—the railroad will yet subdue you! Then there will be no more mystery in the plains—the chaparral thickets—the groves of post oak and pecan—the cypress-bordered streams—the grand ranges—the sun-burnished stretches. The stage routes will be forgotten; the now rapidly decaying native Indian tribes will stray into some unexplored nook never to sally forth again. The Rio Grande will no longer be a boundary, and the Sierra Madre's rocky gaps will echo back the sharp accents of the American tongue. All this in a few years!




THE ARSENAL, SAN ANTONIO.

THE DUKE'S STRATAGEM.

A MILANESE TALE.

THE Duke of Milan—Galeazzo named—
Supremely loved Correggia, widely famed
For every charm a maiden might possess ;
And, in her heart, she loved the Duke no less ;
Though each, awhile (so churlish Fate designed
To mar their bliss) knew not the other's mind,
But hoped and feared in silence ; till, at last,
When many a moon of trembling doubt was passed,
And Gossip vainly had essayed to seek
The cause of Galeazzo's pallid cheek
And moody air—some ladies of the Court
Addressed him boldly thus (as half in sport,
And half in earnest):—"Sire ! we all can see
Your Highness is in love !—and now, that we
May pay our loyal service where the same
Is justly due, we fain would know the name
Of *her*—the happy lady of your choice !"
Surprised, abashed, the Duke, with faltering voice,
In civil sort such merry answers made
As best might serve the question to evade.
In vain ! as one by one their weapons fail,
With fresh artillery they the Duke assail,
Until, at length, 'tis clear the man must yield,
By clamor overpowered—or fly the field !
"A truce—a truce !" he cried, "for mercy's sake !
Now—please you all !—a banquet I will make,
Such as may suit so fair a company :
Come, one and all, and see what you shall see,
To aid—perchance to end—your merry quest."
And all said "Aye !"—Correggia with the rest.
The banquet over, Galeazzo set
Upon the board a curious cabinet
In which, upon a panel, was portrayed,
In happiest art, the picture of a maid ;
(Some clever painter's fancy.) "There !" said he,
"All ye who choose, my lady-love may see !"
Now, when the fair Correggia,—lingering last,
For fearfulness,—observed that all who passed
The pictured girl, in silence turned away
As from a face unknown,—in deep dismay
She took her turn to gaze ; when, God of Grace !
She saw no painted image ; but the face
Which her own features, radiantly fair,
Reflected, blushing, in a mirror there !
And so it was the two true loves were known ;
And so it came to pass that not alone
The happy Galeazzo filled the ducal throne !

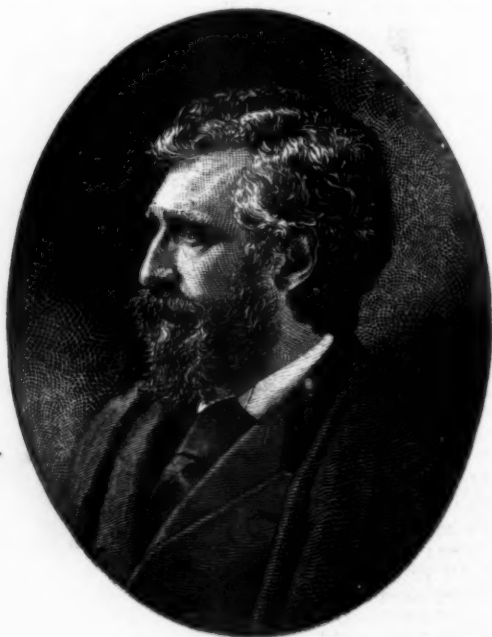


CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THERE is a certain agreeable and modest school of literature, whose traditions have been better preserved, on the whole, in America than in England. It may be called the Meditative School. In this country, it fairly dates back to the *Lay Preacher* of Joseph Dennie, and could thence be easily affiliated upon the essayists of Queen Anne's day. But it first rose to conspicuous notice, and in some respects to high-water-mark, in Irving's *Sketch Book*—a "timid, beautiful book," as John Neal

a better destiny; for it showed all his graceful ease, with something nearer to thought than he elsewhere gave his readers. Then came the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, long dear to youths and maids, but quite surpassed in literary execution by some of its author's later works. And now comes Mr. Warner to continue the succession.

Charles Dudley Warner was born September 12, 1829, in the small village of Plainfield, in Western Massachusetts. His father, a farmer, died when the boy was



called it,—which was closely followed by Dana's *Idle Man*. Of these two, the earlier work attracted the more attention, not by reason of its thought, since in this Dana surpassed Irving; nor through the charm of its style alone, but rather from the merit of its delineations of English society, a feature no doubt secondary in the original design of the writer.

In later years, Willis made several efforts in this direction, but they have shared the fate of his other short-lived books, though his *Letters from under a Bridge* deserved

five years old, and Warner went to a district school in Charlemont, near Plainfield, until he was thirteen. In 1842 his mother removed to Cazenovia, in central New York; there he went to the "Oneida Conference Seminary" and was prepared for Hamilton College, where he graduated in 1851. He wrote the successful English prize essay of that year; and ventured into print about the same time, being a contributor to the New York *Knickerbocker*, and then to *Putnam's Magazine*. He edited, two years later, a *Book of Eloquence*,

which was published at Cazenovia. He soon after went to the West and formed a plan for a monthly magazine to be published at Detroit. This project was abandoned because of the failure of the proposed publisher; and Warner then joined a surveying party on the Missouri frontier, where he remained for some time. Returning at length to New York, he devoted several months to special studies at the Astor Library, and then began his preparation for the bar, to which he was admitted,—at Philadelphia,—in 1856.

He entered at once on the practice of his profession, in Chicago, where he remained until 1860, when he became assistant editor of the Hartford, Ct., *Press*. He was afterwards editor-in-chief; and when the *Press* was merged in the *Courant*, in 1867, he became assistant editor and partial proprietor of that journal. In 1868-9 he spent fourteen months in Europe, writing letters and essays for periodicals at home. His volume of *Saunterings* is apparently based upon these earlier sketches. He has also given addresses before Hamilton and Bowdoin Colleges and Cornell University, in 1864, 1871, 1872 and 1873. His main reputation came to him with some suddenness, however, on the publication of a volume called *My Summer in a Garden*, in 1871. So little was he at that time recognized among authors, that his name was not mentioned in Hart's *Manual of American Literature* or Drake's *Dictionary of American Biography*,—both published in 1872, and both quite comprehensive collections. In Underwood's *Handbook of American Authors*, however, which appeared in the same year, his literary talent found hearty recognition.

My Summer in a Garden was simply a series of papers reprinted from the Hartford *Courant*. They retained, even in book form, an unmistakable newspaper flavor. Yet they had a freshness that delighted every one, a charming out-door atmosphere, and much delicate and quiet humor. On the other hand, their literary quality was alloyed by some cheap puns and short-lived political allusions; and these gave the impression that the author, even at forty-two-years of age, did not fully discern his own highest vein, or—which is more probable—that he did not fully trust his public, and would not risk himself on his best work alone. Happily, the reception of the book re-assured him; and in *Back-Log Studies*, published in this

Magazine, in 1872, and issued in collective form during the same year, he did himself more ample justice. A comparison of the two works plainly shows that though *My Summer in a Garden* may have a pleasant taste of the soil that is wanting in its successor,—and though, as often happens, the earlier book is the more wholly unconscious in its tone,—yet the step from the one to the other is, in reality, a step from book-making to literature, or, as Joubert phrases it, from masonry to architecture.

In *Back-Log Studies* there are, no doubt, some essentially artistic things—some long episodes, for example, such as the "New Vision of Sin" and the "Uncle in India," which are clearly inferior in texture to the rest, and not quite worth the space they occupy;—but, as a whole, the book is certainly a most agreeable contribution to the literature of the Meditative School. And it is saying a great deal to say this. To make such an attempt successful, there must be a lightness of touch sustained through everything; there must be a predominant sweetness of flavor; and that air of joyous ease which is often the final triumph of labor. There must also be a power of analysis, always subtle, never prolonged; there must be description, minute enough to be graphic, yet never carried to the borders of fatigue; there must also be glimpses of restrained passion, and of earnestness kept in reserve. All these are essential, and all these the *Back-Log Studies* show. If other resources were added—as depth of thought, or powerful imagination, or wide learning, or constructive power—they would only carry the book beyond the proper ranks of the Meditative School, and place it in that higher grade of literature to which Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* belongs. Yet, it may be better not to insist on this distinction; for it is Mr. Warner himself who wisely reminds us that "the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is that of comparison."

It is as true in literature as in painting that "it is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim to immortality is made." The first and simplest test of good writing is in the fresh and incisive phrases it yields; and, in this respect, *Back-Log Studies* is strong. The author has not only the courage of his opinions, but he has the courage of his phrases, which is quite as essential. What an admirable touch, for instance, is that

where Mr. Warner says that a great wood-fire, in a wide kitchen-chimney, with all the pots and kettles boiling and bubbling, and a roasting-spit turning in front of it, "makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels"! Fancy the bewilderment of some slow and well-meaning man upon encountering that stroke of fancy; his going over it slowly from beginning to end, and then again backward from end to beginning, studying it with microscopic eye, to find where the resemblance comes in—until, at last, it occurs to him that possibly there may be a typographical error somewhere, and that, with a little revision, the sentence might become intelligible! He does not know that in literature, as in life, nothing venture, nothing have; and that it often requires precisely such an audacious stroke as this to capture the most telling analogies.

There occurs just after this, in *Back-Log Studies*, a sentence which has long since found its way to the universal heart, and which is worth citing, as an example of the delicate rhetorical art of understatement. To construct a climax is within the reach of every one; there is not a Fourth-of-July orator who cannot erect for himself a heaven-scaling ladder of that description, climb its successive steps, and then tumble from the top. But to let your climax swell beneath you like a wave of the sea, and then let it subside under you so gently that your hearer shall find himself more stirred by your moderation than by your impulse; this is a triumph of style. Thus our author paints a day of winter storm, for instance, the wild snow-drifts beating against the cottage window, and the boy in the chimney-corner reading about General Burgoyne and the Indian wars. "I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. 'John,' says the mother, 'you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat.' But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. 'Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood.' How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all."

I defy anyone who has a heart for children to resist that last sentence. Considered critically, it is the very triumph of

under-statement,—of delicious, provoking, perfectly unexpected moderation. It is a refreshing dash of cool water just as we were beginning to grow heated. Like that, it calls our latent heat to the surface by a kindly reaction; the writer surprises us by claiming so little that we concede everything; we at once compensate by our own enthusiasm for this inexplicable lowering of the demand. Like him! of course we like him—that curly-pated, rosy-cheeked boy, with his story books and his Indians! But if we had been called upon to adore him, it is very doubtful whether we should have liked him at all. And this preference for effects secured by quiet methods,—for producing emphasis without the use of italics, and arresting attention without resorting to exclamation points—is the crowning merit of the later style of Mr. Warner.

After freely conceding these high merits, it is but right to point out that even in *Back-Log Studies* there are sentences which would have been better for a final revision with the microscope of grammatical criticism. Such sentences as these:—"Speaking like an upholsterer, it [the fire] furnishes the room," (p. 30);—and "There isn't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her mind, and knows him as well," &c., (p. 56);—have no doubt simply escaped the author's attention in correcting his proof. But *noblesse oblige*, and a writer who keeps the higher laws so well must not be permitted to indulge in so much as a peccadillo.

Yet after all questions of style are settled, it must be remembered that a man's real service to literature depends on quantity as well as quality; upon how much he has to say, and not merely on how he says it. It is very desirable to have a perfect fire-arm, but after all it is the ammunition that does the business. Style makes the writer, provided he has plenty to write. It is undeniable that up to this time, Mr. Warner's works, with all their uncommon charm, yet suggest the suspicion of a certain thinness of material. He may possess greater resources than he has yet shown, deeper motives, higher originality, firmer convictions. This is the problem which his admirers are waiting to see him solve. Until its solution, he is in the position of the American troops at Bunker Hill; victory within his grasp, if only the ammunition holds out; and a highly creditable service, even if the supply should fail.

"IT USED TO BE IN THE OLDEN TIME."



It used to be, in the olden time,
When man and maid were fond of each other—
He told his tale in prose, or rhyme,
And she—she made no particular pother:
Straight for the nearest parson they send,
And get them married, and there an end!

But now they talk like Miss Preston's brats;
On art and science are wordy and wise:
If love is mentioned at all,—well that's
Merely for something to analyze.
And if he should happen, at last, to propose,
She says, "You forget!" and turns on her toes.



KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"A HAND GRASPED HER ARM AND PULLED HER FORWARD."

CHAPTER VI.

AND ALMOST THAT OF A MARTYR.

CHLOE'S prediction proved true in so far that a drizzling rain set in towards night, bringing the winter twilight earlier than usual. All day Katey had been tormented by fears in regard to Ben. What if her mother should chance to make one of her rare visits to the attic rooms, and Ben, thinking it herself, should call out? What if the "pleecemen" of whom he stood in such terror should track him to the house in her absence? If she were only there she might perhaps prevent the discovery of his hiding place, or warn him to escape.

At noon she ran all the way home, and as soon as she found an opportunity flew to the top of the house. Everything was undisturbed, the bed occupied the place still before the little door, and, leaning her head against the partition, no sound came from Ben's retreat. Perhaps he slept after his wakeful, wandering night, and somewhat relieved of her anxiety the child crept noiselessly down again.

At night less impatient but more heavy-hearted under her weight of care, she plodded home in the rain full of forebodings as to Ben's exit from the house. How could she ever accomplish it? She carried her drenched cloak to the kitchen and lingered over the fire warming her chilled fingers while Chloe moved heavily

back and forth preparing the tea. Oh, if she dared tell! It would be so easy for Chloe to push the bed away, pilot Ben down the kitchen stairs and let him out at the back gate. As the wet, cheerless night settled in, and the time drew near when she must act, all her courage died away. The burden she had taken up seemed greater than she could bear. Chloe paused before the little drooping figure cowering over the fire. "What ails ye, honey? Ye don't seem peart like as common."

Katey started up at that. Did her face tell her secret?

"O nothing," she answered confusedly as she left the room. No, she could not tell Chloe, who would cry out and startle the family most likely; and what might not her mother believe it her duty to do with Ben! A thought of Jack, her refuge in all times of trouble, of Jack fruitful in expedients, did cross her mind as she entered the parlor where the heavy curtains were already drawn and a soft, pleasant light and warmth filled the room. Her mother sat before the *escritoire*, writing. Neither Delphine nor Jack was there. But it did not matter; she could not confide her secret to Jack even. Oh, to think of Jack borne away in the Black Maria!—the dreadful jail wagon which rattled about the streets to the intense horror of the children who huddled close to the houses, shrinking, yet staring, as it passed. They might perhaps take her, but not Jack!

She stood just within the door, hesitating, held back by her fears, yet knowing that she must go now, at this moment, and release her prisoner. She had worked herself into so excited, so feverish a state that she could hardly keep from crying out. She was afraid of the darkness through which she must pass to reach him; her little arms were weak and trembling; could she ever make the heavy bed roll back? She must ask Chloe for a light. She shivered as she turned again to the kitchen thinking of the unused, ghostly rooms above, the dark passage and the narrow winding stairs which she must mount alone. At that moment a heavy, resounding rap from the knocker upon the outer door echoed through the house. Another followed as Chloe, never very swift in her movements, lingered before answering the summons.

"What is that?" There was something so peremptory in the call that Madam

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Earle laid down her pen and rose from her chair, behind which Katey fled instinctively. A loud, coarse voice was heard in excited colloquy with Chloe; then the parlor door was flung open and the girl appeared, the hue of her dusky cheeks deepened, her head thrown back and her eyes a blaze of light. She rested her hands upon her hips as she stood in the doorway and looked back and forth from an invisible figure in the hall to her mistress. "Look a he-ah, Missis," she said in an excited tone, "dis 'ere man say he come for Ben! I tell him we don't no nuffin 'bout dat ar lazy nigger."

Madam Earle stepped forward as a short, stout figure, surmounted by a coarse, swarthy face, appeared at the girl's elbow. "Chloe," she said as the man entered the room, "hand a chair to the gentleman."

"Clar' to goodness, Missis, I carn' han' no chas to such trash," responded Chloe, mutinous for the first time in a long and faithful servitude. She tossed her head with a contemptuous snort, pressing her hands like a vise upon her sides.

Madam Earle set out a chair without speaking.

"Thankee, ma'am; but I reckon I'll stand whar I can see the door," replied the man, with an ugly leer.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" asked Madam Earle coldly. But even before she spoke he had begun a fumbling search in various pockets. He produced now a folded paper which he tapped with a very dirty forefinger. "I've got an officer out yere, ma'am," he said, "and this is a 'ficial document, a warrant in fact, for the apprehension of a nigger calling himself Ben and said to be in this house at this moment."

"Ain't no such nigger he'ah," broke in Chloe defiantly.

"Soffly, gal, soffly," returned the man. "Your turn next, perhaps," and again he winked, as though a one-sided spasm contracted his face. "He was seen coming into the yard early this morning," he explained as he replaced the paper carefully in his breast pocket.

There was a faint sound, as of an exclamation suppressed, from the corner where Katey was hidden, but no one noticed it. Madam Earle, with a pale but composed face, stood quietly regarding the man, her hands resting upon the back of the chair she had offered him. Could it be true? she thought. Could Chloe have taken him

in? But no, she herself had sent him in another direction the night before. He must be miles away on his northward journey by this time. "It is a mistake," she said quietly. "You have been misinformed. He is not here."

"I swar to goodness," added Chloe, "dat ar boy an't been yere dese tree weeks. Some un's lied to ye."

"Softly, softly," said the man. "'Pears to me you look amazin' like a gal that ran away from Columbus county ten year or so ago. I've got it writ down some where. But one at a time."

"I's born free. Ye carn' touch me," returned Chloe, indignantly; but she shrank back and was silent, nevertheless, as the intruder stepped to the door and called to a couple of policemen waiting outside. "One of you stand here and look right sharp while the other goes through the house with me. You're sure Bill is at the back gate?"

Madam Earle expostulated. "This certainly is unnecessary. I give you my word, my oath if you require it, that Ben is not in the house nor upon the premises."

The man only regarded her with an insulting smile of incredulity. "Seein's believing, ma'am. You might be mistaken you know," and again that awful facial contortion intended for a wink. "Come, gal," to Chloe as he produced a dark lantern, "show us about the house."

Chloe looked towards her mistress but did not move. "Either you must go or I," Madam Earle said to her. "I suppose we are obliged to submit to this."

"There's where you're right, ma-am," returned the man whose spirits seemed to rise each moment. "And amazin' wise you are, too. There's nothin' like resignation, I say. I've been a local preacher, myself, for a dozen years or so, and if there's any one doctrine above another I've felt called upon to expound it's that of Christian resignation. When ye can't hold out nohow, sez I, *give in*. That's my idea of it. Now ma-am," and he rubbed his hands briskly, "what's below this floor?"

"Only the unused kitchens and cellars."

"That's it. We'll take a look at 'em. Step lively, gal." And Chloe led the way from the room. Madam Earle and Katey were left alone. Now was Katey's time. Trembling and faint she crept into the hall. The officer on guard at the open

door had turned his back to the house and stood whistling softly to himself as she slipped out and mounted the stairs, her feet heavy as though shod with iron. But the upper hall once gained, sure that no eye could see her, she flew to the attic chamber, falling against the bed in her haste and in the bewildering darkness, which held for the moment no terrors since other and greater had seized upon her. Creeping under the chintz valance she felt with her hands for the low door, then putting her lips to the crack she called in a shrill whisper, "Ben! Ben!"

There was no response.

"O Ben!" she called again, striking her knuckles fearfully upon the panel. Doors were being opened and shut below, she fancied, and to her excited imagination there was even a step upon the stairs.

"Yah, Missy Kate," a cautious voice responded now. There was a sound as of some one rising stumbly, and moving towards her. "I'se ready. Ope de door."

"O Ben," and there was terror and agony in the whisper. "They've come!"

"Who come?" Katey could hear his loud breathing close to her face.

"The men, for you!"

"Gor A'mighty! le' me out, le' me out o' dis yere quick!"

"I can't. They'd hear the bed roll. They're down stairs now. O Ben, keep still, they're coming up," and too terrified to escape the child clutched the bed hangings and hid her face. It was a false alarm, however. She could presently hear voices in the rooms below, but no one mounted the stairs. She pressed her little, pale face once more close to the crack.

"Ben!" she whispered, "don't be afraid! *I—never—shall—tell.*" Then she crept from under the bed, felt her way out of the room and down the stairs. She had reached the little door giving entrance to the upper front hall when it was suddenly flung open in her face, a dazzling light fell upon her, a hand grasped her arm and pulled her forward while a harsh voice exclaimed, "Ha! what's this? What ye doing up yere? Ain't this the little gal I see down stairs? Speak up now, what ye doing up yere?"

The little dark figure, with its frightened face, rested motionless in the hands of its captor. Not a word fell from the close-shut mouth.

"De chile done scart to def," said

Chloe. "Run down to your maum, honey."

"You speak when you're spoken to;" and the man pushed Chloe aside roughly. "Come, child, whar've they hid this nigger?"

The awful moment had come. But the vision of the jail, of the Black Maria, of Ben in his retreat, pleading for her silence, all faded away. She was conscious only of a strange whirr in her ears as with the great dark eyes fixed upon his she stared at her inquisitor, fascinated but speechless.

His heavy hand fell upon her shoulder. Chloe sprang forward. "Don' ye dar' touch dat chile!"

"The girl is right," said the officer, coming up. "You must not lay your hands upon the child."

"Come along then," said the man, preparing to mount the narrow stairs. "She came down here." Katey daring neither to follow nor to return to her mother in this moment of suspense, too frightened indeed to move from where they had left her, heard a sharply uttered expletive as some one tripped over the last step, then, "Hark! What's that?" from the rough voice.

"Dat's de rats, gemmen;" Chloe explained. "Better look up de chimley," she suggested contemptuously when the light had been thrown into every corner of the empty rooms, revealing only long fallen dust and festooning cobwebs. They entered the chamber through which the child and Ben had passed, making an unavailing search here as elsewhere. Chloe was too much engrossed to notice the change in the position of the bed. "Be you gemmen gwine up yere?" she asked, standing under the skylight to which a short flight of stairs led. "Dat nigger hangin' by his eyelids from de roof mos' like," she added with a laugh, saucy and confident, now that the search was so nearly concluded. The man, however, paid no attention to her words. He was walking back and forth, measuring the ceiling and partitions with his eye. Suddenly he laid his hand upon the wall behind which Ben was hidden. "What's in here?" he questioned suspiciously, "the front room don't come back to this."

Chloe who began to feel impatient over his unwillingness to be convinced, turned again to the front chamber with an angry

toss of the head. "Who's been yere?" she muttered below her breath, noticing for the first time that the bed had been moved. Her mistress most likely. She touched it with her strong hand and it rolled back with a heavy, rumbling sound, revealing the door.

"Ha!" exclaimed the man, "now, gal, open the door and go in first with the light. We'll follow. This begins to look like it."

"Look jus' like it;" returned Chloe opening it without the least hesitation, "as if de nigger done got in yere, shet de door and pull up de bed!" The little door flew back against the partition, the light, scattering the darkness within, revealed—what? Only dust and cobwebs and the discarded garments hanging from the rafters; nothing more. Chloe waved her lantern so that the glare should illumine every corner. But why did her eyes almost start from their sockets, while her teeth fairly chattered in her head? As she stooped to pick up a garment which had apparently fallen from its nail, she recognized in it the old camlet cloak which she had carried to the parlor the night before, and which she had learned afterwards from Mammy had been given to Ben. She could not be mistaken, it was the same, she knew. How came it there? Where was Ben? She glanced about fearfully, half expecting to see the shambling form emerge from the shadows. The men were examining the window. It was fastened upon the inside. Her presence of mind did not desert her. She shook out the cloak carelessly and hung it up with the rest, then led the way in silence to the outer chamber. It was with a quaking spirit that she now saw the men prepare to explore the roof. "I'll ope' de window," she said officiously, mounting the stairs with a great shuffling and stumbling noise, and raising the skylight only after having let it fall once with a warning clatter. But her fears were vain, the men returned alone, the jubilant spirits of the principal character in the search seeming to have deserted him as he retraced his steps slowly, pausing occasionally to ponder and question and explore some hidden corner on his way to the parlor where by this time Delphine and Jack had joined their mother. In a few moments the door closed after their unwelcome visitors, and the family was left to itself again.

CHAPTER VII.
WHERE IS BEN?

HARDLY had the gate swung to with a dull echo when Chloe rushed into the parlor; upon her countenance was that peculiar ashen hue which in the dusky race betokens fright or sudden strong emotion. Her eyes appeared to have become detached and to roll strangely in her head. "O Lor', Missis, whar's dat ar' Ben?"

Madam Earle stared at the girl as though her senses had deserted her. "What are you thinking of? What do you mean, Chloe?"

"You shore he's no in de house?" pursued the girl, who for the moment almost doubted her mistress. No one else could have hidden him.

"Certainly not," Madam Earle replied; but her voice and manner were agitated. Could Chloe have learned the dangerous secret of how she had tried to aid Ben? But Chloe was too much engrossed with the thought of her discovery to be thoroughly suspicious. She desired only to impart it. "Wha' you tink I foun' up in de back attic?" she went on breathlessly. Then she lowered her voice to an awful whisper as Jack and Delphine drew near: "Dat ar' camlip cloak you done gif Mammy las' night!"

"You were mistaken," Madam Earle said quickly; "you were excited and so took something else for that. It could not be;" she added, decidedly. The camlet cloak by this time must be well on its way to Canada, she thought.

For reply, Chloe pulled something triumphantly from her pocket. It was a piece of brown wrapping-paper holding the remains of a sandwich. "I see dat ar when I stoop to pick up de cloak and I done scrabble it in yere;" and the paper vanished into her pocket again.

Madam Earle stared at her, speechless. What did it mean? A word of explanation was necessary for Delphine and Jack to comprehend the beginning of the mystery. "Mammy was in great trouble," she said, "I gave her the old camlet cloak, some sandwiches and some money." She paused, not that she feared to confess the whole lest her children should inform against her; but a little flush warmed her pale face as she remembered the lesson she had impressed upon Delphine and Katey in regard to supporting the law. Then she

went on quite humbly, "I knew when I gave them to her that she would use them all for Ben." Delphine's arm crept about her mother's neck. "I'm so glad you have told us," she whispered, "for I thought you were hard and cruel to her. See how unjust I have been!" Then Delphine's thoughts returned to Chloe's story. "But what does it mean?" she added in the same breath.

"Put the chain across the door," said Madam Earle, "and Chloe, see that all the doors and windows are fastened. We must look into this. Where is Katey?"

No one knew. No one remembered to have seen her. Chloe was appealed to. She recalled the incident upon the stairs. A horrible suspicion seized Delphine. Wild stories of kidnapping floated about in these days, and poor little Katey was not of the fairest skin; might not—Delphine flew into the hall calling her name aloud; Jack darted up the stairs; Madam Earle and Chloe followed hurriedly bearing lights. As they attempted to open the door of the room which Delphine and Katey occupied together something resisted their efforts. Jack crowded through the narrow space, and found a little dark heap lying against the door. He gathered the child up in his arms and bore her with awkward tenderness down the stairs, depositing her upon the sofa in the parlor at last.

"O Jack!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck when with a little sobbing sigh the breath returned to the white lips and the eyes opened to find Jack's dear face bent over her. "Don't let them take me! don't let them take me! O I can't go!" and in her terror her arms tightened about his neck.

"Lord a massy," wailed Chloe, "de chile clar' gone crazy."

But Madam Earle began to faintly surmise the truth. "No one can take you, dear," she said, "and they did not find Ben."

Jack, who had been growing very red in the face under Katey's convulsive embrace, was suddenly released. "But I heard the bed roll back; then I tried to hide," she added. "He done gone, Missy," said Chloe, and seeing that the child still stared as though she did not comprehend, she proceeded to elaborate her assertion. "Run, streaked it, clard out;" she added convincingly.

"Gone!" and Katey sat upright. "How

could he get out? I pushed the bed up against the door!"

Such confusion of exclamations and kisses and tears as this simple sentence evolved! "O you bressed chile!" cried Chloe, falling down before her and clasping her knees.

Little by little the story was told, Katey's head lying back in her mother's arms, Delphine holding her feet, and Jack making awkward dabs at her head occasionally, under the impression that he was stroking her hair.

Even her hesitation and fears before taking Ben into the house she did not hide. "You see," she said apologetically, looking gravely from one to another of the little group, "I thought you might feel bad if they found it out and took me away in the Black Maria."

Here Jack, whose countenance had been working in a fearful and wonderful manner while he stared fixedly at the wall before him, uttered a sound between a snort and a groan and bolted from the room. Delphine embraced the little worn shoes. "You are a born heroine, dear," she said. But Madam Earle shook her head as she stroked the dark cheek lying against her arm. "Child, what will you do next!" she said.

"Now Missis, don' you scole dat pore chile," interposed Chloe.

And no one scolded Katey.

When the excitement and surprise were over they returned one and all to the first question: where was Ben? "I will go up to the attic and see for myself," Madam Earle said. But no one would be left behind. Even Katey followed the others, half carried in Chloe's strong arms. Could Ben by any possibility be lurking still in the house? Katey called his name softly as they went on, but there was no response. The bed was pushed back from before the low door in the front attic; the door itself stood open as Chloe had left it. "Ben!" called the child; but no one replied, and one after another they passed through the narrow openings, Chloe holding the lamp high above her head to light the darkness. The place was empty of human presence save themselves. But Chloe had spoken the truth, the old camel cloak was suspended from the nail where she had hung it.

How had Ben escaped? "Through the window," Delphine suggested. But it was fastened by a nail upon the inside.

"I know," exclaimed Jack, "I had forgotten all about it." He parted the ghostly garments hanging from the beams and pointed to a trap-door fitted so nicely as to be quite concealed except upon close inspection, and so near to the floor in the slope of the roof as to be easily gained.

"And the oddest part of it is," he went on, "that when it is shut you would never notice it from the outside."

"Ben must have discovered it during the day and escaped when Katey warned him; but where?" queried Madam Earle, letting the garments fall back into their place again.

"Oh, I've been out there," Jack replied; you can creep along to the chimney, and then slide down to the shed roof; and from there it is nothing to drop to the fence, and so to the street."

"Then they haven't found him?" asked Katey doubtfully; she was not yet convinced.

"Found him? no indeed; Ben is safe enough," returned Jack in a tone of such entire conviction that Katey's heart was eased of its burden. All the next day she lay upon the sofa in the parlor, prostrate under the weakness and languor which followed her unnatural excitement. But no queen upon a throne ever received such homage. Delphine wrote her French exercises close by her pillow; Jack upon his knees before her poured out his whole store of treasures—stringless tops, bats for lost balls, a collection too numerous for mention, and, last of all, a wonderful ship of his own construction which was like no craft ever afloat. Even Chloe expended all her skill in the building of a surprising tart which was brought in upon an old-fashioned china plate and presented with as much ceremony as though it had been the freedom of a city. And after a time Mammy appeared,—poor Mammy, who was still in doubt as to Ben's fate,—in a series of dips which were nothing less than heavy gymnastics, making of her approach, through the periodical inflation of her scant petticoats, a succession of "cheese-cakes," marvelous to witness. She fairly submerged Katey in watery blessings and benedictions. "Dis yere chile," she said at last, solemnly, "is 'lected fo' some mighty porpoise. De Lor bress ye! honey. De Lor will bress ye," she added raising her head and gazing away beyond Katey with the far-seeing eyes of prophecy.

It was during Mammy's visit that Katey

learned of Ben's errand to the old Quaker. And now with something tangible before her, something really to wait for and expect, her excitement and anxiety grew every moment. As the day wore on the pale cheeks became so flushed, the dark eyes so unnaturally bright that Madam Earle's fears were aroused. "Dear child, try not to think any more about it," she said, turning the hot pillow, "we shall hear something by morning perhaps; but close your eyes now and go to sleep."

"Yes ma'am," Katey replied obediently; but in a moment the great shining eyes were following her mother about the room. "They open themselves," Katey explained humbly. Slowly the long day wore away; the wind wailing drearily in the chimney, the rain falling steadily against the window-pane. The heavy curtains were drawn at last, shutting out the trickling drops and the high, bare brick wall over the way. The fire brightened in the darkness, the wailing wind was stilled at last, and Katey fell into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a startling peal upon the knocker. Even Madam Earle felt her heart cease to beat for a moment as she held clasped tight in her arms the form of the child who had sprung up with a cry. The fire-light shone upon Chloe's startled face thrust into the room. "Shall I open de door, Missis?" she asked in a hoarse whisper. "What ef dat ar kidnap done come agin?"

"Certainly you must open the door; but bring a light first."

There was a moment of suspense as Chloe's shuffling step moved through the hall. They heard the cautious opening of the heavy door, then the fall of the clanking chains, followed by the cheering tones of Chloe's echoing laugh. Madam Earle laid the child back upon her pillow. Even Katey knew that their dreaded visitor had not come.

"How does thee do?"

An old gentleman stood just within the door, his face almost hidden under the broad-brimmed, gray felt hat he had not yet removed. His straight-bodied coat and even his hair were of this same gray hue, reminding Katey of a doll she had owned once, knit of gray yarn from head to foot, and bound off at the toes. His eyes were bright and black and shin-

ing she could see as he advanced to meet her mother, like beads, she said, still thinking of the doll, and then she laughed aloud.

"Ah! so this is the child," and he turned to the sofa, laying his hand softly upon Katey's head.

"And this is Jason Miles," her mother explained, "the good man to whom I sent Ben. And now—" But Katey sat upright among her pillows. "Where is Ben?"

The old gentleman laughed,—a little wheezing laugh which shook his body without materially affecting his countenance. "He is safe, thee may be sure. But that is all I can tell thee now. Will thee not rest satisfied?"

"I suppose it's a secret," Katey replied slowly. She had her own ideas as to honor; quaint, childish ideas, but true in the main, and she asked nothing more of Ben, much as she desired to know where and how he had escaped.

"Yes, a great secret," and again the rusty machinery within the old gentleman seemed to run down noisily. "Thee must help me keep it." Then he turned to her mother, "I knew thee would be anxious about the apples," he said with a twinkle of the bright eyes, "so I brought them as soon as possible. I got the note about midnight. Thee had better know nothing more; then thee can answer no questions." He rose up as though his errand were done. "My son is at the gate. We will roll the barrels in at once. I am in some haste to return. Good-bye, little one, and God bless thee for a brave child!" He stood a moment over Katey, his hands resting upon her head, and she fancied he said something softly to himself. Then he followed her mother out of the room.

She lay quite still after he had gone. A blessed quiet had descended upon her like that which filled the church when the people bowed their heads to the last amen. By and by Jack crept in to sit beside her, awed into silence at sight of the white face from which the flush had faded away, and Delphine before the old piano sang a little song in her sweet voice. It was a restful song which had in it yet something of thanksgiving, and it stole into Katey's heart and nestled and crooned there softly as she sank into a gentle sleep.

(To be continued.)

A MONTE FLAT PASTORAL.

HOW OLD MAN PLUNKETT WENT HOME.

BY BRET HARTE.

I THINK we all loved him. Even after he mismanaged the affairs of the Amity Ditch Company, we commiserated him, although most of us were stockholders and lost heavily. I remember that the blacksmith went so far as to say that "them chaps as put that responsibility on the old man oughter be lynched." But the blacksmith was not a stockholder, and the expression was looked upon as the excusable extravagance of a large sympathizing nature, that, when combined with a powerful frame, was unworthy of notice. At least that was the way they put it. Yet I think there was a general feeling of regret that this misfortune would interfere with the old man's long cherished plan of "going home."

Indeed for the last ten years he had been "going home." He was going home after a six months' sojourn at Monte Flat. He was going home after the first rains. He was going home when the rains were over. He was going home when he had cut the timber on Buckeye Hill, when there was pasture on Dow's Flat, when he struck pay-dirt on Eureka Hill, when the Amity Company paid its first dividend, when the election was over, when he had received an answer from his wife. And so the years rolled by, the spring rains came and went, the woods of Buckeye Hill were level with the ground, the pasture on Dow's Flat grew sere and dry, Eureka Hill yielded its pay-dirt and swamped its owner, the first dividends of the Amity Company were made from the assessments of stockholders, there were new county officers at Monte Flat, his wife's answer had changed into a persistent question, and still old man Plunkett remained.

It is only fair to say that he had made several distinct essays towards going. Five years before he had bidden good-bye to Monte Hill with much effusion and handshaking. But he never got any further than the next town. Here he was induced to trade the sorrel colt he was riding for a bay mare—a transaction that at once opened to his lively fancy a vista of vast and successful future speculation. A few days after, Abner Dean of Angel's received

a letter from him stating that he was going to Visalia to buy horses. "I am satisfied," wrote Plunkett, with that elevated rhetoric for which his correspondence was remarkable, "I am satisfied that we are at last developing the real resources of California. The world will yet look to Dow's Flat as the great stock-raising center. In view of the interests involved, I have deferred my departure for a month." It was two before he again returned to us, penniless. Six months later he was again enabled to start for the Eastern States, and this time he got as far as San Francisco. I have before me a letter which I received a few days after his arrival, from which I venture to give an extract: "You know, my dear boy, that I have always believed that gambling, as it is absurdly called, is still in its infancy in California. I have always maintained that a perfect system might be invented by which the game of poker may be made to yield a certain percentage to the intelligent player. I am not at liberty at present to disclose the system, but before leaving this city I intend to perfect it." He seems to have done so, and returned to Monte Flat with two dollars and thirty-seven cents, the absolute remainder of his capital after such perfection.

It was not until 1868—that he appeared to have finally succeeded in going home. He left us by the overland route—a route which he declared would give great opportunity for the discovery of undeveloped resources. His last letter was dated Virginia City. He was absent three years. At the close of a very hot day in midsummer he alighted from the Wingdam stage with hair and beard powdered with dust and age. There was a certain shyness about his greeting, quite different from his usual frank volubility, that did not, however, impress us as any accession of character. For some days he was reserved regarding his recent visit, contenting himself with asserting, with more or less aggressiveness, that he had 'always said he was going home and now he had been there.' Later he grew more communicative, and spoke freely and critically of the manners

and customs of New York and Boston, commented on the social changes in the years of his absence, and, I remember, was very hard upon what he deemed the follies incidental to a high state of civilization. Still later he darkly alluded to the moral laxity of the higher planes of Eastern society, but it was not long before he completely tore away the veil and revealed the naked wickedness of New York social life in a way I even now shudder to recall. Vinous intoxication, it appeared, was a common habit of the first ladies of the city; immoralities which he scarcely dared name were daily practiced by the refined of both sexes; niggardliness and greed were the common vices of the rich. "I have always asserted," he continued, "that corruption must exist where luxury and riches are rampant, and capital is not used to develop the natural resources of the country. Thank you—I will take mine without sugar." It is possible that some of these painful details crept into the local journals. I remember an editorial in the *Monte Flat Monitor*, entitled "The Effete East," in which the fatal decadence of New York and New England was elaborately stated, and California offered as a means of natural salvation. "Perhaps," said the *Monitor*, "we might add that Calaveras county offers superior inducements to the Eastern visitor with capital."

Later he spoke of his family. The daughter he had left a child had grown into beautiful womanhood; the son was already taller and larger than his father, and in a playful trial of strength, "the young rascal," added Plunkett, with a voice broken with paternal pride and humorous objurgation, had twice thrown his doting parent to the ground. But it was of his daughter he chiefly spoke. Perhaps emboldened by the evident interest which masculine Monte Flat held in feminine beauty, he expatiated at some length on her various charms and accomplishments, and finally produced her photograph,—that of a very pretty girl,—to their infinite peril. But his account of his first meeting with her was so peculiar that I must fain give it after his own methods, which were, perhaps, some shades less precise and elegant than his written style.

"You see, boys, it's always been my opinion that a man oughter be able to tell his own flesh and blood by instinct. It's ten years since I'd seen my Melindy, and she was then only seven and about so

high. So when I went to New York, what did I do? Did I go straight to my house and ask for my wife and daughter, like other folks? No, sir! I rigged myself up as a peddler, as a peddler, sir, and I rung the bell. When the servant came to the door, I wanted—don't you see—to show the ladies some trinkets. Then there was a voice over the banister, says, 'Don't want anything—send him away.' 'Some nice laces, ma'am, smuggled,' I says, looking up. 'Get out you wretch,' says she. I knew the voice, boys, it was my wife; sure as a gun,—thar wasn't any instinct thar. 'May be the young ladies want somethin',' I said. 'Did you hear me!' says she, and with that she jumps forward and I left. It's ten years, boys, since I've seen the old woman, but somehow, when she fetched that leap, I naterally left."

He had been standing beside the bar,—his usual attitude,—when he made this speech, but at this point he half-faced his auditors with a look that was very effective. Indeed a few who had exhibited some signs of skepticism and lack of interest at once assumed an appearance of intense gratification and curiosity as he went on.

"Well, by hangin' round there for a day or two, I found out at last it was to be Melindy's birthday next week, and that she was goin' to have a big party. I tell ye what, boys, it weren't no slouch of a reception. The whole house was bloomin' with flowers, and blazin' with lights, and there was no end of servants and plate and refreshments and fixin's—"

"Uncle Joe."

"Well?"

"Where did they get the money?"

Plunkett faced his interlocutor with a severe glance. "I always said," he replied slowly, "that when I went home, I'd send on ahead of me a draft for ten thousand dollars. I always said that, didn't I? Eh? And I said I was goin' home—and I've been home—haven't I? Well?"

Either there was something irresistibly conclusive in this logic or else the desire to hear the remainder of Plunkett's story was stronger; but there was no more interruption. His ready good-humor quickly returned, and, with a slight chuckle, he went on.

"I went to the biggest jewelry shop in town, and I bought a pair of diamond earrings and put them in my pocket, and went to the house. 'What name?' says the

chap who opened the door, and he looked like a cross 'twixt a restaurant waiter and a parson. 'Skeesicks,' said I. He takes me in and pretty soon my wife comes sail-in' into the parlor and says: 'Excuse me, but I don't think I recognize the name.' She was mighty polite for I had on a red wig and side-whiskers. 'A friend of your husband's from California, ma'am, with a present for your daughter, Miss ——,' and I made as I had forgot the name. But all of a sudden a voice said, 'That's too thin,' and in walked Melindy. 'It's play-in' it rather low down, father, to pretend you don't know your daughter's name—ain't it now? How are you, old man?' And with that she tears off my wig and whiskers, and throws her arms around my neck,—instinct, sir, pure instinct!"

Emboldened by the laughter which followed his description of the filial utterances of Melinda, he again repeated her speech, with more or less elaboration, joining in with, and indeed often leading, the hilarity that accompanied it, and returning to it with more or less incoherency, several times during the evening.

And so at various times, and at various places,—but chiefly in bar-rooms,—did this Ulysses of Monte Flat recount the story of his wanderings. There were several discrepancies in his statement, there was sometimes considerable prolixity of detail, there was occasional change of character and scenery, there was once or twice an absolute change in the denouement, but always the fact of his having visited his wife and children remained. Of course in a skeptical community like that of Monte Flat—a community accustomed to great expectation and small realization, a community wherein, to use the local dialect, "they got the color and struck hardpan," more frequently than any other mining camp—in such a community the fullest credence was not given to old man Plunkett's facts. There was only one exception to the general unbelief—Henry York, of Sandy Bar. It was he who was always an attentive listener; it was his scant purse that had often furnished Plunkett with means to pursue his unprofitable speculations; it was to him that the charms of Melinda were more frequently rehearsed; it was he that had borrowed her photograph—and it was he that, sitting alone in his little cabin one night, kissed that photograph until his honest, handsome face glowed again in the firelight.

It was dusty in Monte Flat. The ruins of the long, dry season were crumbling everywhere; everywhere the dying summer had strewn its red ashes a foot deep or exhaled its last breath in a red cloud above the troubled highways. The alders and cottonwoods that marked the line of the water-courses were grimy with dust and looked as if they might have taken root in the open air; the gleaming stones of the parched water-courses themselves were as dry bones in the valley of death. The dusty sunset at times painted the flanks of the distant hills a dull coppery hue; on other days there was an odd, indefinable earthquake halo on the volcanic cones of the further coast spurs; again an acrid, resinous smoke from the burning wood on Heavytree Hill, smarted the eyes and choked the free breath of Monte Flat, or a fierce wind, driving everything—including the shriveled summer like a curled leaf—before it, swept down the flanks of the Sierras and chased the inhabitants to the doors of their cabins, and shook its red fist in at their windows. And on such a night as this,—the dust having, in some way, choked the wheels of material progress in Monte Flat,—most of the inhabitants were gathered listlessly in the gilded bar-room of the Moquelumne Hotel, spitting silently at the red-hot stove that tempered the mountain winds to the shorn lambs of Monte Flat, and waiting for the rain.

Every method known to the Flat of beguiling the time until the advent of this long-looked-for phenomenon had been tried. It is true the methods were not many—being limited chiefly to that form of popular facetiae known as practical joking; and even this had assumed the seriousness of a business pursuit. Tommy Roy, who had spent two hours in digging a ditch in front of his own door,—into which a few friends casually dropped during the evening,—looked *ennuyé* and dissatisfied; the four prominent citizens, who, disguised as footpads, had stopped the County Treasurer on the Wingdam road, were jaded from their playful efforts, next morning; the principal physician and lawyer of Monte Flat, who had entered into an unhallowed conspiracy to compel the Sheriff of Calaveras and his *posse* to serve a writ of ejectment on a grizzly bear, feebly disguised under the name of "one Major Ursus," who haunted the groves of Heavytree Hill, wore an expression of resigned weariness. Even the editor of the *Monte Flat Moni-*

for who had that morning written a glowing account of a battle with the Wipneck Indians for the benefit of Eastern readers—even *he* looked grave and worn. When, at last, Abner Dean of Angel's, who had been on a visit to San Francisco, walked into the room, he was, of course, victimized in the usual way by one or two apparently honest questions which ended in his answering them, and then falling into the trap of asking another to his utter and complete shame and mortification—but that was all. Nobody laughed, and Abner, although a victim, did not lose his good-humor. He turned quietly on his tormentors and said,

"I've got something better than that—you know old man Plunkett?"

Everybody simultaneously spat at the stove and nodded his head.

"You know he went home three years ago?" Two or three changed the position of their legs from the backs of different chairs, and one man said "Yes."

"Had a good time home?"

Everybody looked cautiously at the man who had said "yes," and he, accepting the responsibility with a faint-hearted smile, said "yes," again, and breathed hard. "Saw his wife and child,—purty gal?" said Abner, cautiously. "Yes," answered the man, doggedly. "Saw her photograph, perhaps?" continued Abner Dean, quietly.

The man looked hopelessly around for support. Two or three who had been sitting near him and evidently encouraging him with a look of interest, now shamelessly abandoned him and looked another way. Henry York flushed a little and veiled his brown eyes. The man hesitated, and then with a sickly smile that was intended to convey the fact that he was perfectly aware of the object of this questioning, and was only humoring it from abstract good feeling, returned "yes," again.

"Sent home—let's see,—ten thousand dollars, wasn't it?" Abner Dean went on. "Yes," reiterated the man, with the same smile.

"Well, I thought so," said Abner, quietly, "but the fact is, you see, that he never went home at all—nary time."

Everybody stared at Abner in genuine surprise and interest, as with provoking calmness and a half-lazy manner he went on.

"You see thar was a man down in 'Frisco as knowed him and saw him in So-

nora during the whole of that three years. He was herding sheep or tending cattle, or spekilating all that time, and hadn't a red cent. Well it 'mounts to this—that 'ar Plunkett ain't been east of the Rocky mountains since '49."

The laugh which Abner Dean had the right to confidently expect came, but it was bitter and sardonic. I think indignation was apparent in the minds of his hearers. It was felt, for the first time, that there was a limit to practical joking. A deception carried on for a year, compromising the sagacity of Monte Flat was deserving the severest reprobation. Of course nobody had believed Plunkett—but then the supposition that it might be believed in adjacent camps that they *had* believed him was gall and bitterness. The lawyer thought that an indictment for obtaining money under false pretenses might be found, the physician had long suspected him of insanity, and was not certain but that he ought to be confined. The four prominent merchants thought that the business interests of Monte Flat demanded that something should be done. In the midst of an excited and angry discussion the door slowly opened and old man Plunkett staggered into the room.

He had changed pitifully in the last six months. His hair was a dusty yellowish gray, like the chimisal on the flanks of Heavytrees Hill; his face was waxen white and blue and puffy under the eyes; his clothes were soiled and shabby—streaked in front with the stains of hurried luncheons eaten standing, and fluffy behind with the wool and hair of hurriedly extemporized couches. In obedience to that odd law that the more seedy and soiled a man's garments become the less does he seem inclined to part with them, even during that portion of the twenty-four hours when they are deemed least essential, Plunkett's clothes had gradually taken on the appearance of a kind of bark or an outgrowth from within for which their possessor was not entirely responsible. Howbeit as he entered the room he attempted to button his coat over a dirty shirt and passed his fingers, after the manner of some animal, over his cracker-strewn beard—in recognition of a cleanly public sentiment. But even as he did so the weak smile faded from his lips, and his hand, after fumbling aimlessly around a button, dropped helplessly at his side. For as he leaned his back against the bar and

faced the group, he for the first time became aware that every eye but one was fixed upon him. His quick nervous apprehension at once leaped to the truth. His miserable secret was out and abroad in the very air about him. As a last resort he glanced despairingly at Henry York, but his flushed face was turned toward the windows.

No word was spoken. As the bar-keeper silently swung a decanter and glass before him, he took a cracker from a dish and mumbled it with affected unconcern. He lingered over his liquor until its potency stiffened his relaxed sinews, and dulled the nervous edge of his apprehension, and then he suddenly faced around. "It don't look as if we were goin' to hev any rain much afore Christmas," he said with defiant ease.

No one made any reply.

"Just like this in '52 and again in '60. It's always been my opinion that these dry seasons come reg'lar. I've said it afore. I say it again. It's jist as I said about going home, you know," he added with desperate recklessness.

"Thar's a man," said Abner Dean, lazily, "ez sez you never went home. Thar's a man ez sez you've been three years in Sonora. Thar's a man ez sez you haint seen your wife and daughter since '49. Thar's a man ez sez you've been playin' this camp for six months."

There was a dead silence. Then a voice said, quite as quietly,

"That man lies."

It was not the old man's voice. Everybody turned as Henry York slowly rose, stretching out his six feet of length, and, brushing away the ashes that had fallen from his pipe upon his breast, deliberately placed himself beside Plunkett, and faced the others.

"That man ain't here," continued Abner Dean, with listless indifference of voice and a gentle preoccupation of manner as he carelessly allowed his right hand to rest on his hip near his revolver. "That man ain't here, but if I'm called upon to make good what he says, why I'm on hand."

All rose as the two men,—perhaps the least externally agitated of them all,—approached each other. The lawyer stepped in between them.

"Perhaps there's some mistake here. York, do you *know* that the old man has been home?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

York turned his clear, honest, frank eyes on his questioner and without a tremor told the only direct and unmitigated lie of his life. "Because I've seen him there."

The answer was conclusive. It was known that York had been visiting the East during the old man's absence. The colloquy had diverted attention from Plunkett, who, pale and breathless, was staring at his unexpected deliverer. As he turned again toward his tormentors there was something in the expression of his eye that caused those that were nearest to him to fall back and sent a strange, indefinable thrill through the boldest and most reckless. As he made a step forward the physician almost unconsciously raised his hand with a warning gesture, and old man Plunkett, with his eyes fixed upon the red-hot stove, and an odd smile playing about his mouth, began.

"Yes—of course you did. Who says you didn't? It ain't no lie; I said I was goin' home, and I've been home. Haven't I? My God! I have. Who says I've been lyin'? Who says I'm dreamin'? Is it true—why don't you speak? It is true after all. You say you saw me there, why don't you speak again. Say! Say!—is it true? It's going now, O my God—it's going again. It's going now. Save me!" and with a fierce cry, he fell forward in a fit upon the floor.

When the old man regained his senses he found himself in York's cabin. A flickering fire of pine boughs lit up the rude rafters and fell upon a photograph tastefully framed with fir cones and hung above the brush whereon he lay. It was the portrait of a young girl. It was the first object to meet the old man's gaze, and it brought with it a flush of such painful consciousness, that he started and glanced quickly around. But his eyes only encountered those of York—clear, gray, critical and patient, and they fell again.

"Tell me, old man," said York, not unkindly, but with the same cold, clear tone in his voice that his eye betrayed a moment ago, "tell me, is *that* a lie too," and he pointed to the picture.

The old man closed his eyes and did not reply. Two hours before the question would have stung him into some evasion or bravado. But the revelation contained in the question, as well as the tone of York's voice, was to him now, in his piti-

able condition, a relief. It was plain even to his confused brain that York had lied when he had endorsed his story in the bar-room—it was clear to him now that he had not been home—that he was not, as he had begun to fear, going mad. It was such a relief that with characteristic weakness his former recklessness and extravagance returned. He began to chuckle—finally to laugh uproariously.

York, with his eyes still fixed on the old man, withdrew the hand with which he had taken his.

"Didn't we fool 'em nicely, eh, Yorky! He! he! The biggest thing yet ever played in this camp! I always said I'd play 'em all some day, and I have—played 'em for six months. Ain't it rich—ain't it the richest thing you ever seed? Did you see Abner's face when he spoke 'bout that man as seed me in Sonora?—warn't it good as the minstrels? O it's too much!" and striking his leg with the palm of his hand he almost threw himself from the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—a paroxysm that nevertheless appeared to be half real and half affected.

"Is that photograph hers," said York in a low voice, after a slight pause.

"Hers? No! It's one of the San Francisco actresses, he! he! Don't you see—I bought it for two bits in one of the bookstores. I never thought they'd swaller *that* too! but they did! Oh, but the old man played 'em this time, didn't he—eh?" and he peered curiously in York's face.

"Yes, and he played *me* too," said York, looking steadily in the old man's eye.

"Yes, of course," interposed Plunkett, hastily, "but you know, Yorky, you got out of it well! You've sold 'em too. We've both got 'em on a string now,—you and me,—got to stick together now. You did it well, Yorky, you did it well. Why when you said you'd seen me in York city, I'm d—d if I didn't —"

"Didn't what?" said York, gently, for the old man had stopped with a pale face and wandering eye.

"Eh?"

"You say when I said I had seen you in New York you thought —"

"You lie!" said the old man fiercely, "I didn't say I thought anything. What are you trying to go back on me for? Eh?" His hands were trembling as he rose muttering from the bed and made his way toward the hearth.

"Gimme some whisky," he said presently, "and dry up. You oughter treat anyway. Them fellows oughter treated last night. By hookey I'd made 'em—only I fell sick."

York placed the liquor and a tin cup on the table beside him, and going to the door turned his back upon his guest and looked out on the night. Although it was clear moonlight the familiar prospect never to him seemed so dreary. The dead waste of the broad, Wingdam highway never seemed so monotonous—so like the days that he had passed and were to come to him—so like the old man in its suggestion of going sometime and never getting there. He turned, and going up to Plunkett put his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"I want you to answer one question fairly and squarely?"

The liquor seemed to have warmed the torpid blood in the old man's veins and softened his acerbity, for the face he turned up to York was mellowed in its rugged outline and more thoughtful in expression, as he said:

"Go on, my boy."

"Have you a wife and—daughter?"

"Before God I have!"

The two men were silent for a moment; both gazing at the fire. Then Plunkett began rubbing his knees slowly.

"The wife, if it comes to that, ain't much," he began cautiously, "being a little on the shoulder, you know, and wantin', so to speak, a liberal California education—which makes, you know, a bad combination. It's always been my opinion that there ain't any worse. Why, she's as ready with her tongue as Abner Dean is with his revolver, only with the difference that she shoots from principle, as she calls it, and the consequence is, she's always layin' for you. It's the effete East, my boy, that's ruinin' her—it's them ideas she gets in New York and Boston that's made her and me what we are. I don't mind her havin' 'em if she didn't shoot. But havin' that propensity, them principles oughtn't to be lying round loose no more'n firearms."

"But your daughter?" said York.

The old man's hands went up to his eyes here, and then both hands and head dropped forward on the table. "Don't say anything 'bout her, my boy, don't ask me now—" With one hand concealing his eyes he fumbled about with the other in his pockets for his handkerchief—but vainly.

Perhaps it was owing to this fact that he repressed his tears, for when he removed his hand from his eyes they were quite dry. Then he found his voice.

"She's a beautiful girl, beautiful—though I say it, and you shall see her, my boy, you shall see her, sure. I've got things about fixed now. I shall have my plan for reducin' ores perfected in a day or two, and I've got proposals from all the smeltin' works here;" here he hastily produced a bundle of papers that fell upon the floor, "and I'm goin' to send for 'em. I've got the papers here as will give me ten thousand dollars clear in the next month," he added, as he strove to collect the valuable documents again. "I'll have 'em here by Christmas, if I live, and you shall eat your Christmas dinner with me, York, my boy,—you shall, sure."

With his tongue now fairly loosened by liquor and the suggestive vastness of his prospects, he rambled on more or less incoherently, elaborating and amplifying his plans—occasionally even speaking of them as already accomplished, until the moon rode high in the heavens, and York led him again to his couch. Here he lay for some time muttering to himself, until at last he sank into a heavy sleep. When York had satisfied himself of the fact, he gently took down the picture and frame and, going to the hearth, tossed them on the dying embers, and sat down to see them burn.

The fir cones leaped instantly into flame; then the features that had entranced San Francisco audiences nightly flashed up and passed away,—as such things are apt to pass,—and even the cynical smile on York's lips faded too. And then there came a supplemental and unexpected flash as the embers fell together, and by its light York saw a paper upon the floor. It was one that had fallen from the old man's pocket. As he picked it up listlessly, a photograph slipped from its folds. It was the portrait of a young girl, and on its reverse was written, in a scrawling hand, "Melinda to Father."

It was at best a cheap picture, but ah me! I fear even the deft graciousness of the highest art could not have softened the rigid angularities of that youthful figure, its self-complacent vulgarity, its cheap finery, its expressionless ill-favor. York did not look at it the second time. He turned to the letter for relief.

It was misspelled, it was unpunctuated,

it was almost illegible, it was fretful in tone and selfish in sentiment. It was not, I fear, even original in the story of its woes. It was the harsh recital of poverty, of suspicion, of mean makeshifts and compromises, of low pains and lower longings, of sorrows that were degrading, of a grief that was pitiable. Yet it was sincere in a certain kind of vague yearning for the presence of the degraded man to whom it was written—an affection that was more like a confused instinct than a sentiment.

York folded it again carefully and placed it beneath the old man's pillow. Then he returned to his seat by the fire. A smile that had been playing upon his face, deepening the curves behind his moustache and gradually overrunning his clear brown eyes, presently faded away. It was last to go from his eyes, and it left there,—oddly enough to those who did not know him,—a tear.

He sat there for a long time, leaning forward, his head upon his hands. The wind that had been striving with the canvas roof, all at once lifted its edges and a moonbeam slipped suddenly in, and lay for a moment like a shining blade upon his shoulder. And knighted by its touch, straightway plain Henry York arose,—sustained, high-purposed and self-reliant!

The rains had come at last. There was already a visible greenness on the slopes of Heavytree Hill, and the long, white track of the Wingdam road was lost in outlying pools and ponds a hundred rods from Monte Flat. The spent water-courses, whose white bones had been sinuously trailed over the flat, like the vertebrae of some forgotten Saurian, were full again; the dry bones moved once more in the valley, and there was joy in the ditches, and a pardonable extravagance in the columns of the *Monte Flat Monitor*. "Never before in the history of the county has the yield been so satisfactory. Our contemporary of the *Hillside Beacon*, who yesterday facetiously alluded to the fact (?) that our best citizens were leaving town, in 'dug-outs,' on account of the flood, will be glad to hear that our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Mr. Henry York, now on a visit to his relatives in the East, lately took with him, in his 'dug-out,' the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars, the result of one week's clean-up. We can imagine," continued that sprightly journal, "that no such misfortune is likely to overtake Hillside this season. And yet we believe the *Beacon*

man wants a railroad." A few journals broke out into poetry. The operator at Simpson's Crossing telegraphed to the Sacramento *Universe*: "All day the low clouds have shook their garnered fullness down." A San Francisco journal lapsed into noble verse, thinly disguised as editorial prose: "Rejoice, the gentle rain has come, the bright and pearly rain, which scatters blessings on the hills, and sifts them o'er the plain. Rejoice, etc." Indeed, there was only one to whom the rain had not brought blessing, and that was Plunkett. In some mysterious and darksome way, it had interfered with the perfection of his new method of reducing ores, and thrown the advent of that invention back another season. It had brought him down to an habitual seat in the bar-room, where, to heedless and inattentive ears, he sat and discoursed of the East and his family.

No one disturbed him. Indeed, it was rumored that some funds had been lodged with the landlord, by a person or persons unknown, whereby his few wants were provided for. His mania,—for that was the charitable construction which Monte Flat put upon his conduct,—was indulged, even to the extent of Monte Flat's accepting his invitation to dine with his family on Christmas Day—an invitation extended frankly to every one with whom the old man drank or talked. But one day, to everybody's astonishment, he burst into the bar-room, holding an open letter in his hand. It read as follows:

"Be ready to meet your family at the new cottage on Heavytrees Hill on Christmas Day. Invite what friends you choose."

"HENRY YORK."

The letter was handed round in silence. The old man, with a look alternating between hope and fear, gazed in the faces of the group. The Doctor looked up significantly, after a pause. "It's a forgery, evidently," he said, in a low voice; "he's cunning enough to conceive it—they always are—but you'll find he'll fail in executing it. Watch his face! Old man," he said suddenly, in a loud, peremptory tone, "this is a trick—a forgery—and you know it. Answer me squarely, and look me in the eye. Isn't it so?"

The eyes of Plunkett stared a moment, and then dropped weakly. Then, with a feeble smile, he said: "You're too many for me, boys. The Doc's right. The little game's up. You can take the old man's hat"; and so, tottering, trembling, and chuckling, he dropped into silence and his accustomed seat. But the next day he seemed to have forgotten this episode, and talked as glibly as ever of the approaching festivity.

And so the days and weeks passed until Christmas,—a bright, clear day, warmed with south winds, and joyous with the resurrection of springing grasses,—broke upon Monte Flat. And then there was a sudden commotion in the hotel bar-room, and Abner Dean stood beside the old man's chair, and shook him out of a slumber to his feet. "Rouse up, old man; York is here, with your wife and daughter at the cottage on Heavytrees. Come, old man. Here, boys, give him a lift"; and in another moment a dozen strong and willing hands had raised the old man, and bore him in triumph to the street, up the steep grade of Heavytrees Hill, and deposited him, struggling and confused, in the porch of a little cottage. At the same instant, two women rushed forward, but were restrained by a gesture from Henry York. The old man was struggling to his feet. With an effort, at last, he stood erect, trembling, his eye fixed, a gray pallor on his cheek, and a deep resonance in his voice.

"It's all a trick, and a lie! They ain't no flesh and blood or kin o' mine. It ain't my wife, nor child. My daughter's a beautiful girl—a beautiful girl—d'ye hear? She's in New York, with her mother, and I'm going to fetch her here. I said I'd go home, and I've been home—d'ye hear me?—I've been home! It's a mean trick you're playin' on the old man. Let me go, d'ye hear? Keep them women off me! Let me go! I'm going—I'm going home!"

His hands were thrown up convulsively in the air, and, half turning round, he fell sideways on the porch, and so to the ground. They picked him up hurriedly; but too late. He had gone home.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MR. FROUDE'S "PROGRESS."

To revisit this earth, some ages after their departure from it, is a common wish among men. We frequently hear men say that they would give so many months or years of their lives in exchange for a less number on the globe one or two or three centuries from now. Merely to see the world from some remote sphere, like the distant spectator of a play which passes in dumb show, would not suffice. They would like to be of the world again, and enter into its feelings, passions, hopes; to feel the sweep of its current, and so to comprehend what it has become.

I suppose that we all, who are thoroughly interested in this world, have this desire. There are some select souls, who sit apart in calm endurance, waiting to be translated out of a world they are almost tired of patronizing, to whom the whole thing seems doubtless like a cheap performance. They sit on the fence of criticism, and cannot for the life of them see what the vulgar crowd make such a toil and sweat about. The prizes are the same, dreary, old, fading bay-wreaths. As for the soldiers marching past, their uniforms are torn, their hats are shocking, their shoes are dusty, they do not appear (to a man sitting on the fence) to march with any kind of spirit, their flags are old and tattered, the drums they beat are barbarous; and, besides, it is not probable that they are going anywhere,—they will merely come round again, the same people, like the marching chorus in the "Beggar's Opera." Such critics, of course, would not care to see the vulgar show over again; it is enough for them to put on record their protest against it in the weekly *Judgment Days*, which they edit, and, by-and-by, withdraw out of their private boxes, with pity for a world in the creation of which they were not consulted.

The desire to revisit this earth is, I think, based upon a belief, well nigh universal, that the world is to make some progress, and that it will be more interesting in the future than it is now. I believe that the human mind, whenever it is developed enough to comprehend its own action, rests, and has always rested, in this expectation. I do not know any period of time in which the civilized mind has not had expectation of something better for the race in the future. This expectation is

sometimes stronger than it is at others; and, again, there are always those who say that the golden age is behind them. It is always behind or before us; the poor present alone has no friends; the present, in the minds of many, is only the car that is carrying us away from an age of virtue and of happiness; or that is, perhaps, bearing us on to a time of ease and comfort and security.

Perhaps it is worth while, in view of certain recent discussions, and especially of some free criticisms of this country, to consider whether there is any intention of progress in this world, and whether that intention is discoverable in the age in which we live. If it is an old question, it is not a settled one; the practical disbelief in any such progress is widely entertained. Not long ago Mr. James Anthony Froude published an essay on progress, in which he examined some of the evidences upon which we rely, to prove that we live in an "era of progress." It is a melancholy essay, for its tone is that of profound skepticism as to certain influences and means of progress upon which we in this country most rely. With the illustrative arguments of Mr. Froude's essay I do not purpose specially to meddle; I recall it to the attention of the reader as a representative type of skepticism regarding progress which is somewhat common among intellectual men, and is not confined to England. It is not exactly an acceptance of Rousseau's notion that civilization is a mistake, and that it would be better for us all to return to a state of nature,—though, in John Ruskin's case, it nearly amounts to this,—but it is a hostility in its last analysis to what we understand by the education of the people, and to the government of the people by themselves. If Mr. Froude's essay is anything but an exhibition of the scholarly weapons of criticism, it is the expression of a profound disbelief in the intellectual education of the masses of the people. Mr. Ruskin goes further. He makes his open proclamation against any emancipation from hand-toil. Steam is the devil himself let loose from the pit, and all labor-saving machinery is his own invention. Mr. Ruskin is the bull that stands upon the track and threatens with annihilation the on-coming locomotive; and I think that any spectator, who sees his

menacing attitude and hears his roaring, cannot but have fears for the locomotive.

There are two sorts of infidelity concerning humanity, and I do not know which is the more withering in its effects. One is that which regards this world as only a waste and a desert, across the sands of which we are merely fugitives, fleeing from the wrath to come. The other is that doubt of any divine intention, in development, in history, which we call progress from age to age.

In the eyes of this latter infidelity history is not a procession or a progression, but only a series of disconnected pictures, each little era rounded with its own growth, fruitage, and decay, a series of incidents or experiments, without even the string of a far-reaching purpose to connect them. There is no intention of progress in it all. The race is barbarous, and then it changes to civilized; in the one case the strong rob the weak by brute force; in the other the crafty rob the unwary by finesse. The latter is a more agreeable state of things; but it comes to about the same. The robber used to knock us down and take away our sheep-skins; he now administers chloroform and relieves us of our watches. It is a gentlemanly proceeding, and a scientific; and we call it civilization. Meantime human nature remains the same, and the whole thing is a weary round that has no advance in it.

If this is true the succession of men and of races is no better than a vegetable succession; and Mr. Froude is quite right in doubting if education of the brain will do the English agricultural laborer any good; and Mr. Ruskin ought to be aided in his crusade against machinery, which turns the world upside down. The best that can be done with a man is the best that can be done with a plant—set him out in some favorable locality, or leave him where he happened to strike root, and there let him grow and mature in measure and quiet,—especially quiet,—as he may in God's sun and rain. If he happens to be a cabbage, in Heaven's name don't try to make a rose of him, and do not disturb the vegetable maturing of his head by grafting ideas upon his stock.

The most serious difficulty in the way of those who maintain that there is an intention of progress in this world from century to century, from age to age, a discernible growth, a universal development, is the fact that all nations do not make progress

at the same time or in the same ratio; that nations reach a certain development, and then fall away, and even retrograde; that while one may be advancing into high civilization, another is lapsing into deeper barbarism, and that nations appear to have a limit of growth. If there were a law of progress, an intention of it in all the world, ought not all peoples and tribes to advance *pari passu*, or at least, ought there not to be discernible a general movement, historical and contemporary? There is no such general movement which can be computed, the law of which can be discovered—therefore it does not exist. In a kind of despair, we are apt to run over in our minds empires and pre-eminent civilizations that have existed, and then to doubt whether life in this world is intended to be anything more than a series of experiments. There is the German nation of our day, the most aggressive in various fields of intellectual activity, a Hercules of scholarship, the most thoroughly trained and powerful—though its civilization marches to the noise of the hateful and barbarous drum. In what points is it better than the Greek nation of the age of its superlative artists, philosophers, poets—the age of the most joyous, elastic human souls in the most perfect human bodies? Again, it is, perhaps, a fanciful notion that the Atlantis of Plato was the northern part of the South American continent, projecting out toward Africa, and that the Antilles are the peaks and headlands of its sunken bulk. But there are evidences enough that the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Seas were within historic periods the seat of a very considerable civilization,—the seat of cities, of commerce, of trade, of palaces and pleasure gardens,—faint images, perhaps, of the luxurious civilization of Baïæ and Pozzuoli and Capri in the most profligate period of the Roman empire. It is not more difficult to believe that there was a great material development here, than to believe it of the African shore of the Mediterranean. Not to multiply instances that will occur to all, we see as many retrograde as advance movements, and we see also, that while one spot of the earth at one time seems to be the chosen theater of progress, other portions of the globe are absolutely dead, and without the least leaven of advancing life, and we cannot understand how this can be, if there is any such thing as an all-pervading and animating intention or law of progress.

And, then, we are reminded that the individual human mind long ago attained its height of power and capacity. It is enough to recall the names of Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Paul, Homer, David.

No doubt it has seemed to other periods and other nations, as it now does to the present civilized races, that they were the chosen times and peoples of an extraordinary and limitless development. It must have seemed so to the Jews who overran Palestine and set their shining cities on all the hills of heathendom. It must have seemed so to the Babylonish conquerors who swept over Palestine in turn, on their way to greater conquests in Egypt. It must have seemed so to Greece when the Acropolis was to the outlying world what the imperial calla is to the marsh in which it lifts its superb flower. It must have seemed so to Rome when its solid roads of stone ran to all parts of a tributary world—the highways of the legions, her ministers, and of the wealth that poured into her treasury. It must have seemed so to the followers of Mahomet, when the crescent knew no pause in its march up the Arabian peninsula to the Bosphorus, to India, along the Mediterranean shores to Spain, where in the eighth century it flowered into a culture, a learning, a refinement in art and manners, to which the Christian world of that day was a stranger. It must have seemed so in the awakening of the 16th century, when Europe, Spain leading, began that great movement of discovery and aggrandizement, which has, in the end, been profitable only to a portion of the adventurers. And what shall we say of a nation as old, if not older than any of these we have mentioned, slowly building up meantime a civilization, and perfecting a system of government and a social economy which should outlast them all, and remain to our day almost the sole monument of permanence and stability in a shifting world.

How many times has the face of Europe been changed,—and parts of Africa and Asia Minor too, for that matter,—by conquests and crusades, and the rise and fall of civilizations, as well as dynasties; while China has endured, almost undisturbed, under a system of law, administration, morality, as old as the pyramids probably, existed a coherent nation, highly developed in certain essentials, meeting and mastering, so far as we can see, the great problem of an over-populated territory, living in a

good degree of peace and social order, of respect for age and law, and making a continuous history, the mere record of which is printed in a thousand bulky volumes. Yet we speak of the Chinese Empire as an instance of arrested growth, for which there is no salvation, except it shall catch the spirit of progress abroad in the world. What is this progress, and where does it come from?

Think for a moment of this significant situation. For thousands of years, empires, systems of society, systems of civilization,—Egyptian, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Moslem, Feudal,—have flourished and fallen, grown to a certain height and passed away; great organized fabrics have gone down, and, if there has been any progress, it has been as often defeated as renewed. And here is an empire, apart from this scene of alternate success and disaster, which has existed in a certain continuity and stability, and yet, now that it is uncovered and stands face to face with the rest of the world, it finds that it has little to teach us, and almost everything to learn from us. The old empire sends its students to learn of us, the newest child of civilization; and through us they learn all the great past, its literature, law, science, out of which we sprang. It appears, then, that progress has, after all, been with the shifting world, that has been all this time going to pieces, rather than with the world that has been permanent and unshaken.

When we speak of progress we may mean two things. We may mean a lifting of the races as a whole by reason of more power over the material world, by reason of what we call the conquest of nature and a practical use of its forces; or we may mean a higher development of the individual man, so that he shall be better and happier. If from age to age it is discoverable that the earth is better adapted to man as a dwelling-place, and he is on the whole fitted to get more out of it for his own growth, is not that progress, and is it not evidence of an intention of progress?

Now, it is sometimes said that Providence, in the economy of this world, cares nothing for the individual, but works out its ideas and purposes through the races, and in certain periods, slowly bringing in, by great agencies and by processes destructive to individuals and to millions of helpless human beings, truths and principles; so-laying stepping-stones onward to a great consummation. I do not care to dwell

upon this thought, but let us see if we can find any evidence in history of the presence in this world of an intention of progress.

It is common to say that, if the world makes progress at all, it is by its great men, and when anything important for the race is to be done, a great man is raised up to do it. Yet another way to look at it is, that the doing of something at the appointed time, makes the man who does it great, or at least celebrated. The man often appears to be only a favored instrument of communication. As we glance back we recognize the truth that, at this and that period, the time had come for certain discoveries. Intelligence seemed pressing in from the invisible. Many minds were on the alert to apprehend it. We believe, for instance, that, if Gutenberg had not invented movable types, somebody else would have given them to the world about that time. Ideas, at certain times, throng for admission into the world; and we are all familiar with the fact that the same important idea (never before revealed in all the ages) occurs to separate and widely distinct minds at about the same time. The invention of the electric telegraph seemed to burst upon the world simultaneously from many quarters,—not perfect, perhaps, but the time for the idea had come,—and happy was it for the man who entertained it. We have agreed to call Columbus the discoverer of America, but I suppose there is no doubt that America had been visited by European, and probably Asiatic people, ages before Columbus; that four or five centuries before him people from northern Europe had settlements here; he was fortunate, however, in "discovering" it in the fullness of time, when the world, in its progress, was ready for it. If the Greeks had had gunpowder, electro-magnetism, the printing press, history would need to be re-written. Why the inquisitive Greek mind did not find out these things is a mystery upon any other theory than the one we are considering.

And it is as mysterious that China, having gunpowder and the art of printing, is not to-day like Germany.

There seems to me to be a progress, or an intention of progress, in the world, independent of individual men. Things get on by all sorts of instruments, and sometimes by very poor ones. There are times when new thoughts or applications of known principles seem to throng from the

invisible for expression through human media, and there is hardly ever an important invention, set free in the world, that men do not appear to be ready cordially to receive it. Often we should be justified in saying that there was a wide-spread expectation of it. Almost all the great inventions, and the ingenious application of principles, have many claimants for the honor of priority.

On any other theory than this, that there is present in the world an intention of progress which outlasts individuals, and even races, I cannot account for the fact that, while civilizations decay and pass away, and human systems go to pieces, ideas remain and accumulate. We, the latest age, are the inheritors of all the foregoing ages. I do not believe that anything of importance has been lost to the world. The Jewish civilization was torn up root and branch, but whatever was valuable in the Jewish polity is ours now. We may say the same of the civilizations of Athens and of Rome; though the entire organization of the ancient world, to use Mr. Froude's figure, collapsed into a heap of incoherent sand, the ideas remained, and Greek art and Roman law are part of the world's solid possessions.

Even those who question the value to the individual of what we call progress, admit, I suppose, the increase of knowledge in the world from age to age, and not only its increase, but its diffusion. The intelligent school-boy to-day knows more than the ancient sages knew—more about the visible heavens, more of the secrets of the earth, more of the human body. The rudiments of his education, the common experiences of his every-day life, were, at the best, the guesses and speculations of a remote age. There is certainly an accumulation of facts, ideas, knowledge. Whether this makes men better, wiser, happier, is, indeed, disputed.

In order to maintain the notion of a general and intended progress, it is not necessary to show that no preceding age has excelled ours in some special development. Phidias has had no rival in sculpture, we may admit. It is possible that glass was once made as flexible as leather, and that copper could be hardened like steel. But I do not take much stock in the "lost arts," the wondering theme of the lyceums. The knowledge of the natural world, and of materials, was never, I believe, so extensive and exact as it is to-

day. It is possible that there are tricks of chemistry, ingenious processes, secrets of color, of which we are ignorant; but I do not believe there was ever an ancient alchemist who could not be taught something in a modern laboratory. The vast engineering works of the ancient Egyptians, the remains of their temples and pyramids excite our wonder; but I have no doubt that President Grant, if he becomes the tyrant they say he is becoming, and commands the labor of forty millions of slaves, —a large proportion of them office-holders, —could build a Karnak, or erect a string of pyramids across New Jersey.

Mr. Froude runs lightly over a list of subjects upon which the believer in progress relies for his belief, and then says of them that the world calls this progress, he calls it only change. I suppose he means by this two things: that these great movements of our modern life are not any evidence of a permanent advance, and that our whole structure may tumble into a heap of incoherent sand, as systems of society have done before; and, again, that it is questionable if, in what we call a stride in civilization, the individual citizen is becoming any purer or more just, or, if his intelligence is directed toward learning and doing what is right, or only to the means of more extended pleasures.

It is, perhaps, idle to speculate upon the first of these points—the permanence of our advance, if it is an advance. But we may be encouraged by one thing that distinguishes this period—say from the middle of the eighteenth century—from any that has preceded it. I mean the introduction of machinery, applied to the multiplication of man's power in a hundred directions—to manufacturing, to locomotion, to the diffusion of thought and of knowledge. I need not dwell upon this familiar topic. Since this period began there has been, so far as I know, no retrograde movement any where, but, besides the material, an intellectual and spiritual kindling the world over, for which history has no sort of parallel. Truth is always the same, and will make its way, but this subject might be illustrated by a study of the relation of Christianity and of the brotherhood of men to machinery. The theme would demand an essay by itself. I leave it with the one remark, that this great change now being wrought in the world by the multiplicity of machinery, is not more a material than it is an intellectual one, and that we have

no instance in history of a catastrophe wide-spread enough and adequate to sweep away its results. That is to say, none of the catastrophes, not even the corruptions, which brought to ruin the ancient civilizations, would work anything like the same disaster in an age which has the use of machinery that this age has.

For instance: Gibbon selects the period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius as the time in which the human race enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had since known. Yet, says Mr. Froude, in the midst of this prosperity the heart of the empire was dying out of it; luxury and selfishness were eating away the principle that held society together, and the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand. Now, it is impossible to conceive that the catastrophe which did happen to that civilization could have happened if the world had then possessed the steam-engine, the printing press, and the electric telegraph. The Roman power might have gone down, and the face of the world been recast; but such universal chaos and such a relapse for the individual people would seem impossible.

If we turn from these general considerations to the evidences that this is an "era of progress" in the condition of individual men, we are met by more specific denials. Granted, it is said, all your facilities for travel and communication, for cheap and easy manufacture, for the distribution of cheap literature and news, your cheap education, better homes, and all the comforts and luxuries of your machine civilization, is the average man, the agriculturist, the machinist, the laborer any better for it all? Is there more purity, more honest, fair dealing, genuine work, fear and honor of God? Are the proceeds of labor more evenly distributed? These, it is said, are the criteria of progress, all else is misleading.

Now, it is true that the ultimate end of any system of government or civilization should be the improvement of the individual man. And yet this truth, as Mr. Froude puts it, is only a half truth; so that this single test of any system may not do for a given time and a limited area. Other and wider considerations come in. Disturbances, which for a while unsettle society and do not bring good results to individuals, may, nevertheless, be necessary, and may be a sign of progress. Take the favorite illustration of Mr. Froude and Mr.

Ruskin—the condition of the agricultural laborer of England. If I understand them, the civilization of the last century has not helped his position as a man. If I understand them, he was a better man, in a better condition of earthly happiness, and with a better chance of Heaven, fifty years ago than now, before the “era of progress” found him out. (It ought to be noticed here, that the report of the Parliamentary Commission on the condition of the English agricultural laborer, does not sustain Mr. Froude’s assumptions. On the contrary, the report shows that his condition is in almost all respects, vastly better than it was fifty years ago.) Mr. Ruskin would remove the steam-engine and all its devilish works from his vicinity; he would abolish factories, speedy travel by rail, new-fangled instruments of agriculture, our patent education, and remit him to his ancient condition,—tied for life to a bit of ground, which should supply all his simple wants; his wife should weave the clothes for the family; his children should learn nothing but the catechism and to speak the truth; he should take his religion without question from the hearty, fox-hunting parson, and live and die undisturbed by ideas. Now, it seems to me that if Mr. Ruskin could realize in some isolated nation this idea of a pastoral, simple existence, under a paternal government, he would have in time an ignorant, stupid, brutal community in a great deal worse case than the agricultural laborers of England are at present. Three-fourths of the crime in the kingdom of Bavaria is committed in the Ultramontane region of the Tyrol, where the conditions of popular education are about those that Mr. Ruskin seems to regret as swept away by the present movement in England,—a stagnant state of things, in which any wind of heaven would be a blessing, even if it were a tornado. Education of the modern sort unsettles the peasant, renders him unfit for labor, and gives us a half-educated idler in place of a conscientious workman. The disuse of the apprentice system is not made good by the present system of education, because no one learns a trade well, and the consequence is poor work, and a sham civilization generally. There is some truth in these complaints. But the way out is not backward, but forward. The fault is not with education, though it may be with the kind of education. The education must go forward; the man must

not be half but wholly educated. It is only half knowledge, like half training in a trade, that is dangerous.

But what I wish to say is, that notwithstanding certain unfavorable things in the condition of the English laborer and mechanic, his chance is better in the main than it was fifty years ago. The world is a better world for him. He has the opportunity to be more of a man. His world is wider, and it is all open to him to go where he will. Mr. Ruskin may not so easily find his ideal, contented peasant, but the man himself begins to apprehend that this is a world of ideas as well as of food and clothes, and I think, if he were consulted, he would have no desire to return to the condition of his ancestors. In fact, the most hopeful symptom in the condition of the English peasant is his discontent. For, as skepticism is in one sense the handmaid of truth, discontent is the mother of progress. The man is comparatively of little use in the world who is contented.

There is another thought pertinent here. It is this: that no man, however humble, can live a full life, if he lives to himself alone. He is more of a man, he lives in a higher plane of thought and of enjoyment, the more his communications are extended with his fellows, and the wider his sympathies are. I count it a great thing for the English peasant, a solid addition to his life, that he is every day being put into more intimate relations with every other man on the globe.

I know it is said that these are only vague and sentimental notions of progress—notions of a “salvation by machinery.” Let us pass to something that may be less vague, even if it be more sentimental. For a hundred years we have reckoned it progress, that the people were taking part in government. We have had a good deal of faith in the proposition put forth at Philadelphia a century ago, that men are, in effect, equal in political rights. Out of this simple proposition springs logically the extension of suffrage, and a universal education, in order that this important function of a government by the people may be exercised intelligently.

Now we are told by the most accomplished English essayists that this is a mistake, that it is change, but no progress. Indeed, there are philosophers in America who think so. At least I infer so from the fact that Mr. Froude fathers one of his de-

finitions of our condition upon an American. When a block of printer's type is by accident broken up, and disintegrated, it falls into what is called "pi." The "pi," a mere chaos, is afterwards sorted and distributed, preparatory to being built up into fresh combinations. "A distinguished American friend," says Mr. Froude, "describes Democracy as making pi." It is so witty a sarcasm that I almost think Mr. Froude manufactured it himself. Well, we have been making this "pi" for a hundred years; it seems to be a national dish in considerable favor with the rest of the world,—even such ancient nations as China and Japan want a piece of it.

Now, of course, no form of human government is perfect, or anything like it, but I should be willing to submit the question to even an English traveler, whether, on the whole, the people of the United States do not have as fair a chance in life, and feel as little the oppression of government, as any other in the world, whether anywhere the burdens are more lifted off men's shoulders.

This infidelity to popular government, and unbelief in any good results to come from it, are not, unfortunately, confined to the English essayists. I am not sure but the notion is growing, in what is called the intellectual class, that it is a mistake to intrust the government to the ignorant many, and that it can only be lodged safely in the hands of the wise few. We hear the corruptions of the times attributed to universal suffrage. Yet these corruptions certainly are not peculiar to the United States. It is also said here, as it is in England, that our diffused and somewhat superficial education is merely unfitting the mass of men, who must be laborers, for any useful occupation.

This argument, reduced to plain terms, is simply this: that the mass of mankind are unfit to decide properly their own political and social condition; and that for the mass of mankind any but a very limited mental development is a damage to them. It would be enough to say of this, that class government and popular ignorance have been tried for so many ages, and always with disaster and failure in the end, that I should think philanthropical historians would be tired of recommending them. But there is more to be said.

I feel that as a resident on the earth, part owner of it for a time, unavoidably a member of society, I have a right to a voice in

determining what my condition and what my chance in life shall be. I may be ignorant, I should be a very poor ruler of other people, but I am better capable of deciding some things that touch me nearly than another is. By what logic can I say that I should have a part in the conduct of this world, and that my neighbor should not? Who is to decide what degree of intelligence shall fit a man for a share in the government? How are we to select the few capable men that are to rule all the rest? As a matter of fact, men have been rulers who had neither the average intelligence nor virtue of the people they governed. And, as a matter of historical experience, a class in power has always sought its own benefit rather than that of the whole people. Lunacy, extraordinary stupidity, and crime aside, a man is the best guardian of his own liberty and rights.

The English critics, who say we have taken the government from the capable few and given it to the people, speak of universal suffrage as a quack panacea of this "era of progress." But it is not the manufactured panacea of any theorist or philosopher whatever. It is the natural result of a diffused knowledge of human rights, and of increasing intelligence. It is nothing against it that Napoleon III. used a mockery of it to govern France. It is not a device of the closet, but a method of government, which has naturally suggested itself to men as they have grown into a feeling of self-reliance, and a consciousness that they have some right in the decision of their own destiny in the world. It is true that suffrage peculiarly fits a people virtuous and intelligent. But there has not yet been invented any government in which a people would thrive who were ignorant and vicious.

Our foreign critics seem to regard our "American system," by the way, as a sort of invention or patent-right, upon which we are experimenting; forgetting that it is as legitimate a growth out of our circumstances as the English system is out of its antecedents. Our system is not the product of theorists or closet philosophers; but it was ordained in substance and inevitable from the day the first "town meeting" assembled in New England, and it was not in the power of Hamilton or any one else to make it otherwise.

So you must have education, now you have the ballot, say the critics of this era of progress; and this is another of your cheap

inventions. Not that we undervalue book knowledge. Oh, no; but it really seems to us that a good trade, with the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments back of it, would be the best thing for the most of you. You must work for a living any way, and why, now, should you unsettle your minds?

This is such an astounding view of human life and destiny that I do not know what to say to it. Did it occur to Mr. Froude to ask the man whether he would be contented with a good trade and the Ten Commandments? Perhaps the man would like eleven commandments? And, if he gets hold of the eleventh, he may want to know something more about his fellow men, a little geography maybe, and some of Mr. Froude's history, and thus he may be led off into literature, and the Lord knows where.

The inference is that education,—book fashion—will unfit the man for useful work. Mr. Froude here again stops at a half truth. As a general thing intelligence is useful in any position a man occupies. But it is true that there is a superficial and misdirected sort of education, so called, which makes the man who receives it despise labor; and it is, also, true that in the present educational revival there has been a neglect of training in the direction of skilled labor, and we all suffer more or less from cheap and dishonest work. But the way out of this, again, is forward, and not backward. It is a good sign, and not a stigma upon this era of progress, that people desire education. But this education must be of the whole man; he must be taught to work as well as to read, and he is, indeed, poorly educated if he is not fitted to do his work in the world. We certainly shall not have better workmen by having ignorant workmen. I need not say that the real education is that which will best fit a man for performing well his duties in life. If Mr. Froude, instead of his plaint over the scarcity of good mechanics, and of the Ten Commandments in England, had recommended the establishment of industrial schools, he would have spoken more to the purpose.

I should say that the fashionable skepticism of to-day, here and in England, is in regard to universal suffrage, and the capacity of the people to govern themselves. The whole system is the sharp invention of Thomas Jefferson and others, by which crafty demagogues can rule. In-

stead of being, as we have patriotically supposed a real progress in human development, it is only a fetch, which is becoming rapidly a failure. Now there is a great deal of truth in the assertion, that whatever the form of government, the ablest men, or the strongest, or the most cunning in the nation, will rule. And yet it is true that in a popular government, like this, the humblest citizen, if he is wronged or oppressed, has in his hands a readier instrument of redress than he has ever had in any other form of government. And it must not be forgotten that the ballot in the hands of all is about the only safeguard against the tyranny of wealth in the hands of the few. It is true that bad men can band together and be destructive; but so they can in any government. Revolution by ballot is much safer than revolution by violence—and, granting that human nature is selfish, when the whole people are the government, selfishness is on the side of the government. Can you mention any class in this country whose interest it is to overturn the government? And, then, as to the wisdom of the popular decisions by the ballot in this country. Look carefully at all the presidential elections from Washington's down, and say, in the light of history, if the popular decision has not, every time, been the best for the country. It may not have seemed so to some of us at the time, but I think it is true, and a very significant fact.

Of course, in this affirmation of belief that one hundred years of popular government in this country is a real progress for humanity, and not merely a change from the rule of the fit to the rule of the cunning, we cannot forget that men are pretty much everywhere the same, and that we have abundant reason for national humility. We are pretty well aware that ours is not an ideal state of society, and should be so, even if the English who pass by did not revile us, wagging their heads. We might differ with them about the causes of our disorders. Doubtless, extended suffrage has produced certain results. It seems, strangely enough, to have escaped the observation of our English friends that to suffrage was due the late horse disease. No one can discover any other cause for it. But there is a cause for the various phenomena of this period of shoddy, of inflated speculation, of disturbance of all values, social, moral, political and material, quite sufficient in the light of history to

account for them. It is not suffrages; it is an irredeemable paper currency. It has borne its usual fruit with us, and neither foreign nor home cities can shift the responsibility of it upon our system of government. Yes, it is true, we have contrived to fill the world with our scandals, of late. I might refer to a loose commercial and political morality; to betrayals of popular trust in politics; to corruptions in legislatures and in corporations; to an abuse of power in the public press, which has hardly yet got itself adjusted to its sudden accession of enormous influence. We complain of its injustice to individuals sometimes. We might imagine something like this would occur.

A newspaper one day says:—"We are exceedingly pained to hear that the Hon. Mr. Blank, who is running for Congress in the First District, has permitted his aged grandmother to go to the town poor-house. What renders this conduct inexplicable is the fact that Mr. Blank is a man of large fortune."

The next day, the newspaper says:—"The Hon. Mr. Blank has not seen fit to deny the damaging accusation in regard to the treatment of his grandmother."

The next day, the newspaper says:—"Mr. Blank is still silent. He is probably aware that he cannot afford to rest under this grave charge."

The next day, the newspaper asks:—"Where's Blank? Has he fled?"

At last, goaded by these remarks, and most unfortunately for himself, Mr. Blank writes to the newspaper, and most indignantly denies the charge; he never sent his grandmother to the poor-house.

Thereupon the newspaper says, "Of course a rich man who would put his own grandmother in the poor-house, would deny it. Our informant was a gentleman of character. Mr. Blank rests the matter on his unsupported word. It is a question of veracity."

Or, perhaps, Mr. Blank, more unfortunately for himself, begins by making an affidavit, wherein he swears that he never sent his grandmother to the poor-house, and that, in point of fact, he has not any grandmother whatever.

The newspaper, then, in language that is now classical, "goes for" Mr. Blank.

It says, "Mr. Blank resorts to the common device of the rogue—the affidavit. If he had been conscious of rectitude, would he not have relied upon his simple denial?"

Now, if an extreme case like this could occur, it would be bad enough. But, in our free society, the remedy would be at hand. The constituents of Mr. Blank would elect him in triumph. The newspaper would lose public confidence and support, and learn to use its position more justly. What I mean to indicate by such an extreme instance as this is, that in our very license of individual freedom there is finally a correcting power.

We might pursue this general subject of progress, by a comparison of the society of this country now with that fifty years ago. I have no doubt that in every essential this is better than that, in manners, in morality, in charity and toleration, in education and religion. I know the standard of morality is higher. I know the churches are purer. Not fifty years ago, in a New England town, a distinguished doctor of divinity, the pastor of a leading church, was part owner in a distillery. He was a great light in his denomination, but he was an extravagant liver, and being unable to pay his debts, he was arrested and put into jail, with the liberty of the "limits." In order not to interrupt his ministerial work, the jail limits were made to include his house and his church, so that he could still go in and out before his people. I do not think that could occur anywhere in the United States to-day.

I will close these fragmentary suggestions by saying, that I, for one, should like to see this country a century from now. Those who live then will doubtless say of this period that it was crude, and rather disorderly and fermenting with a great many new projects; but I have great faith that they will also say that the present extending notion, that the best government is for the people, by the people, was in the line of sound progress. I should expect to find faith in humanity greater and not less than it is now, and I should not expect to find that Mr. Froude's mournful expectation had been realized, and that the belief in a life beyond the grave had been withdrawn.

CAPTAIN MILLICENT.

MRS. PIERREHAM lived, moved, and had her being in the "wealthy circle" of New York. She was one of those human lilies who toil not neither do they spin; and because she neither toiled nor spun, but dressed handsomely, and walked gracefully, and was altogether a lustrous and lovely object for the eye to linger on, many hardworking women standing afar off called her a doll, and other some avenged themselves for their own heavy lot by characterizing her as a heartless woman of fashion, and still others openly and not unlovingly envied her as a pet of fortune, a woman without care and without trouble. Nevertheless they were all in the wrong. In spite of apparent dissimilitude there is a marvelous likeness between your lot and mine; and Mrs. Pierreham was neither a doll, nor heartless, nor in Paradise. She had sometimes trouble, serious and severe trouble with her servants. She was vexed and grievously inconvenienced that her dresses did not fit, or were not made according to her directions, or were delayed far beyond the promised day. Sometimes her own husband annoyed her, and often and often the sorrows of the world threw her into great perplexity and tribulation. She had no children, and, though she was too well aware of the hazards of life and the immaturity of human wisdom to be overmuch concerned thereat, she was still not ignorant that the care, the concentration of mind, the downright philosophy required by thoughtless, direct, and helpless little souls would be the greatest of all reliefs to her mental speculation, and would possibly substitute for it the certainty of open vision. She had not the taste nor the culture, possibly not the material to gather a *salon* after the approved Recamier pattern; and thus, not being able largely to influence the rich and learned, her surplus energy, wealth, and leisure were chiefly expended on the desolate poor. But even here she was not wholly content. She was no mere sentimentalist, no stolid, if sympathetic, sister of charity. Above her heart lay a brain. She could not fall upon a fact without instinctively, though perhaps silently, investigating its cause. She was appalled by the mass of poverty that met her researches and still more appalled by the conviction that it was so largely a log-

ical, a legitimate, an inevitable poverty. Here and there assistance might avail to improvement; but for the greater part it seemed to her that the only remedy was to burn up this world and start another.

This, however, was not a scheme that she proposed to set in operation; nor did her fixed and profound despair of general uplifting prevent her from very active exertions for individual relief. She saw that her people were idle, thriftless, shiftless, extravagant, and self-indulgent; yet, when their vices or their weaknesses brought them to distress and dismay, she went in among them with oil and wine, and soothing words and winning ways; and sometimes they rose up to new life, and oftener they rose up to the old, and went their way full of cursing and coarseness and bitterness, and then she waxed even more gentle and pitiful, and gazed into the awful mystery with deep, sad, silent eyes.

She was one day threading the densely-crowded alleys of poverty and wretchedness, when one of her alley-acquaintances accosted her with the information that a young woman was dying in the garret of the house she was about passing. Mrs. Pierreham immediately hastened up the rickety and noisy stairs, and entered the dreadful, naked room. On a pallet in the corner lay a young woman, once beautiful, now wan and wasted, scarcely more by disease than by a sickness of the soul. Her eyes, wild, watchful, fierce, spoke of a will yet unsubdued, of a spirit still in revolt. By her side, making a sunshine in a shady place,—the one bright star in a world of darkness,—sat a little girl hardly three years old, unconscious, untroubled, playing with bits of broken crockery, apparently picked up in the street.

In the smothered, helpless, yet defiant fire of those dying eyes, in the vivid contrast, in the woe and want, the death and the life, there was something so strange and sudden that Mrs. Pierreham was shocked, and for a moment could not speak. She took the thin hand in silent, tearful sympathy, and, when she found voice, only said softly, "You are very ill?"

"Ill?" said the sufferer sharply, "I am dying—I am dead! It is Hell—and—I don't care!"

"Poor thing! Oh! poor child, poor child!" cried Mrs. Pierreham, kneeling over her, in a burst of ineffable pity and tenderness.

"I could have fought it out," she gasped, brokenly. "I did fight it out. And I'll be the same in Hell. Why, what do *you* care?"

"You have suffered so, poor little child; you have had a hard life—"

"Hard? It is devilish.—What does it mean?"

There was a singular child-like questioning in the suddenly changed look, changing to this novel and unmistakable sympathy.

"I know no more than you," sobbed Mrs. Pierreham. "I am just as much baffled as you. Be comforted; you shall no longer struggle alone. I only want to comfort you. God is certainly love, though it does not always look like love."

"Oh!—God!" she said, with feeble but wrathful contempt, "what has He done for me? I hate Him! He has let me be crushed when He could have saved me by lifting His finger. I would have scorned to let a poor girl be trampled so. I don't respect Him!"

"Perhaps you don't quite understand Him, dear," said Mrs. Pierreham, softly.

"But He might understand me," she cried, angrily, "or else not set up to be God."

Here the little girl, tired of her play, or craving notice and petting, crept up, and laid her dimpled fingers on the dark, matted hair.

"Milly," said the poor woman, all her anger changing into passionate tenderness. "Millicent, darling, mother loves you, God does not care; but forever and ever mamma loves you. Remember that."

"And what if I love her?" said Mrs. Pierreham, patting the rosy cheek.

"No good," sighed the mother, wearily. "If God has a mind to keep her, He can; if He has not, you can't. There is no use to fight. I fought and I—failed. But I love you, Millicent. In Heaven or Hell I love you; remember that!"

Her head fell back. The upturned eyes for a moment were full of the pathos of entreaty; then a rapture of wonder, and then came silence, and unconsciousness, and the iron sleep.

So suddenly—indeed, with an almost overpowering suddenness to the startled beholder, but, doubtless, after a long wait-

ing, and a weary and bitter conflict to the sufferer—death overtook life. The eager and indignant soul went up to God with no sign of submission or penitence save that last doubtful look of the wonderful eyes; yet, as Mrs. Pierreham had watched their fading light, and as she saw the delicate features grow placid and sweet in their last repose, she felt not so much awe of Infinite Justice as peace in Infinite Knowledge and faith in Infinite Love. What human wrong and pain had warped this young heart, and repelled it even from Heavenly goodness, she could not tell, but cherished a living hope that Divine pity would yet receive, and reveal, and restore.

The landlady of the miserable garret had little information to give of her lodger.

"She has been here but two weeks, mum, and held her head high and mighty like, and paid her rent like a lady; but indade, mum, 'twas aisy to see she had one foot in the grave, an' 'wos niver a stout lassie, and all she brought with her she sold to keep the weanie one. And niver a soul came to see her, nor she niver went nowheres only for to sell or to buy, the pore craytur!"

Mrs. Smith was the name she gave, but whether real or assumed there was nothing to indicate. On raising her pillow they found beneath it a small book called *Daily Food*, old and well-worn, as if it had been carried in the pocket. On the blank page was written "Millicent. A New Year's gift from her mother." Nor was anything more ever discovered regarding her name, parentage, or history.

The little girl who had at first stood apart from Mrs. Pierreham viewing her shyly, recovered at length sufficient courage to approach and gaze, with one plump hand behind her, and then to circle slowly around, still keeping her eyes fixed on the strange and splendid vision. Even in all these dread surroundings, Mrs. Pierreham could but observe her extraordinary grace and beauty. And when the shadow of death presently threw its chill over the little one, and a long, low wail broke from her, unconscious of the real nature of her loss, but conscious of woe and desolation, Mrs. Pierreham felt her love kindle towards the orphan. What if, instead of reporting her to the city authorities, as she had solely meditated at first, she took her to her own home? She put aside the tangled hair that should have been golden, and curling, and shining; she touched the rosy cheek and dimpled chin,

not pure but delicately rounded and very fair; she looked into the blue eyes, dimmed with tears and pitiful with nameless and uncomprehended grief. It is sad to reflect that the tears of Beauty touch the heart which the tears of Beast leave unmoved, and that the child's loveliness chiefly suggested salvation from a fate which ugliness would only have made more forlorn. But thus it was, and without waiting to consult her husband, moved by sudden impulse, Mrs. Pierreham put the "Daily Food" into her pocket, and took the ragged, dirty child into her own carriage awaiting her not far off, and bore her to her own house.

Col. Pierreham would not be at home till the dinner-hour. With glowing cheeks and nimble fingers Mrs. Pierreham herself took part in washing and dressing the little orphan. The soft skin came out from the bath dainty and fresh and delicate as the petals of a blush-rose. The long, rough hair grew fine and silken and wavy under her supple hands. A complete and beautiful, but strikingly simple, outfit was easily procured from the shops, and Mrs. Pierreham and her maids gazed—she with silent, they with frank, outspoken delight at this new and exquisite creation which seemed to have been evoked before their eyes.

As for the little lady, she bore herself as beseems a lady. There was at times a very touching self-restraint, unnatural in such a baby. It was as if the mother's suffering had impressed its seal of self-control on her offspring. And when the sob could no longer be repressed, and "I want my mamma" burst from the quivering lips, Mrs. Pierreham could only clasp the child in her arms and strive by every tender tone and every fond endearment to fill the little mournful heart with satisfaction for her lost mother and hope for the new day. And the child's own bounding natural spirits and fresh life and few years combined, even with her sad, premature power of resignation, to make the task easy. So presently the tiny creature stood before the pier-glass viewing, probably for the first time, her reflected image, and tried to touch the spotless cambric and the flowing hair she saw, and thought her own reflection was another little girl, and bowed to it with a pretty, piquant, satisfied grace; and when Col. Pierreham came home she was playing on the hearth-rug with big, growling Mack, the Colonel's pet, who had already laid his thunders by in gracious

adoption of, and loyalty to, this lovely Lady Una.

Now it was this very home-coming of Col. Pierreham, which had given somewhat of nervous haste to Mrs. Pierreham's preparations, and sent a little subtle tremor through her blood. For she knew in her heart she was meditating a plan which her husband would not approve, and, being crafty, she was endeavoring to catch him with guile,—with an innocent and natural guile,—where she felt that a straightforward, direct course would have no success. This matter of adopting children had been spoken of between them; and, as often as spoken of, had Col. Pierreham declared that no unknown waif should ever drift into his affections. Col. Pierreham was a good man and true, honest and brave and leal, but missing the last fine touch of courtesy and conciliation and deference, because no wise woman's hand had deftly laid it upon him. He would have been greatly astonished to be told that he failed in aught towards his wife; and, truly, he scarcely failed, save in a certain peremptoriness, seldom visible,—he being a gentleman,—yet always latent, and forming always to his wife's consciousness a motive of action or inaction. And, sometimes,—because it had been bred in him, and not sufficiently trained by a gentle mother, who accepted unquestioning the federal headship of the man be he any man whatever,—sometimes this peremptoriness came out in a certain hard, offensive way, which brought a blush to his wife's cheek, and only did not alienate her because it was overtopped by a thousand good qualities, and chiefly buried out of sight by a real, honest generosity and great-heartedness, which unconsciously healed the wounds unconsciously made. If Mrs. Pierreham had been a little,—a very little,—wiser she would have toned down the objectionable quality into a mere beneficent firmness, resolution, decision. But, not being that little wiser, and being withal pretty wise, she contented herself with living pleasantly all above, around, and about it—just as a brook gurgles and ripples and sprays over the stubborn stone which it cannot quite toss aside, till the gray old rock becomes moss-grown, and cool and fresh for the eye to look on, and hardly knows itself for an obstacle, but softens into a part of the bubbling brook and the flowery bank, and all the gay green world.

So Mrs. Pierreham, having cunningly and cautiously laid her train and lighted her fuse, sat down quietly to watch the result. Col. Pierreham came in with his usual cheery greetings, and, seeing Millicent and Mack on such cordial terms, supposed she was the child of some friend, for the moment out of the room. He was, moreover, very fond of children, and he immediately advanced to her, crying, "Whose little fairy is this?"

"Ask her," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling.

The little fairy started back from this fresh intruder, and stood with her hands folded behind in the old doubtful attitude, and gazed at him with prolonged and curious seriousness. Col. Pierreham was much amused.

"Well, come now, how do I pass muster?" Then she began slowly to revolve around him, surveying him all the while with the closest, silent inspection.

"Let us know when the examination is over," said the Colonel, gravely.

"Ith that," said she, at length, nodding towards an opera-glass, which he held in his hand. "Ith that—*ith that*"—with increasing eagerness, as she brought all her mind to bear on recovering the word—"ITH THAT A MI-CRO-THCOPE?"

The Colonel shouted with delight, caught her up in his arms, and sent her dancing aloft till her curls tumbled over her cheeks, and her eyes grew wide and wild with pleasure. "Come now," said he, as he sat her down again, "tell me what is your ladyship's name."

"Name 'th Meeley Midget, lill Mith Muffet," said the baby, throwing her curls over her forehead. She had not yet got over her frolic, and was in too merry a mood to answer soberly; and, as the Colonel was just then called out, Mrs. Pierreham put the little girl to bed herself, and at dinner told her story to her husband.

Long before the tale ended he perceived its drift, and instinctively put on his defensive armor.

"Pity you had not found the poor woman sooner. Might have saved her life. Might have softened her down, at least. Have you reported the child?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Pierreham.

"No matter, I will do it to-morrow. I will step in before I go to the office. Pretty little creature, and bright as a button. Where on earth did she pick up that

'mi-cro-thcope'? You must keep track of her, and see that she is well placed."

"My dear, it seems a pity to give her up."

"Why, what would you do with her?"

"Save her from coldness and indifference, perhaps abuse, perhaps ruin."

"And how!"

"By keeping her here."

"She is too young to be of any use to you."

"But not too young for me to be of the greatest use to her."

"But you don't think of adopting her?"

"But I do think of just that."

"But you know, my dear, my—"

"Yes, dear, I do know just what you feel on that point, and I respect your feeling, and have never taken any measure against it. But here is a child thrown up at our feet out of the great stormy sea, and to go away and leave it seems to me quite another thing from not going on a cruise to find it."

"I don't want you to leave it, love. You shall care for its housing and clothing and feeding and faring to your heart's content. All I insist on is, that you shall not take a child into your heart and life without knowing anything about its origin or stock. She is a little beauty now, I confess, but she may grow up a little devil. You don't know what blood is in her. Most likely it is bad and low, and will breed moral pestilence in time."

"I really think not," replied Mrs. Pierreham. "Her poor mother, even in those last few moments of her wrecked life impressed me as a woman of superior power and fine instincts. And if you can judge at all by the looks, this child is surely gently born."

"You can't," said the Colonel succinctly, "and if you can't, what then? The mischief is already done."

"What mischief, pray, my dear? You don't mean to tell me you have already appeared before the legislature!"

"No; but here is the child. Good or bad she is born, and is already three years on her way through life—on her way to happiness or misery, to good or evil. If she has good blood, even you would not object to her. If she has bad so much the more she needs every restraining and constraining influence, every motive of love and tenderness to impel her in the right way. We are not responsible for the evil in her, as we should have been if she were

our own, but if we can repress that evil and subordinate it to good, we shall really be adding to the world's sum of virtue."

"You might say the same of any castaway in the streets, and fill your house with them on that principle."

"But this castaway seems especially cast away on us. Bad or good, she will be likely to be far better by living with us than by being left adrift. It is not as if we were standing between her and some other good fortune. It is between her and almost certain ill-fortune."

"And you would adopt her, and pet her, and accept her into your inmost home and heart, with the possibility that she is the child of vice and crime and infamy?"

"My darling, look at it as I do," cried Mrs. Pierreham earnestly. "If God lets innocent, beautiful little children spring from infamy, is it for us to be shocked, not at the crime but at the children? I cannot see why He does it. I should not think He would do it. I should think He would visit the sins of the parents on the parents alone, and not raise up helpless, blameless beings to bear the burden of a guilt not theirs."

"It seems to me you are getting into deep water, my dear, and muddy water too."

"But it is out of this very muddy water that the spotless lilies spring."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it? Bring in an Amendment to the Constitution of the Universe? It is rather late in the day to be sure. The old machine has got a pretty full head of steam on, but perhaps you can put in a new safety-pipe somewhere by taking thought."

"Oh! now you are laughing at me. But here is a child as radiant and stainless as our own child could have been——"

"Superficially, my dear; but blood will tell in the long run."

"Blood——"

"Well, my dear, you need not spurt it at me!" and indeed Mrs. Pierreham's energy was almost explosive. She could not help laughing at it herself.

"But you lay so much stress on blood as if a few of us monopolized all the good and left an inferior quality to circulate among the rest of the world. Why, I don't doubt your family and mine, had both plenty of bad blood if we only knew it."

"Ho! now. Don't let us go back on our ancestors."

"Our ancestors were well enough, I dare

say; but if we could follow out all the ramifications, no doubt we should find great villains and little villains who had lent their blood to our birth. Why is bad blood intrinsically better or less objectionable because it is ours?"

"That is the very reason, because it *is* ours. You don't mean to say that you could not bear with my failings, if I had any, more easily than if they belonged to Dr. Phillips? I reckon that is what we are set in families for. Every chimney consumes its own smoke with tolerable ease, so the general atmosphere is kept habitably clear."

"The child is God's child at any rate," pursued Mrs. Pierreham, who was not to be lightly turned aside from her theme. "That birthright she has never forfeited, and that is broader than all our little distinctions. Oh! my dear, can't you see it as I see it?"

"No, my dear, I cannot,—sorry to say, and begging your pardon. You are a woman of a thousand, and if there was a question of marrying I would marry you right over again, will you, nil you. But as for taking in a child out of the streets, and fathering and mothering it, that I never will consent to. You may bless this child all you will, in the way of instruction and protection, and I am sure I hope she may do you credit. But it must be as your servant, not as your child. You may make as good a dressing-maid or table-girl out of her as you can, but not a daughter. Think you will keep her on that condition?"

"I think I will," said Mrs. Pierreham, thoughtfully.

"You understand, my dear; I am not to be misunderstood on this point. If you retain the girl she is to be a servant, and to be treated as such, now and always. There is to be no reconsideration of the subject. It is not to be open to discussion, or to alteration."

"There would be small use in that," accorded Mrs. Pierreham.

"And you are not to go around with a sad face, and think wicked thoughts against your savage old brute of a husband, who, once in a thousand years, takes the bit between his teeth."

"By no means, my Lord Suzerain," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling. "I am to kiss the hand that smites"—and she was as good as her word.

"I am sure we have been wonderfully

happy these dozen years without children," said the Colonel ruefully, and coming down from his high horse, "and it would be a pretty to-do now to have this nameless little wretch rise up from the gutter to come between us. That would be doing good with a vengeance." Already the honest soul was beginning to feel the pangs of inward remorse, which Mrs. Pierreham observed with inward glee; so she became instantly light-hearted, and certain that everything would come out right in the end—that is, just as she wanted it; and she could very well afford to soothe him out of all anxiety, which, indeed, she would have done, whether she could afford it or not.

Weeks rolled on, and little Millicent grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. She knew as yet nothing of position or blood. She had only a child's varying and infinite grace. She was timid and shy. She was bold and defiant. She was tender and heartless, and artless and sly, and good and naughty; and all the while she was Mrs. Pierreham's little waiting-maid, and, as such, entitled to a place on the ottoman at her feet; and, as a dressing-maid, she combed and brushed her mistress's hair into distressing tangles, using the back and the front of her implements with equal force and fervor. And "the dressing-maid" was abbreviated into "little maid," which Mrs. Pierreham often prefixed with the pronoun "my," till the words became a caress, and "my little maid" tripped through the stately rooms as airy and dainty as ever a little maid tripped down the stately measures of an old English rhyme.

As for the colonel, he was sore beset and knew it not. He could no more hold out against this prattling, unconscious, all-powerful fascination, this hovering, fluttering, vanishing humming-bird with a human soul foreshadowing fate, than a snow-bank can hold out against the ever withdrawing but ever returning sunshine of the sweet, solicitous May. This little creature flew in the face of his prejudice, so utterly ignorant of his prejudice; she poured upon him with pitiless vigor all her infantile charms; she was so willful and wayward, she flaunted before him ridiculous little grown-up graces, she reeled off interminable threads of stories, absurd and grotesque combinations of memory and fancy, enforcing her points with shaking curls and solemn eyes, and dimpled, up-

lifted fingers; she hid away his handkerchief with such candid cunning, and brought him his best coat with such loving haste, though dragging it across the floor by the tail, that, even if the Colonel had been a hard-hearted, sour-spoken man, he could but have softened to the small woman who bore him no resentment for his rejection of her, but filled the menial position to which he had doomed her as cheerfully and as spiritedly—and as winsomely, let us add,—as she could have filled his daughter's place had she been that exalted and beloved daughter. But Colonel Pierreham was not a hard-hearted man. He was, on the contrary, a very soft-hearted man, and this blessed damozel kept poking her impertinent, dauntless fingers through the casing of pride and prejudice wherewithal he had tried to envelop his heart, and riddled his armor in all directions. The little maid amused him, entertained him, interested him, charmed him. He played with her, he brought home toys for her, he watched for her watching face at the window on his return; he taught her little tricks, and told her funny stories, and thought he was all right because he never took her in his arms and kissed her. Yes, there was where the foolish, fond old soldier drew the line between service and adoption. In the beginning he had borne himself high and mightily. Gradually won over by the child's irresistible attractions, and disarmed of anxiety and apprehension by his wife's ready and pleasant acquiescence in his wishes, he had imperceptibly lapsed to the enemy, but kept faith with himself by not giving this one special sign of surrender. He imagined he was true to his principles, and that he was bearing testimony against alien blood, because when this little alien went to bed she gave her good-night kiss to Mrs. Pierreham alone. The Colonel only said, "Good night, little Millicent," and threw the warmth of a thousand kisses into his tender modulations, and little Millicent never having known a father's kiss, missed nothing, knew no void in her happy life, suspected no defect in the quality of the Colonel's love, but went her merry way without a pang, without a misgiving. But the Colonel missed something. He would have given worlds had the radiant little fairy been his own daughter. That was the way it appeared to him—the way he put it to himself and to Mrs. Pierreham; but as time went on, this harmless hypothesis sometimes sank into the

back-ground, and he found himself more than once fairly longing to snatch the little creature and smother her with caresses. But there she was, a menial, his wife's servant, an alien from the commonwealth of his Israel, a child from the streets, and the poor colonel sighed and went back to wishing she had been his own little daughter that never came to him. To such straits are men reduced when left to the devices and desires of their own hearts.

In the winter following little Milly's arrival, the wife of a brother of Colonel Pierreham died, leaving a daughter about Millicent's age. Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham simultaneously and immediately conceived the idea of taking this little girl for their own. Here was a child who would fulfill all the conditions—a child in need of a home and a mother, yet of ascertained and respectable parentage. Mrs. Pierreham was doubtful of the effect on Millicent's fate, but was determined to do what seemed wise and kind, and not to trouble herself about the consequences. To their most earnest entreaties the father could not bring himself to consent. He would not relinquish his child permanently, but, fully acknowledging the wisdom of their plan, he yielded her to their care during her childhood, and she became at once the friend and companion of Millicent. Then, indeed, the staid old house could hardly know itself for fun and frolic. The two children were inseparable. Millicent was leader, not only by virtue of priority of possession, but by her stronger will, and her greater fertility of resources; but little Louise was gentle, and content to follow and adore; and every hidden recess of the great house, and every nook in the garden was alight and alive with their pattering feet, and their chattering tongues, and their merry, musical laughter.

Mrs. Pierreham made no difference in her treatment of these orphans. Their dress, their rooms, their attendance, their toys were entirely alike, and, in the advent of Louise, Millicent could find no violent contrast to her own condition. But Colonel Pierreham was put to a cruel test. Through the day he scarcely saw the children, but at night they were combed, and curled, and frocked, and sashed with especial view to his enjoying eyes, and their games with Mack, and their general play were carried on in his study, and often with him for a most submissive and engaging partner. At eight o'clock promptly,

—for the Colonel was a martinet in discipline,—the nurse appeared at the door, and beckoned them to bed. And then Millicent and Louise hung about Mrs. Pierreham's neck with vigorous and rival huggings and kissings, to the great displacement of her laces and ribbons, and the imminent danger of her elaborate hair-architecture. And then Louise, as her manner had been at home, made direct for the masculine arms, and was received therein with great unction. But little Millicent went to bed with only "good night Little Millicent," sounding softly in her ears.

By what subtle magnetism I know not, but into the soul of this bright little tricky Undine there came a shadow. Perhaps I ought rather to say, through the shadow she found her soul. Saucy, and sprightly, and resolute as she had been in love and mischief, and daring in the full assurance of faith, she made no attempt, no movement even, to share in the Colonel's manifestations to Louise. She had always showed great love for him, and delight in him, and no suspicion of any slight in her failure of his good-night kiss. But that such a thing was possible from him seemed a new revelation to her. She stood apart, and surveyed the scene with sober, silent attention. Mrs. Pierreham thought she would have immediately rushed up and claimed a similar enactment with frolicsome pertinacity and clamor. Indeed, she had hoped it, and, perhaps, it is not too much to say, planned for it. Thus, she inferred, the last barrier would be broken, and the Colonel's prejudice, having nothing left to feed on, would vanish into thin air. But so far from disdaining his oversight, and compelling his obeisance with childish directness and persistence, she seemed at first amazed, and then sobered, and stood apart, and gave no sign of what was passing in her silent soul. But that she took intent and serious notice, both Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham were aware, and that she pondered deeply in her ignorant, affectionate heart they were convinced.

And this made the Colonel wretched. It was not only that he was truly fond of the gracious little damsel, but all his soldierly sense of justice was aroused, all his strong man's instinct to befriend the forlorn, and protect the weak, and equalize the unequal. So far from finding in Louise a substitute for Millicent, his soul was all up in arms to prevent himself from doing injustice to Millicent. He felt himself to be a great,

clumsy, partial power, enriching the already rich, and despoiling the poor. On Louise already hedged about with love, he lavished love, and Millicent, orphaned, desolate, even nameless, he thrust from him. And he did it before her own eyes, and in a way that impressed itself deeply upon her infantine consciousness. Why, of course, he did, he said to himself. There must always be such distinction. Maid and mistress were not to be on a level. She was no worse off than thousands of her class. *Worse off?* Was she not infinitely better off? It was a remarkable streak of luck that had brought her to their door, and, in short, they were acting the philanthropic benefactors to the utmost extent; and so the doughty Colonel betook himself to his newspaper, and home-talk, and the opera, glad that that question was permanently settled, and satisfactorily and exultantly settled.

And the next night he was just as uncomfortable as ever, and had to settle it all over again. But no one had blamed him, or suggested anything, or complained of aught. It was only that a little sturdy figure stood aloof and mute, as if appalled at this token of things to be, and a great, strong, mighty man-of-war was trying to hold his own against her. His head was bent on carving her fate one way, and his heart was equally bent on molding it another way. So his soul was disquieted.

And all the while he did not know what ailed him. How complicate, how wonderful is man! Only, when the children were brought in sometimes after dinner, it was curious to note how careful he was to give the one as many tidbits as the other, and never failed he to secure Millicent her proper turns in the swing, but meted out exact and equal justice. Vain struggles.

So it fell on Christmas eve. The cold and stormy night, the bitter, blinding snow made his warm, bright home look doubly warm and bright, as he beat along the sidewalk, and mounted the slippery steps. Never from house of his, even on Christmas eve, had rung such shouts and peals of laughter as now greeted his happy ears; for this man-child, unable to wait the perfect dawn of Christmas, had sent before him a foretaste of its delights in two tiny, dainty kittens, which had been brought into the library and were now disporting themselves with the tiny, dainty maidens. Mack had two minds on the subject, and growled, and snuffed, and snapped, and walked away

scornfully, and stretched himself on the hearth-rug, and the kittens crept up the babies' shoulders, and curled up under the sofas, and the babies curled up after them, and made them ride on Mack's surly shoulders; and there was much bobbing of strings, and leaping of kittens in violent, determined, and unsuccessful somersaults, and such wild shrieks of delight, that the Colonel laid down his newspaper, and Mrs. Pierreham left the piano to laugh at the capers and carols of the quintette. Their joyous excitement was at its highest when the door opened and the inevitable nurse appeared. The little girls rushed to Mrs. Pierreham with a bounding and buoyant good-night, a little more prolonged than usual, as nurse had disappeared for a moment with the kittens, and then Louise rushed with equal vehemence to her uncle, who dropped his paper and, taking her in his arms, left many a kiss on her glowing cheeks before she struggled playfully away from him. He was just resuming his newspaper with his usual "good-night, little Millicent," when he glanced at her half askant and was struck by the sudden contrast to her late merry mood. She stood in the very attitude of sorrow, her chin quivering, her blue eyes filled with tears. Then, as if her little heart were breaking and could bear no more, that low, mournful, inarticulate wail burst from her hitherto sealed lips.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Colonel, starting headlong from his chair. He caught up the little creature, he crushed her to his breast, he kissed every curve and dimple of her sad face into smiles, and as her fair, floating hair fell over his bronzed face, and he felt about his neck the clinging of her tender, helpless arms, a new soul was suddenly born within him, and he felt,—"Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

But he was not exactly what we call an "active Christian." He was only a modest and, religiously, you might almost say, a shame-faced man, and thus, as the happy little pair danced out of the room he did not frame his sentiments into so pious a phrase as might be desired, but took up his newspaper and fumbled first in one pocket, and then in another, and then snapped out crossly, "where the deuce is my handkerchief?" whereat Mrs. Pierreham—so to speak—snickered, but immediately crossed over and gave him hers, and nearly suffocated him into the bargain; and though the Colonel muttered some-

thing about being fooled by a lot of women, and felt that he had made a fool of himself, as indeed he had, though he was a little in error as to the time, he knew in his heart he was the happiest colonel in the whole United States Army.

I met him last summer at Newport, and as we were seated on the veranda of the Ocean House, he introduced me to his wife. I was charmed with her quiet, agreeable manners, her sensible, sprightly talk, and especially with a certain invisible, intangible under-current of sympathy between herself and her husband, something not in the least demonstrative or definite, but altogether spiritual and spontaneous.

As we sat pleasantly chatting of all things in heaven and earth, a little girl skipped

along the hall and ran up to Colonel Pierreham. She was a bewildering little beauty all air, and fire, and bloom, and swift splendor, and glancing grace, and if she had not been born of the sunset and starlight, the sparkle of seas, and the whiteness of white lilies, she would have been about eight years old.

"Let me present you to my daughter Millicent," said Colonel Pierreham. "Our only child, sir," added that pompous old warrior, and visibly swelled and strutted, as if the child were his own especial discovery fore-ordained from the foundation of the world, and not thrust upon him with deft, unseen persistence, he all the while valiantly but vainly kicking against the pricks!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Why Not?

IN a little book, by Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke, of Boston, just issued by Lee and Shepard, we find the sentiment of Christian unity, so popular during the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance—so frequently expressed, and so cordially responded to by those in attendance—supplemented by a practical proposition which demands from the Christian public a candid consideration. Dr. Clarke declares the existence of sects to be a reproach and not a commendation of Christianity—that "it was not so in the beginning, will not be so in the end, and ought not to be so now." Then, after disposing of the usual apologies made for the creation and preservation of sects, he declares that Christ founded a church, and not a sect, and that the unity for which He prayed was an open and organic one, as well as a spiritual one—that the world might know that the Father had sent Him.

The larger part of Dr. Clarke's book is devoted to an effort to show how all sects may resolve themselves into one,—or, rather, how all the sects may become one church,—at least, all those who accept the Bible as the authentic and authoritative Word of God. We should mar his work by undertaking to condense it; so we leave our readers to examine it in detail in the book itself, while we allude to the obstacles that stand in the way of the consummation so devoutly to be desired.

Christianity itself is not responsible for one of these obstacles. They exist entirely in the minds of men. As we have declared elsewhere, and often, the simple facts that the different evangelical sects recognize each other as Christians, and rejoice in unity of spirit, make every possible apology for sec-

tarianism an absurdity. They are an open confession that nothing essential to Christianity divides them, and keeps them divided,—an open confession that sectarian divisions are based upon non-essential differences of belief, policy, and practice. The day is past for defending sectarianism from the divine or Christian side of the question. Christianity will have nothing to do with such a defense. The founder of our religion never founded a sect, and the religion itself is not responsible for one that exists. So far as the church exists it is spiritually a unit in the eye of Him who founded it. That it is divided into parties which compete with one another, and quarrel with one another, and regard one another with jealousy, and are full of party spirit, is man's affair entirely, for which he is to be held responsible, and for which he is most indubitably blameworthy.

The grand obstacles that stand in the way of organic union are, first, a failure to appreciate the necessity and desirableness of such a union, and second, the established sectarian organizations and interests. Now in our political affairs we accept the adage: "In union there is strength," as our axiom. No one thinks of questioning it. A number of free and independent States could gather, as the Evangelical Alliance did, in a representative assembly, on a common basis of love of, and devotion to, liberty. The members could be one in spirit, and every time they spoke of liberty they would meet the applause of the multitude. Yet, when these members should separate, each would go to his own, and exercise his liberty in building up his own, even at the expense of his neighbor. The fact that all believe in liberty forms no practical union. A union which lives alone on a sympathy of this sort

would not make a nation, and would not be considered of any practical value among the nations of the world. The fact that all these States are founded on the principle of liberty, and that all can sympathize in the love, and praise, and enjoyment of liberty, does not save them from selfishness and jealousy, and competition and quarrel; while against a common foe they present no united front, and no concentration of united power. The analogy between the position of such States and the Protestant Christian sects, in the aspect in which we present them, is perfect. The fact that these sects have a common basis of sympathy, in that love of the Master on which they are founded, does not make them an organic Christian church, in any open, appreciable, practical sense. It does not restrain them from controversies, quarrels, and competitions, or the outlay of that power upon and against each other which ought to be united, and brought to bear upon the common enemy. All sectarian and party spirit in the church is of the earth, earthy; and is not only contemptible as a matter of policy, but criminal as a matter of principle. When all Christians become able to see it in this light,—and they are thus regarding it more and more,—the first grand obstacle to the obliteration of sects, and the organic union of the church, will have been removed.

The established sectarian organizations and interests will prove, we suppose, the most serious obstacles in the way of reform. The absolute abolition of all sectarian machinery, of all sectarian schools of theology, of all sectarian newspapers and magazines, the amalgamation of diverse habits and policies, the remanding of sectarian officials into the Christian ranks,—officials many of whom have found their only possibility of prominence through their adaptation to sectarian service,—all this will involve a revolution so radical, will call for so much self-denial for the sake of a great, common cause, that the Christian world may well tremble before it, particularly when it sees in these obstacles something of the horrible pit of selfishness into which sectarianism has plunged it. But this revolution can be effected, and it must be. It is foolish to say that the world is not ready for it. The laity are already far in advance of the clergy on this subject; and if the clergy, who are their recognized leaders, do not move soon in the right direction,—soon and heartily,—they will find a clamor about their ears which it will be well for them to heed. Through whatever necessary convulsions, Protestant church unity will come. Men who have come to see that they are kept apart by no difference that touches vital Christianity, will not consent to remain divided.

A free, enlightened, united, Protestant Christianity, arrayed against the repressive despotism, and the corrupting superstition of the Church of Rome, and against an unbelieving world,—now puzzled and repelled by the differences among Christians,—would be the grandest sight the world ever saw; and men may as well stop praying for the millennium until

they are ready to pray for that which must precede it. This first, and then purified, reformed, and enlightened Rome; and, then, the grand and crowning union of all!

The American Restaurant.

THE typical American restaurant is an establishment quite as well individualized, and quite as characteristic, as anything of the kind to be found in the world. The French *café*, the German beer-garden, and the English chop-house, all have their characteristic habits, appearance, and manners; but the American restaurant is like neither of them. It can only be conducted by an American, and, we regret to say, it can only be frequented and enjoyed by Americans of the second and lower grades. The aim of the conductor seems to be to sell the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time—an aim which the guests invariably second, by eating as rapidly as possible. We have seen, in a Broadway restaurant, a table surrounded by men, all eating their dinners with their hats on, while genuine ladies, elegantly dressed, occupied the next table, within three feet of them. In this restaurant there was as much din in the ordering of dishes and the clash of plates and knives and forks, as if a brass band had been in full blast. Every dish was placed before the guests with a bang. The noise, the bustle, the hurry, in such a place, at dinner time, can only be compared to that which occurs when the animals are fed in Barnum's caravan. We do not exaggerate at all when we say that the American restaurant is the worst-mannered place ever visited by decent people. No decent American ever goes into one when he can help it, and comparatively few decent people know how very indecent it is.

Our best hotels have no equals in the world, and, in asserting this, we know what we say, and "speak by the card." Our best restaurants are mainly kept by foreigners, or, if not, are modeled upon the French type. Nowhere in the world can there be found better cooking, more quiet and leisurely manners, or better service, than in the restaurants of the hotels above alluded to, or the best class of eating-houses. These, however, are direct or indirect importations; while the American restaurant, pure and proper, serves the needs of the great multitude of business men—clerks, porters, and upper-class laborers generally. These do not eat—they feed. Thousands of them would regard it as an affectation of gentility to remove their hats while feeding; and they sit down, order their dinner, which,—pudding, pastry, vegetables, and meat,—is all placed before them in one batch, and then "pitch in." The lack of courtesy, of dignity, of ordinary tokens even of self-respect, would be amusing if it were not so humiliating.

It is useless for the incredulous American to ask the question, "where have you been?" When

in a second-rate restaurant a guest asks for fish-balls and hears his order repeated to the cook by the colored waiter as "sleeve-buttons for one!" and hears his neighbor's order for pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder, indeed, whether "civilization" is not "a failure," and whether "the Caucasian" is not "played out." The average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or the woman who receives his money—nothing but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must find a doctor and a stomach-pump, or die. A favorite method of devouring oysters is to stand, or to sit on a high stool, always with the hat on; oysters on the half-shell and the eater under a half-shell. There may be something in the position that favors deglutition, we don't know.

The penalty a man pays for getting his lunch or his dinner at a reasonable price is to encounter the offensive scenes we have described. The penalty he pays for eating where he finds the manners of civilization is an unreasonable price. When a man pays half a dollar for a bit of cold meat, or seventy-five cents for a steak, or a quarter of a dollar for a couple of boiled eggs, he recalls sorrowfully and wonderingly,—if he has ever traveled,—the nice little breakfasts he used to get at Madame Dijon's in Paris for two francs, his dinners in the *Palais Royal* for three, his daily board, with rooms, at the *Pension Picard*, in Geneva, for five, and his luxurious apartments with an elaborate *table d'hôte* at all the principal hotels of the Continent for ten. Is there any necessity for such prices as we are obliged to pay at the best restaurants—or any apology for them? Any man who keeps house, and does his own marketing, knows the first cost of the expensive dishes placed before him in these restaurants, and he knows there is no just relation between the cost and the price charged, after all allowance has been made for cooking, service, rent, &c.

Sometime or other there will be a change, we suppose. When the times of inflation are gone by, when on one side men will content themselves with reasonable profits, and on the other, money comes harder and slower, we shall have a reform of prices in the better class of eating-houses. Our expectations in regard to the second-rate places are more indefinite. It takes several generations to train a people to ideas of refinement and good manners at the table. The average German has nothing to boast of yet in this respect, and we can only hope that the American, with his greater sensitiveness and quicker instincts, will reach the desired point before him.

Literature for Boys.

THE American boy is very fond of gunpowder. There is a touch of the savage in him at his best estate. He likes to handle dangerous weapons, to make a noise, to read and hear stories of savage beasts and savage men, of bloody encounters and feats of daring and devilry. Nothing distinguishes the boy-mind from the girl-mind more definitely than its delight in the shocking details of violence. There is a good side to this; but the writers are few who see and consult it always in their narratives and writings. An act of physical courage, a gallant demonstration of prowess, an exhibition of free life out of doors, the brave meeting and conquest of difficulties on flood or field—all these may make a healthy appeal to the budding instincts of manliness in a boy. Beyond these lie the dangers in which current boy-literature is so sadly fertile. Of boys' books there are many that never could have been written by men of conscience; and there are periodicals, prepared exclusively for boys, which it is a shame to write, a sin to publish and sell, and a curse to read. Comparatively few of our people know what base, criminal, dirty things are prepared by tens of thousands for American boys, and scattered and sold all over the land.

There lies before us now, an American edition of an English periodical, entitled: *The Boys of England and America, a Young Gentleman's Journal of Sport, Sensation, Fun and Instruction*. The first page bears a picture of a horse and man prone on the ground, and other men on horses, one of whom has fired a pistol. The title of the bloody scene is: "By Jove!" cried Jack, "I've hit the brigand!" We open the book further on, and find a story, entitled "The Three Runaways, or the adventures of Tom, Dick and Bob," and in a startling picture, "There lay Richard Atherton in a state of unconsciousness." "Jack Harkaway among the Brigands" points a pistol at the breast of a distinguished looking person, and discharges it, in another picture. "Rob Rodney, a story of School and the Sea," is illustrated by a picture of a lad hitting his master in the face with an inkstand, and we are informed in the opening paragraph of the story, that "for a scapegrace some considerable talent is necessary. A dunce may be a blackguard or a villain, but could never attain that singular mixture of good spirit, good humor, bad behavior, good looks, and bad habits, good fortune, and great impudence, which go to make up that anomalous character." In the next picture we open to: "The bodies of the ruffians were stretched on the floor." A story entitled, "The Devil's Dice," shows that gentleman in a heavy overcoat, which does not entirely cover his tail, saying: "Here is the paper; read it, and sign!"

This brief glance at some of the contents sufficiently betrays the quality and *animus* of a magazine which is published by Edwin J. Brett of London, is distributed in this country by an advertised general

agency, and sold by "all booksellers." To say that this periodical in its influence upon the boys of the country, and that all other periodicals, modeled upon it, or managed with the same spirit, are a moral nuisance, is to call them by the mildest name which the facts justify. Their only influence must be to excite a craving for bloody scenes, to nourish the instincts of the savage and the bully, to breed contempt for authority, and to make that seem admirable and worthy of imitation which is most reprehensible and most heartily to be shunned. It is sad trash all. In a Christian community, it ought never to find a man willing to sell it.

There is much that is excellent in the literature prepared for American children. There is much of parental culture and Sunday school instruction; and the good people of the country are doing a great deal to train up a generation of virtuous men and women, but the brutalizing and debasing power of periodicals like the one under special notice, nullifies a large amount of the good work done. They are passed from hand to hand, and are either openly or covertly read by hundreds of thousands of American boys, who, in future disorderly behavior and crime, will certainly profit by the lessons which they teach.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is something demoralizing about New Year's. Not at all that demoralization is the main outcome of the institution; but a man must be strong in the faith to withstand the effect upon his moral system of the knowledge that New Year's brings even to the best of us. For it is at this season of the year that a man, so to speak, takes stock of himself. He takes his good resolutions, his good deeds, his bad impulses and actions, his mixed motives—in fact, his whole moral belongings and accomplishments, down from the shelves, dusts them, looks them over, and enters them in his books. There may be profit, growth, advance; but there is apt to be a melancholy side to the fairest showing.

For suppose that, on the whole, we have reason to be encouraged by the condition of affairs revealed—there are few of us who do not find with each New Year's an increased sense of limitation. For we are creatures of inheritance, and of habit; the spirit may be willing, but O, how weak the flesh!

It is not merely that we are too apt to fail in the spiritual, with all our striving; but strange barriers loom along the intellectual horizon. As we grow older, the very element of Time, which in our youth seems such a vague, shadowy enemy—if not a friend of infinite largesse—comes bearing down upon us, mighty, resistless—an army with banners.

There are so many things that for so many years I have been hoping to do before each succeeding New Year's Day. The contemplated crusades of boyhood even yet haunt me as things destined to fortunate occurrence. Surely the summer day is yet to come when I shall take up my adventurous march on the Crosswicks turnpike; the same night pitch my rag-carpet tent in the mysterious Pines; sleep to the entrancing music of the hyena and the jackal, and sally forth the next day to slay a white Polar bear with my ivory paper-cutter.

Shall I confess how often, since last New Year's, I have stood looking over the railing of the ferry-boat, and imagined that at last the Moment had come: the Child had fallen into the water; I had

handed my coat to the benevolent gentleman with a Quaker hat and blue spectacles, my gold watch to a celebrated stock-gambler—who is so much impressed by the generous confidence, and the general sublimity of the scene, that he is a reformed man from that moment)—and am only hesitating whether to place my pocket-book in the keeping of the pretty factory-girl with a pink parasol, or in that of the clerical-looking gentleman, who may turn out to be a pickpocket in disguise,—before taking the final, heroic plunge.

I was quite certain I would have a Christmas story ready by this time! For, bless you, I had found my plot at last; or, at least, my theme. There was to be a woman in white, with a child in her arms, standing on the steps of Dr. H.'s church, across the street; a kind of an apparition you know,—although, of course, the explanation would be very simple, and would only need to be hinted at in the last paragraph in order to make it perfectly satisfactory, without destroying the weird, supernatural effect. You see the way I came upon the illusion was this—No! I'll have that done by next Christmas. I'll have that done, or something better! For, after all, let me give you a bit of optimism, after having shown the gloomy side of the picture: The New Years have helped me to this belief, that a man is very apt to get, in some form or other—a man is very apt to accomplish, in this way or that,—the honest thing he honestly and earnestly desires to win and accomplish. But the story may not be a story, remember, or else no story of mine—perhaps only a good deed, such as giving the plot to Saxe Holm.

THE New Year's thought and the Christmas thought are very near together. When that thrice blessed day is named, let him be accursed who is not of good cheer. So hear the optimist again: Although in this Year of Grace, when to serve God and believe in Christ, according to this D.D., is to be

an unbeliever and a scoffer, according to that D.D.; when to follow out the plain injunction of the Master, in the matter of the Brotherhood, is to be subject to discipline by those who think they are the only exponents of His teachings; in this Year of Grace, when the sermon on the Mount is explained away, and the Christian is laughed to scorn who carries its authority beyond the precincts of the sanctuary—in this very Year of Grace the true Christmas toward which the world is agonizing through doubt, delusion, and all that is weak and hampering, persevering and noble in humanity—the second, true, full Christmas Day dawns more distinctly, more gloriously than ever before, since the morning when the Child was born in Bethlehem of Judea.

I.

HERE stays the house, here stay the self-same places,
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods,—
There the pine-grove, there the river-floods,
And there the threading brook that interlaces

Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.
The melancholy nightly chorus came
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air
The ancient lonelines; nearer, fonder,
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches bare
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.

II.

And we the only living only pass;
We come and go, whither and whence we know not:
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!
New lives as kindly as the old,—there show not
Among the haunts that each had thought his own
Such changes parting brings to human faces—
The black-heart there, that heard my first faint moan,
And soon shall hear my last, like all these places
I love so well, lives loveless on from child
To child; from shadowy joy to cheerful sorrow:
All one the generations gone, and new;
All one bright yesterday and dark to-morrow:
To the old tree's insensate sympathy
All one the morning and the evening dew—
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Word for the Poor.

THE winter will be a hard one. Work will be scarce and money scarcer. Already the great manufacturing firms have discharged many of their hands, and those who have not dismissed *employes* have reduced wages so low that the effect of the two is not very different. To beg, to steal, or to starve seems the only solution to the problem of life for these enforced idlers. When there is scantiness of work, there is inevitably plenitude of crime. It is stated that twenty thousand men and women, dependent on their daily earnings for support, were out of employment last winter in New York; and it is feared that the number this season may be doubled. Many of these must wander into the country in search of the labor they cannot find in town. When they ask at your doors for work, try to find something for them, if it be only for a few hours. Trust them, even if their appearance be uncanny. Give them work, and pay them for it. Money that comes without labor is generally the least charitable of gifts. To live upon pecuniary aid that has had no equivalent, is to lose self-respect, and to lose self-respect is to lose the balance-wheel of a healthy organization.

Engage all the help this winter you can possibly afford. Have your sewing done, not by expensive modistes, but by the poor women who stitch by the day or job. Hire the chore-woman for an extra cleaning, now and then. Let the washer-woman's boy do the errands you have been in the habit of doing yourself. Compensate them for self-respecting toil, instead of making them the recipients of a

mortifying charity. Do not save pennies, and call it economy, by performing the task which, by the law of mutual help, belongs to others. It is keeping from them that which is their right. Refrain from buying luxuries, if you will, but do not take from the needy, through a mistaken idea of thrift.

Furs.

THE topic of furs is certainly seasonable any time between November and March. Mooted as is the question of their healthfulness, their comfort is so great that in our changeable climate they have become necessities. The most desirable are always Russian and Hudson's Bay sable; but they are more costly than the majority can afford: the former ranging between \$30 and \$1,000 for a set of muff and boa, and the latter from \$50 to \$250. Mink, which for some years has dropped into disfavor, reappears this winter, darker and handsomer than before, and very much admired. It is one of the most useful of skins, being durable as well as beautiful, and adapted to all styles of dress. In sets it costs from \$20 to \$125; and the rates are moderate, considering its intrinsic worth. Mink sacques, cut in the pretty new styles, slightly shaped to the figure in the back, are valued from \$300 to as many hundreds as the buyer can afford. Luxurious as fur sacques may be, they are doubtful acquisitions, since they are not always suitable, and the danger of taking cold by changing to thinner wrappings is very great.

Next to mink in price, and before it in fashion, comes sealskin. When this soft, brown fur made its appearance, a few years ago, nobody imagined

that popular taste would abandon old favorites in its behalf. But it is very difficult to predict anything of the popular taste; and sealskin is now so firmly established that it is named as the most fashionable fur. In *sacques*, it ranges between \$65 and \$500, but those between \$200 and \$300 are most widely sold. As sealskin is always dyed, and as the dye sometimes injures the pelt, making it tender and liable to pull apart, it is wise to buy of a well established dealer, whose judgment can be fully trusted. Seal coats are not so long as coats in other furs; but as they never pass twice round the neck, their yard and a half is quite equal to two yards of something else. Sets of seal are from \$20 to \$75; singly the muffs cost a little more than half the price of a set, and the coats a little less; though this is true of other furs. Seal caps, unhealthy as they are becoming, may be had for from \$5 to \$20.

Black furs, recently grown into vogue, are stylish as well as cheap. Astrachan, which led them, has passed entirely out. So low does it rank in fashion that a whole *sacque* may be obtained for \$30; while \$15 will get as nice a set as need be. Black marten, sometimes known as Alaska sable, is very desirable, and certainly economical, as it is but \$12 to \$40 a set. The hair is rather short, yet soft and close withal; and the disagreeable odor, once clinging to this skin, is wholly removed by an improved process of curing. Lynx is, perhaps, the most attractive of the black pelts, its long hair seeming like flossy silk; but it is dyed, and the dye is never so thoroughly absorbed as not to rub off, crocking clothes and flesh. The best furriers frankly tell this, and do not recommend the purchase of an article whose beauty and reasonableness (only \$20 to \$40 is asked) would otherwise be tempting.

Among dress furs are silver fox, chinchilla, and blue fox; ermine and grebe not competing for favor this year. Silver fox has a long, fine, fringe-like hair, black-brown in color, seemingly tipped with hoar-frost. Its delicacy amounts to frailness, and it is difficult to make a set last two seasons. Therefore, the range of \$50 to \$250 renders a set very expensive. Furs should wear half a dozen years, and for persons of ordinary means to pay so much for what will not endure more than two winters' careful use, is almost a pure waste of money.

Chinchilla, exceedingly handsome in its tender neutral tinting, has the faults of silver fox, and though obtainable at from \$12 to \$75, it is so fragile as to be considered of the costliest. Blue fox is like its relative silver fox in quality, and in color closely resembles the old stone marten. Its value is that of the fine grades of Chinchilla. These three pelts are widely employed for trimming velvet cloaks, and by the yard bring from \$5 to \$15. They seem especially adapted to this purpose; but are not nearly so economical as mink, for which the original outlay is less, and the capacity for continuous wear ten times as great.

Fur robes are almost indispensable to people for-

tunate enough to own carriages and sleighs. White bear, black bear, white fox, gray fox, prairie wolf, Hudson's Bay wolf, beaver, silver bear, and many more are all made into these warm coverings. Their money value is from \$12 to \$500; but their comfort is inestimable. Foot muffs in similar skins, lined with fur, are extremely desirable; and at from \$3.50 to \$12, they are very nice holiday gifts to country friends.

Book Clubs.

As there will not be any surplus money for most of us to spend for books this winter, it is a matter of consequence to invest the little we have in the most judicious manner. In such straits as these no investment with which we are acquainted pays so large an intellectual dividend as a Book Club. Three dollars a year is very little to pay for one's intellectual nourishment; by itself it will not secure even a good magazine; but if forty persons will give as much for their united pleasure, it will be enough to furnish as much reading matter for the same number of persons as is easily digested in a season.

A Book Club is the simplest of societies to manage; it will, in fact, almost manage itself. When the Club is formed, a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer,—generally united in one,—and a committee of buyers are chosen. The secretary really does the business, the other officers being mainly nominal; he receives the books, has them neatly covered with paper, marks the length of time each person may keep the volumes, delivers them to the member entitled to the earliest perusal, and takes charge of them again when the round of the Club has been made. For convenience's sake, it is well to have pasted inside the cover of each book a printed slip containing the names of the members in the order of their dwellings. This shows each to whom to hand the work when his time is out. Opposite the names should be two spaces—one for the date of the receipt of the volume, the other for the date of passing it on. This indicates, of course, if it be retained over the proper period; and when such is the case, it is usual to fine the delinquent two or three cents a day for the detention. A rule of this kind, however, should be fixed by a vote of the whole society, and not be optional with any officer.

In the selection of material, periodical literature should not be overlooked. The leading American literary magazines are indispensable; to these should be added a scientific periodical,—good but not too abstruse,—the best juveniles, and two or three of the standard English reviews—or better, one of those admirable American publications which give us the pith of British periodical literature. In choosing the books, nice judgment and care must be exercised. Those of a purely ephemeral quality it is well to avoid, and yet works cannot be selected as if for a private library. The very best selection will always include a few

of the best novels of the year, two or three volumes of clever essays, and occasionally a readable biography; and the rest should be in accordance with the general taste of the Club. Members should feel free to suggest the purchase of any particular work, and, if such work is deemed of sufficient interest, the request should be granted by the buying committee.

The books ought to be started on the circuit by different persons, that all may have equal chances, for some first perusal. At the end of the year, when all the volumes have been read, a capital custom is to hold a private auction, and sell them at low rates to the members, thus permanently disposing of the books, and obtaining a small surplus fund for another year.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Oldport Days."*

WHAT was once Newport is now really Oldport. Though Mr. Higginson gives its picture a flattering touch in calling it the only place in New England where ivy or traditions will grow,—for there are regions along the southward-looking and historic shore of Connecticut where both flourish quite as greenly,—yet it is one of the few American towns that lead backward steps from the present to the past through easy and picturesque paths. It invites romantic fancies by something more than common shapes and trivial events that time has mellowed. There is the still life of its decayed commerce, which once made it familiar with a larger world. There are interiors where signs of French courtliness linger. The sunlight, bright as two centuries ago, and the unceasing roll of waves have not effaced the ancient stain of a cruel wrong. No one of these influences, slowly molding the aspects of the place, and subtly shaping the character of its residents, escapes our author. His first two essays, "Oldport in Winter," and "Oldport Wharves," are full of color and mood. Their close, careful descriptions of nature shimmer with a fancy that sometimes melts into the fantastic, and their nice play of change in air, and light, and water, seems to shadow the delicate differences traced between the people, and the ways of the old time and those of the new. The newest time, with its bright swarm of summer accidents, adds nothing real to what is Oldport's own. Only in noting it the author, unfortunately, turns aside to fall into the old rut, and exalt Boston and Philadelphia lineage above New York glitter. Just the same right to coats of arms, whatever that may be worth, just the same possession of all that is supposed to follow upon it, exists in all the three cities, in one no more than in the others. New York has the ostentation of new wealth besides; but real New York does not honor that any more than her sisters do. They will understand this in half a century, when all three have grown alike.

The finest part of the substance of these essays, however, is not wasted upon the traces of the past that still live in Oldport. For any habitation of

men set in beautiful surroundings of nature its inheritance from the dead world is of less worth than its communion with the living one. Peculiarities derived from stock and descent afford a narrow theme, soon exhausted. They serve our author only as suggestions for relations to a larger family, and a wider home. He strays naturally into what George Eliot describes as "the tempting range of relevancies called the universe." Taken singly, his studies of the face of nature, and his notes of human sentiments are distinct and charming; but there is a sense of connection with a whole running through them all, and binding them all together, that makes them doubly beautiful. The various aspects of land and sea are colors in one picture, and all movements pulses in one life. Of the essays the one entitled "In a Wherry" is most pervaded and most smoothly knit together by this sense of unity. Elsewhere it strives for expression till it expresses itself in extravagance, endowing everything with sentience, giving emotion and will to the tides, the lighthouse, the changing and retreating clouds, the cavalry escort of winds and waves. There is no attempt to analyze and formulate this idea of universal common life—it eludes analysis, and can only be illustrated by figures. Nor is there any distinction made between this ether of existence, inspiring all being, and individual human will. There is the same indefiniteness of thought that is characteristic of Shelley, shown in imputing consciousness to inanimate things, as thoroughly poetic as it is thoroughly unphilosophical. Sometimes it lends itself to the comic, as in the likening of planks springing from the hold of a sinking ship to liberated men, and of tossing casks to bewildered beasts. Sometimes analogy wanders into a fantastic sense of symmetry and fitness, as in the conceit of a narrow cove prescribing the limits of a sonnet, giving room within its projecting wall for fourteen lines of ripple. One passage is fanciful just to the verge of comprehension, which speaks of the joyous life of the animal rising through childhood into man. The most finished picture of the many that convey intimations of this unity of all things is the delicate description of the dragon-fly, sitting and hovering over some forest pool, which reads like a lovelier prose rendering of the lines in Shelley's "Alastor," "A

* *Oldport Days.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"well, dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave." It is the only one that gives distinct shape to such meaning, in the words, "Whence came the correspondence between this beautiful shy creature and the moist, dark nook, shot through with stray and transitory sunlight where it dwells? The analogy is as unmistakable as that between the scorching heats of summer and the shrill cry of the cicada. They suggest questions that no savant can answer, mysteries that wait, like Goethe's secret of morphology, till a sufficient poet can be born." Here is a glimpse of the thought that the very words which the author uses in saying that "sky and sea show but gradations of the same color, and afford but modifications of the same element," would describe the universe. Does any timid reader start, as if all this were admirable poetry, but, as religion, no better than pantheism? We are unable to see how the dream of identity and unity of mere life in all living things excludes the idea of a Maker of Life, or how it follows, if the web of creation is one, that there is no Creator. But the essayist may be safely left to defend himself against any such criticism.

The author sees, then, much more than the eye notes, and observes for the sake of generalizing. His faculty is not successfully employed when, reversing the process, he attempts to imagine human beings, or to devise situations. The persons in "An Artist's Creation" are unreal, like shadows of some single trait clothed with names, and the incidents of "The Haunted Window" make it an ordinary piece of story-telling. On the other hand, in the discursiveness of "A Drift-wood Fire," and "Foot-paths," he finds scope for the subtlest fancies, that shoot out from his theme like needles in crystallization. "A Shadow," too, is another wayward elaboration of a chance thought into associations with human tenderness—a contradiction that borrows the most fleeting of all things as the basis for realities. This caprice might be fixed upon as the key to his treatment of all subjects—as if to say, it is not the particular human beings, but humanity, that attracts him—not the sounds or colors of the moment for themselves that he cares to describe, but their part in the general harmony. As philanthropy can be cultivated at the expense of more homely virtues, so such a passion in literature for the universal may be quite consistent with imperfect conception of subordinate parts.

This preference of broad effects to details fixes a blemish upon the translations of the sonnets from Petrarch, almost faultless as they are in other respects. Their setting is perfect: the fanciful introduction to each, while most artistic, avoids being artificial: the expression of the change in their spirit after the death of Laura, under the image of a vessel sweeping on with snowy sails in full sunlight, then suddenly altering her course into shadow, is especially beautiful.

Of the threefold quality for which these poems are famous, nobleness in form, sentiment, and

thought, the translator preserves the first two elements at the sacrifice of the last. It is true, feeling is dominant in them, and it is right to maintain its pervading tone, but not to the exclusion of the intellectual fancies and contrasts, deeper than verbal ones, that make so large a part of their excellence. They are not mere melodious gushes of passion, nor is their passion all clarified from sensuousness. Many of them are carefully constructed with antithesis and balance of thoughts, which are not conceits, and expressed in direct images that have the force of simplicity. Moreover, Petrarch could love as a man, for he loved others besides Laura, and the speech of his love is sometimes very plain, not coarse, but natural amid all its elevation. Perhaps it is impossible to preserve just this threefold combination in an English rendering: if memory serves us, Archdeacon Wrangham, who, of all men, might have succeeded in doing so, as his translations from Horace prove, was obliged to yield the graces of form. Some of Rossetti's renderings from the sonnets of Dante and his contemporaries bring the vigor and heart of the best English to the expression of strong passion. The third of his selections from Guido Cavalcanti, and all of the *Vita Nuova* as he gives it betray a finer sympathy with the love and sorrow of the original than Mr. Higginson seems to have gained. These are not modern paraphrases, but clear copies of simple thoughts in bold and quaint forms. Perhaps our author has conquered the difficulties of formal construction in these sonnets as thoroughly as the genius of our language permits; and his rendering conveys all their lofty fervor, their reverent, almost worshipful, ascriptions of praise and honor, and the mournful cadences that give to the later ones the grave sweetness of elegy. It would be unjust not to quote a few instances, such as our limited space permits, of lines in which the point and vigor are refined away into vague effusions of sentiment, and the intended thought is lost.

For example, we can hardly err in thinking that the simple elegance of salutation in "Madonna" belongs to a range of thought very different from the associations called up by the words, "my queen," as they are affectedly used in the most modern verse. In the same sonnet, the 129th, the line apostrophizing a meadow, "and hold'st her memory in thy leafy bowers," wanders quite away from the simple, concrete image literally presented thus, "and keep'st some imprint of her lovely footstep." In the 123d, something might have been attempted more closely answering to the strength of "that all I see seems shadows, smoke, and dreams," than "but all things else bewilders and effaces." So, in the same sonnet, the line, "whose spell might once have taught the hills their places," overlooks the artful contrast of the original, "that might make mountains move, and streams stand still." Some of the most delicate points are missed in the 314th, or the 87th, as it is numbered in Buttura's edition, which

places in a second series those written after Laura's death. "This sweet completeness" merely eludes the rendering of "that lovely frequent change"—and the opposition in the thoughts, "with perfect kindness, perfect purity," is quite neglected in the translated line beginning, "held sweet restraints." The close of the 191st is spoiled by the introduction of the author's favorite false note. Petrarch lends no consciousness to the stream, which he calls simply "clear and rushing." To render this "stream too clear and bright to grieve," confuses and weakens the personal sentiment of the poem. In the 253d, (for 26th), the image of "love stripped and empty of its light" is not easy to present in a form conveying the idea of loss of both inward and outward radiance, but not even an attempt is made to present it in the words "whose light no more on earth finds room." And in the last triplet, "desire is blind and brief," loses half the sense conveyed by the "blind and over-eager" of the original. The 302d is an instance of diffuseness and inaccuracy suffered for the sake of rhyme. "Abito adorno" may, perhaps, bear the meaning of "stately mien" as well as "splendid dress," but certainly not that of "queen." And the misplacing of the epithet "errante," which belongs to "the world," and expresses a contrast between it and the fixed abode of heaven, compels the addition of "darkened" which neither thought nor term in the original permits. That so difficult a task as the translation of any of Petrarch's sonnets should have been less than supremely well performed is no discredit to the author, who has come so near perfection in it as to need only a little more faithful labor to attain greater closeness and spirit, without loss of tenderness or melody in frequent instances like those we have cited.

Stedman's Complete "Poetical Works."

It is not easy to estimate the powers of a poet, young or old, until all his poems have been brought together. There are poets of whom we should think very highly, if we were acquainted with only one or two of their best poems, and there are other poets of whom we should think very meanly, if only their worst poems were known to us. Our standard of judgment would necessarily be an incorrect one, in either case, and we could not well adjust it without the assistance of the poets themselves, which could come in no better form than a collected edition of their poems. It is a risky proceeding, we admit, for a poet to put himself *whole* in the hands of his readers and critics, and few young poets can afford to do it. Of all the younger American poets Mr. E. C. Stedman could afford it best. We have read carefully the beautiful edition of his *Poetical Works*, which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have lately published, and we can say in all sincerity, that it has not only not disappointed us, but that it has surprised us. There are poems in it that are worthy of any living poet. Such an one is "Pen-

elope," a charming companion-piece to Tennyson's "Ulysses:" such an one is "Alectryon," which recalls Keats at his richest; and such an one is "Spoken at Sea," of which the least that can be said is, that it is worthy of Campbell. The "Dartmouth Ode," which our readers will remember, is better than any poem of the kind ever written in England, and only equaled here by Mr. Lowell's masterly Harvard Ode.

Mr. Stedman gives us in this volume the substance of his three previous volumes, besides what he has written since the latest was published; in other words, the pith and marrow of his poetic life, from 1860 to 1874,—thirteen years of honest, manly work. Read chronologically, as it should be, we cannot but see that he has grown steadily,—not, of course, in every poem, which would be too much to expect, but grown steadily all the time, and in the right direction, which in his case was that of strength both of thought and language. He started in the best path, and he has never left it.

He has one quality which no other American poet possesses in the same degree, and which may be defined as a felicitous interblending of the serious and comic elements of verse. Praed had it eminently; Dr. Holmes had a touch of it when he wrote "The Last Leaf;" Mr. Saxe is entirely destitute of it. Its best examples in Mr. Stedman's first volume are, "Bohemia," and "The Ballad of Lager Bier;" in his second volume, "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call;" and in his third, "Fuit Ilium," "Pan in Wall Street," and "The Doorstep." He is never more happy than in poems like these, but he is larger in others that we have named.

Running our eyes over the pages of this triplicate volume of Mr. Stedman's, we linger at that rollicking, saucy brochure, "The Diamond Wedding," at "Heliotrope," "Apollo," "The Freshet," and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry." What reception the little volume which contained these met with when it was first published, we have forgotten, if we ever knew, and it does not matter. It is clear now that it introduced a new poet to the world,—a poet of varied powers, and positive originality,—an originality which even the influence of Tennyson's manner in "The Freshet" did not disturb. "Alice of Monmouth," we think as we go on, is defective as "Maud" is, *i. e.*, the thread of story is too slight to sustain the poems which are strung upon it, and, upon the whole, is no advance on his earlier volume, although two or three of the shorter poems of which it is composed are fine—notably so the section commencing, "Wear no armor, timid heart," which reads like a dirge out of Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." The minor poems grow better and better, the best being "The Test," "The Old Love and the New," "Estelle," and the romantic ballad of "Montagu." The story of "The Blameless Prince," which we suppose is Mr. Stedman's own, is psychologically interesting, and carefully

told, perhaps a little too carefully at times. We have the feeling that it did not come easily, and we rather prefer the shorter pieces that follow it, as "Toujours Amour," "Laura my Darling," "The Doorstep," "The Duke's Exequy," and that inimitable winter song, "Country Sleighing." The "Poems of Nature" are more labored, and less to our taste. In the "Occasional Poems" which close the volume Mr. Stedman is at his best. We should have counseled, however, the omission of "Wanted—a Man," "Treason's Last Device," and "Cuba." The monody on George Arnold is very pathetic, and that on Horace Greeley an unforgettable piece of poetic character-painting.

We have no inclination to institute comparisons, so we will simply say that, in our opinion, Mr. Stedman has left the rank of younger American poets, and taken his rightful place among the elders. A poet by nature, he is no less one by his art, which is of a high order, and is entirely free from the artifice of the time. He is classic, he is romantic, he is humorous, he is pathetic, and he is always manly and intelligible. This surely is something in the day of Swinburne and the Rossettis,—not to mention one or two nearer home, who are nothing if not peculiar.

"Songs of the Sun-Lands."*

Two years have passed since a welcome was extended, in these pages, to that unique volume, the *Songs of the Sierras*, which came with the advent of a new American poet. The reviewer ended a generous notice by saying: "We wait with the warmest interest to see if the development of Mr. Miller's genius will prove that he has as much heat as he has fire, and as much patience as he has courage. This strange, sudden flood-wave of admiration, upon which he is just now tossed, would swamp and drown a feeble or an insincere man. We hope—we believe—that he will ride it triumphantly."

Mindful of this declaration, we have examined the poet's second volume with renewed care, to discover whether the critic's hope and confidence have been well-founded. Is there genuine advancement? Has the poet gained a style and purpose of his own? Although his somewhat mature years might have authorized us to demand this much, even, on his former appearance, he then could answer that as a book-maker he was new; but now can plead immaturity neither of years nor of literary experience.

We find in the *Songs of the Sun-Lands* fresh evidence of those gifts which his preceding volume vaunted us that he possessed: a certain mastery of rhythm, melody, color, and other constituents which go to form the flexible body of verse; occasionally, also, a striking image, or truly dramatic expression. Lacking his natural resources,

many have achieved great artistic success; possessing them, Mr. Miller *ought* to bring himself up to the standard of a noble poet. In his first book he seemed to take Byron as a model, and there was about it, at least, the *freshness of long disease*,—a new, old fashion,—which for the time pleased and excited us. But now, like Caliban, he appears to "have a new master, got a new man," and treats us to a rehearsal of the music of a later bard, from whom we still can obtain, at first hand, quite as much as is good for us. Were not Mr. Swinburne ever and anon satiating the public with his superbly resonant and luxuriant, anapestic, alliterative verse, we, perhaps, should be more thankful for such a stanza as this, taken almost at random from Mr. Miller's volume:

"Sing songs and give love in oblations;
Be glad and forget in a rhyme
Mutations of time, and mutations
Of thought, that is fiercer than time;"

or this:

"In the place where the grizzly reposes,
Under peaks where a right is a wrong,
I have memories richer than roses,
Sweet echoes more sweet than a song."

And even with this fine stanza, the same consideration makes us refuse to be wholly satisfied:

"But to me thou art sacred and splendid,
And to me thou art matchless and fair
As the tawny sweet twilight, with blended
Sunlights and red stars in her hair."

We listen, in most of this minstrelsy, to the voice of a poet, but is he striving to make it anything more? If not the *vox, et preterea nihil*, it certainly sings, just now, in slavish adherence to a mode of which many are already fatigued—that which sets the voice apart from the imagination, and the body of poetry far above its soul. We confess that we hoped something better than this from one who describes himself as

"The tender of herds
And of horse on an ultimate Oregon shore."

We looked for freshness, aspiration, vigor, and ultimate emancipation from fashions bred in the most sickly and concentrated atmospheres of transatlantic forcing-houses.

"The Isles of the Amazons" is the longest poem in the present volume. What story there is to it resembles that of old John Fletcher's drama, "The Sea-Voyage," wherein a shipwrecked Frenchman is cast upon the shores of "The Island of the Amazons," and would fall a victim to their laws but for the love with which he inspires a daughter of the queen. Had not the public so often been assured that Mr. Miller has read no books, and is unfamiliar with both early and recent literature, we should judge that he had borrowed his theme,—albeit with no discredit to himself, as he treats it in a novel way, and the dramatists themselves based their plays upon the prose tales current in their time. Fletcher's is all life and action, wrought out under the

* *Songs of the Sun-Lands*. By Joaquin Miller. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

blue sky and in the open air; while Miller's idyl is fantastic to the last degree, essaying some vague rhapsody of love, and padded with scenic descriptions—put forth as tropical, but of a stagey type which we suspect has been evolved from the poet's inner consciousness. It has repeated and annoying faults, both of meter and diction,—the first kind, no doubt, the result of haste and indolence; among the latter a narrow range of words is noticeable, which, let us assure Mr. Miller, totally incapacitates him for composing in the manner of the author of "Songs before Sunrise." Mr. Swinburne has ten words for his one, and is not driven to repetition of such adjectives as "eminent," "ultimate," etc., because, once used effectively, they linger in his ear.

"The Isles of the Amazons" is made up of sights and sounds, and one feels, while reading it, as if he were sitting in front of a spectacular play at Niblo's. Still, it contains passages which merit perusal, such as those describing the exercises and the bathing of the warrior-nymphs. Nor is there any grossness in Mr. Miller's treatment of his theme. The fault we have to find with him is that, whether portraying virtue or vice, it seems impossible for him to be realistic; while claiming, in all his preludes, to be a mere child of Nature,—the nursling of the tropical forest, mountain and stream,—and summoning the effete victims of civilization to wander away with him to his wonted haunts, he seems really to know very little either of nature or men. He is at his best in description of that Oregonian region which has been his home; and now and then, even in his tropical poems, hits upon a vigorous and imaginative expression, like that of the following quatrain:

"The trees that lean'd in their love unto trees,
That lock'd in their love, and were so made strong,
Stronger than armies; ay, stronger than seas
That rush from their caves in a storm of song."

Among his shorter pieces is "From Sea to Sea," first contributed to this magazine. We better like the poem "By the Sun-Down Seas," which has fine qualities, though strongly imbued with the feeling, and composed in the meter, of "Childe Harold." "In the Indian Summer" is more finished, and more honest in its sights and description, than most of the other poems. Mr. Miller's "Hebrew Melodies" are entitled "Olive Leaves," two of which, "Beyond Jordan" and "The Last Supper," are striking lyrics, and original in all but the Swinburnian style.

We have used "plain language," because we desire to give our Rocky Mountain minstrel some cause for a moment's reflection, and because we differ from those of our contemporaries who do not consider him a poet. The latter he has seemed to us from the beginning, and, if he is so in reality, he will receive the foregoing strictures kindly, for the sake of this acknowledgment. We are pained that an American, who has the poet's strength and wealth,

should yield to the double weakness of fashioning his verse after the verse of other men, and his life after their restlessness and egotism. It will not do to reply that a critic should take no cognizance of the personal career of an author. When that career is blazoned before the public, and made part of a poet's stock-in-trade, it becomes by his own act inseparably connected with his verses, peers out between the lines, and can take no valid affront at critical recognition.

As a sincere well-wisher to Mr. Miller, and an admirer of certain lyrical gifts with which he is endowed, we trust that he will consider thoughtfully the remarks of the *London Times* upon the "enduring popularity of Longfellow and Tennyson," which it deems "a standing protest against the obscurity and affectation of certain writers, whose pens have for some years past been purling in a round of mutual admiration." Without prejudice, as the lawyers say, to any set or clique, we beseech him to keep clear of sets altogether, lest he find himself in the end debarred, even, from the benefit of the gospel-saying that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.

Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy."—Vol. II.*

THE importance to all students of philosophy of the work completed by the present volume cannot be over estimated. It is in itself a complete philosophical library, a perfect thesaurus of well selected and carefully arranged materials. If its worth be measured by its adaptation to the peculiar end of a history of philosophy, viz.: the knowledge and understanding of the *actual development* of philosophy; then its exactness in the communication of the original materials; its acuteness in their appreciation; its intelligent discrimination of the essentials from the non-essentials of each philosopher's teachings; its clear exhibit of the inner connection of the various systems and their law of development from different philosophical bases, or fundamental principles, render it absolutely invaluable to all engaged either as inquirers or originators in the philosophic field.

A careful reading of the author's original and acute reflections on the conceptions of philosophy and history respectively; on the methods of historical treatment; and on the sources and aids for an historical knowledge of philosophy (set forth in vol. I. pp. 1-13), will convince the student that Dr. Ueberweg was abundantly qualified for his difficult task. With nothing more than this *philosophy* of the history of philosophy before him the student might confidently expect to find the history itself a profound, yet fresh and vital, a compact, yet clear and exhaustive, account of the development of philosophy. Such, at any rate, is the character of the history.

In his treatment of philosophical facts and opinions the author is evidently too much of the

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., Publishers.

historian to elevate them to prominence, or to depress them into insignificance, according as they fortify or militate against some preconceived system of his own; too much of the philosopher also to sacrifice exact analysis and profound intellection to smoothness of narration, or grace of style. Indeed, it is this admirable blending of the historical and philosophical spirit that forms the distinguishing excellence of the work.

In its author the qualities of the historian,—vast erudition; wise discrimination in the selection of examples; imagination penetrative of the heart of things; identification of its possessor for the time being with the great thinkers whose systems he is expounding; clearness and precision of statement, joined to symmetry and fullness of detail;—these qualities are penetrated, toned and guided by the calm and powerful reason, the keen analysis and the comprehensive grasp of the philosopher.

The result is unique: philosophy imparting its own characteristic force, depth and soundness to history; history clothing philosophy with its own peculiar grace, freshness and vitality; no bare anatomy, or fleshless skeleton, of philosophy, but philosophy itself alive with its own original energy, and clothed in its wonted garb.

The present volume contains the history of the third period of the philosophy of the Christian era, viz.: the period of modern philosophy, as distinguished from the speculative system of the two preceding periods, the Patristic and Scholastic. Modern philosophy is defined as philosophy emancipated from the authority of the Church and of Aristotle, and gradually developing into an independent science of the being and laws of nature and mind. And this idea of modern philosophy seems to have furnished the author with his principle of division, by which he separated the Third Period into three epochs: 1. The epoch of Transition; 2. The epoch of Empiricism, Dogmatism and Skepticism; 3. The epoch of the Kantian Criticism.

The author's method of exposition is eminently satisfactory. He first presents an outline sketch of the distinctive features of the philosophical system which he proposes to expound; this general statement is followed by an exhaustive bibliography of the system under investigation; a compact biographical sketch of its originator then ensues; while the whole discussion concludes with a clear, terse, and vigorous exposition of his opinions as set forth in his various works. Of course, with such encyclopedical knowledge spread before him, the student's thorough mastery of the subject is a simple matter of intelligence and attention.

The dissertation of President Porter on philosophy in Great Britain and America, imparts increased

value to an already invaluable work, and cannot but add to its writer's reputation for wide and thorough scholarship, intellectual force, and judicial impartiality. The sketch of modern philosophy in Italy by Professor Botta, is a valuable addition to the volume of which it forms the conclusion. Although its author carries us back over the old ground of scholastic philosophy, and does not discriminate so sharply as Ueberweg between philosophy proper and economics, yet the grace, soundness, and lucidity of his exposition of contemporary philosophy render his essay both entertaining and instructive.

Dr. Hopkins's "Outline Study of Man."

Dr. Hopkins' work is a real contribution to physical and metaphysical science, and to the problems of their relation of interdependence. Much of his success is due to a singularly terse and lucid style. So crystal clear and clean cut are many of his statements that they reflect in their luminous depths their analogies and counterparts in other spheres of truth. Here and there, indeed, the compression of his style forces out a needed sentence, and shuts off a needed light, but this is very rare. The novelty of diagrams illustrative of the systematic upbuilding of one truth on the basis of another tends greatly to easy comprehension of abstruse discussion. Hence, while the work is fitted for scholars, and is adapted to students, it is also well adapted to popular use. How speculative doctrines have tendencies in personal or social life, how cloistered thought may move and modify masses of men, and how practice depends on theory, are lessons most clearly taught in this able work.

It is impossible within our limits to criticise the matters that call for question and discussion. An author who does not fear to differ from Hamilton, Whately, and Presidents Porter and McCosh, on the profoundest questions, will doubtless find elaborate answers in the *Quarterly Review*. We relegate to their pages the question how far the author's distinction between the right and the good may partake of the nature of a logomachy, and in what degree his views antagonize the intrinsic theory of virtue and the relation to that theory of his doctrine of choices. We must do our author the justice to say, however, that his fair and full statement of doctrine tends of itself to prevent and to cure error, and that his calm and judicial temper in the treatment of controverted points is worthy of all praise.

* *An Outline Study of Man; or, the Body and Mind in One System. With Illustrative Diagrams, and a Method for Black-Board Teaching.* By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D. Scribner, Armstrong & Company: New York.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Localizations of Functions in the Brain.

The experiments of Majendie and others led to the conclusion, which was generally adopted by physiologists, that the exterior of the brain was destitute of sensibility, and the seat of origin of higher mental phenomena only. The results of recent investigations have demonstrated that this opinion must, to a greater or less extent, be modified.

Prominent among the modern experimenters who have dealt with this subject are Fritsch and Hitzig, who first found that galvanic excitation of the hemispheres in the living man produced contraction in muscles of the eyes. They applied a very weak current to the hemispheres of a dog, and discovered that the excitation of certain spots in the brain always produced movements in definite groups of muscles on the opposite side.

Recently Nothnagel has introduced a new method for the examination of the function of various parts of the brain. An incision is made in the scalp, and a needle passed through the bones of the skull. Through this the slender nozzle of a hypodermic syringe is introduced, and a minute drop of a concentrated solution of chromic acid injected into the cerebral substance. The wound in the scalp is then closed by a suture. The animal (usually a rabbit) rarely shows any discomfort except in regard to the special functional disturbance produced by the lesion in the cerebral substance. It generally dies about two or three weeks after the operation.

In another method, adopted by Gudden, rabbits are also the victims. Having discovered that these and other creatures when newly born will bear a removal of considerable portions of the brain, and not only recover from the operation, but also grow to maturity, he has adopted the device of removing definite portions and observing the results that follow. Among these the most prominent is idiocy. In addition, he finds that the organ of voluntary motion is located in the anterior part of the brain.

The experiments of Professor Ferrier, undertaken to test the truth of these results, are also of great interest. This plan is to remove a portion of the bones of the skull and keep the animal in a state of comparative insensibility by chloroform. Electric currents are then applied to various parts of the brain, when motions of corresponding groups of muscles are produced, thus confirming the results obtained by the other experimenters mentioned above.

These experiments, says Professor Ferrier, have an important bearing upon the diagnosis of certain kinds of cerebral disease and the exact localization of the parts affected. They are also important anatomically as regards the homology of the brain in the lower animals and in man, and likewise serve to explain some curious forms of expression common to

man and the lower animals. The common tendency, when any strong exertion is made with the right hand, to retract the angle of the mouth and open the mouth on the same side has been stated by Oken to be due to the homology between the upper limbs and the jaw; the true explanation is, that the movements of the fist and of the mouth are in such close relation to each other that when one is made to act powerfully the impression diffuses itself to the neighboring part of the brain and the two act together.

Bridge-Building.

IN an article on this subject Mr. John W. Murphy says: The first bridge-builders that were of kin to humanity were of the monkey race. Travelers who have been through the wilds of Africa, South America, and portions of India, tell us how the monkey is a bridge-builder. The traveler has frequently described how he has seen a convoy of monkeys making the attempt to cross the stream, and succeeding by a process which is described in this wise: The leading monkey climbs a tree, as close to the shore as can be selected, holding by his forearms to the limb of the tree. He gives opportunity to each succeeding monkey to entwine himself with his prehensile tail, until, one after the other, they have become so attached, head and tail, (the height of the tree being equal to the width of the stream), that the lower monkey, starting forward from the ground, by a pendulum movement swings himself to the opposite side of the stream. He then climbs the nearest tree, and when he has gained the height of the first monkey it will be easy to understand that there will be formed a catenary curve of monkeys from tree to tree across the stream. On this curve the youthful monkeys, the comparatively infantile monkeys, and the aged monkeys cross in perfect safety, and no monkey, either youthful, infantile or aged, wets his feet in the water in crossing.

Now let us see how our catenary bridge is removed when its work is done. The first monkey by a signal from the other side of the stream, lets go his hold of the limb and swings gracefully to the opposite side. Now, if Darwin be correct, and we are descendants of a race of monkeys, then it must be truthfully said that our ancestors have given us the best thoughts and principles of bridge construction.

There is no doubt that the suspension curve, where the material acts by tension, is the most *economic* form, the *safest* form, and the most *artistic* form for the support of moving or stationary bodies over space.

The Peruvian, with his grass ropes, throws across the gorges of the Andes a primitive bridge which is

no more nor less than the monkey bridge just described, with this difference, that the monkey uses his own body to make the chain, while the Peruvian uses long grass; another difference is, that the monkey uses but one rope or cable, while the Peruvian uses two. See how easy it is to do as the Peruvian does. We have only to take the material at our hands, make a chain, connect it from point to point, put planks upon the two cables as they lie side by side, and we have a bridge over which we can walk, or, if we please, we may suspend the boards at a suitable distance from the ropes and so form a horizontal roadway, and have the present suspension bridge which is the best of all the forms in use.

Alpine Lakes.

ALTHOUGH Professor Gastaldi, of Turin, after a careful study of the Italian Alps, has adopted Professor Ramsay's view of the excavation of alpine lake basins by ice, Sir Charles Lyell is still strongly opposed to that view. He maintains that they have been produced by changes of level in valleys, producing depressions which have been preserved during the glacial epoch by being filled with ice; while at other times they were either soon filled by *débris*, or their lower barriers were cut down as fast as they were formed. He thus accounts for the fact that lakes only occur in any abundance in glaciated districts. He further maintains that the erosive power of glaciers, as indicated by the muddy torrent that always issues from them, has been overrated, because "the flour of rock" thus produced is due, not solely to the wearing down of the floor of the valley, but to a considerable extent to the grinding up of the stones which fall upon the glacier and are engulfed in its crevasses.—(*Nature*.)

Early Relations of Morality to Religion.

In the discussion of this subject Edward B. Taylor shows that where Manes-worship is the main principle of a religion, as among some North American tribes and the Kafirs of South Africa, the keeping up of family relations strongly affects the morality. It is, for instance, a practice among the ruder races to disinter the remains of the dead, or to visit the burial place, in order to keep the deceased kinsman informed regarding the occurrences in his family. Thus, it is evident that any moral act of an individual damaging to his family would be offensive to the ancestral manes, whose influence must, therefore, strengthen kindly relations among the living members of his tribe. Thus, among the ancient Romans, the Lares were powerful deities, enforcing the moral conduct of the family, and punishing household crime.

The doctrine of a Future Life begins at the highest levels of savagery to affect morals. In its first stage this doctrine is devoid of moral meaning, men being re-born as men or animals, but when the distinction appears in the higher savagery between migration

into vile or noble animals, it is not long before this distinction takes the form of reward or punishment of the good and wicked by their high or low re-incarnation, an idea which is the basis of the Buddhist scheme of retributive moral transmigration through successive bodies. In the higher nations this element becomes more and more distinctly marked till the expectation of future reward and the fear of future punishment becomes one of the great motives of human life.

Locomotive Tires.

If steel tires were perfectly sound and good then unquestionably they would be better than wrought iron tires, in one sense. But the difficulty about steel tires is, that no one can assume with perfect certainty that a steel tire is quite sound and homogeneous all through. That steel tires should be so uncertain is not the fault of the makers. It is an inherent defect in the material. Opposed to all the theory in the world about steel, stands the notorious practical fact that the metal is uncertain in quality, and hard and brittle, as compared with the best qualities of wrought iron. After the most careful trials the use of steel plates in the construction of boilers is being abandoned on the Continent, because of the uncertainty of the material. The rigidity of steel is at once the defect and the advantage of the material. Because steel tires are hard, stiff, and unyielding, they will not wear out quickly under heavy loads. But this very property of rigidity renders it difficult to shrink on a steel tire just tight enough, and yet not so tight that it will not be exposed to a heavy initial strain, certain to cause its ultimate destruction.

It is quite true that many accidents have occurred from the breakage of iron tires; but the breakage has rarely occurred at a weld, and if the best class of Lowmoor iron be rolled into a tire without a weld, then such a tire will be in all respects more trustworthy and less likely to break than any steel tire.—(*The Engineer*.)

Riveted Joints in Iron Ships.

SIR William Fairbairn gives us the following conclusions drawn from numerous experiments:

(1.) Joints with drilled holes are weaker and elongate less before fracture than joints with punched holes. The average of four experiments on joints with drilled holes, compared with the average of four experiments on joints with punched holes, shows that the rivets in the former are $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent weaker than the rivets in the latter.

(2.) Hand-riveted joints are somewhat stronger than machine-riveted joints. The mean of three experiments on machine-riveted joints shows an excess of shearing resistance in the hand-riveted joints of $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

(3.) There is a decided increase in the strength of the rivet when the edges of the rivet holes are

rounded, so as to diminish their cutting action. The mean of three experiments on joints with unrounded punched holes, compared with the mean of three experiments on joints with unrounded drilled holes, gave a difference of 12 per cent in favor of the rounded holes.

Effect of Low Temperature on Metals.

As the result of a long series of experiments on the effect of low temperatures in changing the strength of metals, Professor Thurston concludes that the practical result of the whole investigation is that iron and copper, and probably other metals, do not lose their power of sustaining "dead" loads at low temperatures; but that they do lose, to a very serious extent, their power of sustaining shocks, or resisting sharp blows, and that the factor of safety in structures need not be increased in the former case, where exposure to severe cold is apprehended; but that machinery, rails, and other constructions which are to resist shocks, should have large factors of safety, and should be most carefully protected, if possible, from changes of temperature.

The St. Louis Bridge.

ONLY once since the workmen have been ready to put in the last tubes to complete the arch has the temperature been favorable; but, owing to some inexplicable tardiness on the part of the workmen, the opportunity was lost. One tube was put in, and fitted to a nicety. In the meantime the sun shone on the bridge, and when it was attempted to place the other tube, it would not go entirely to its place, being about a thirtieth of an inch too long, on account of the expansion of the tubes in place. An attempt was made to drive it into position with sledges, but without success. In consequence of not being able to put the second tube in place, the first one was taken out, and a more favorable opportunity waited for.

The prospect being that a delay of several days would occur before the exact temperature required would be obtained, it was determined to try a little strategy by reducing the temperature artificially. Accordingly, about forty-five tons of ice were applied to the tubes, and bound on by many yards of gunny-bagging, forming, perhaps, the most extensive ice poultice ever used. On the afternoon of the same day the expansion had been reduced about two inches, and it was expected that in a few hours more the contraction would be sufficient to admit of the tubes being put in place.—(*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*)

Crossing the Atlantic by Balloon.

THE possibility of accomplishing this feat is discussed as follows by M. Tissandier, the experienced balloonist: To go from New York to England the aeronaut must travel over a distance of about 5,500 kilometers. Granting the existence of a uniform

steady wind with a speed of ten meters per second the journey will occupy at least six or seven days. The question would then reduce itself simply to the possibility of supporting a balloon for this length of time in the air. To this M. Tissandier gives an answer which is decidedly negative. When a balloon quits the earth, as it rises a part of the enclosed gas is at once expelled by the dilatation due to the diminished pressure of the air, but as soon as it reaches regions where the temperature is much lower than that of the strata which it has left, the gas, by contraction loses its ascending power, and the balloon descends. To keep it at the level it has reached, it is necessary to diminish the weight and the aeronaut throws out ballast. If he pass a first night at great altitude, it is certain that he will be obliged almost continually to lighten his craft. Next morning, as the sun rises, the bright burning rays heat the gas, and the balloon, which had collapsed during the night, begins to fill out, its ascending power increases and it mounts to higher regions. More gas must be allowed to escape to moderate and stop the upward movement. With the approach of night the reverse operation of throwing out ballast must be again employed. This diurnal and nocturnal trimming of the craft may be carried on with success for two or three days, but the moment will certainly come when the ballast will be gone. The balloon will then descend without any means to hold it back. As it nears the surface of the sea the anchor, instead of biting will plunge vainly through the waters, and if the wind is violent, in spite of their life-boat, the voyagers will certainly meet a fearful fate.

A New Electric Light.

HERETOFORE this light has only been used in light-houses or on the stage, the method employed being that of passing the electricity between two points of charcoal. This requires a magneto-electric machine for each light or lantern, and the light, though powerful, is not uniform, owing to the burning of the charcoal points at the intensely high temperature. These difficulties have now been overcome by Mr. A. Ladiquin. By his new method only one piece of charcoal or carbon is used, this being hermetically sealed in a tube filled with some gas which will not combine with the carbon, it is brought into perfect electrical communication with the wires of a magneto-electric machine. The machine being put in action as the electricity passes through the carbon, its temperature rises until it emits a soft, steady, uniform light, which may be increased or diminished at the option of those employing it. By this device one machine worked by a three horse-power engine is capable of lighting many hundred lanterns; and, considering the freedom of such a system from the numerous objections that accompany the use of gas, it is very desirable that an early trial of its virtues should be made on an extensive scale.

Memoranda.

THE color of flowers is, to a certain extent, dependent on the soil in which they are grown. Yellow primroses planted in a better soil bear flowers of an intense purple. Charcoal deepens the tints of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias. Carbonate of soda reddens hyacinths and phosphate of soda changes in many ways the hues of certain plants.

Mr. Wm. Peachey says: In both wrought and cast iron a skin is formed upon the surface in the process of manufacture into the shape required. In wrought iron this skin will come off sooner or later in scales, even if the iron is painted. In cast iron it is thrown off in a granular rust. This skin is of no material value, and would be better removed as soon as manufactured, if it were not for the cost of doing so; when it is removed, and the iron painted with an oxide of iron paint, there will be no recurrence of the scaling.

Mr. G. Armes, of Rochester, New York, proposes to harden the surface of steel by placing it on an engine-lathe, and while it is in motion touching it with an emery wheel rotating at about 1,800 revolutions per minute.

A party of American lovers of science are attempting to solve the problem of the manner in which the coffer in the King's chamber of one of the pyramids was introduced. If they fail to discover a larger passage than that now leading to the chamber the conclusion is inevitable that the pyramid must have been built layer by layer around the sarcophagus.

An ingenious mechanic in England has invented a drag by which a vehicle going at full speed is quickly stopped and the impetus stored up to be used in aiding to start the vehicle again. The apparatus is especially adapted for use on stages.

Colonel Angus Croll, late Sheriff of London, advocates the adoption of a system of sentencing prisoners to perform a given quantity of hard and useful labor instead of a fixed term of detention irrespective of their industry and reformation.

M. E. Roux finds that the ingestion of tea and coffee increase the amount of urea voided daily. This result is in opposition to that obtained by Lehman and agrees with that of M. Lecanu.

ETCHINGS.

The Wharton Savings Bank.

STATEMENT OF AN OFFICER.

MR. EDITOR:—I read a great deal in the papers about the large fortunes accumulated by officers of savings banks, and similar institutions, at the expense of depositors. Now, Mr. Editor, this is a mistake, and to prove it I will give you a short history of a Savings Bank with which I was connected a short time since.

Mr. Reuben Pettigrew, Col. Solomon, Martin Young, Tinsley Godfrey and myself started a Savings Bank in the village of Wharton, Simmons township, in this State, last March, a year ago. Mr. Pettigrew was President, Col. Martin was Vice-President, and Young Godfrey and myself were Secretary and Cashier. For a time the institution flourished. There had never been a Savings Bank in Wharton, and the people put in our hands all the money they could rake and scrape together. They wanted to put it where thieves could not get at it, and they wanted the interest. There was no doubt about their thorough understanding of the advantages of the institution. Our Board of Directors was composed of the richest and most respectable men in the village, and this gave the people confidence in us, which was perfectly natural and right. Men came to us from farms fifteen and twenty miles away, and such was the general disposition to deposit that we thought we were about to make a permanent suc-

cess of our Savings Bank. But we soon discovered our error. For example, Mr. Pettigrew, who had a farm just outside of the village, became convinced that if he could buy a threshing-machine he could not only make it pay in threshing his own wheat and oats, but could make money by hiring it to the neighbors. So he came down to see us about it. There were two machines in Wharton that Mr. Pettigrew could buy on reasonable terms, but one of them was a hundred and ten dollars more than the other. Mr. P. wanted the best one, as was natural, but the rest of us concluded that as the institution was young it would hardly be just to his fellow-officers to let him buy the most expensive machine, at least not at that time. So he got the cheap one.

Now, see how this turned out. Mr. Pettigrew did not do half the work with his machine that he could have done if he had bought the other one, and he calculated that he could have made, if we had let him have all the money he wanted, from three to four hundred dollars more than he did make (after selling the machine at the end of the season). Of course he was dissatisfied, for he had expected much better things of the Bank.

And then there was young Godfrey's case. He was going to marry Mary Martin, the Colonel's second daughter, and he was very anxious to have a good, comfortable house provided before the wedding took place. There was a very nice place at the upper end of the village, near the township line,

that he could get on very good terms, but he would have to pay five thousand dollars down. So that Fall he came to see us about it. No wonder he was anxious, for it was one of the finest houses in Wharton, and the land was the very best. The fruit on that place would bring in several hundred dollars a year. to say nothing of anything else.

Well, we considered the matter, and we were all willing to do our best by him especially Col. Martin, who was naturally interested in the matter, as his daughter would live in the house if it was bought. But we found that all we could do was to let him have four thousand dollars. You see, Col. Martin had had his barn shingled, and a new kitchen built to his house, and that drew pretty heavy on the Bank. And then my expenses were perfectly enormous that summer. What with newly furnishing my house, and getting a buggy built (with steel tires and both pole and shafts), and buying a horse to match my sorrel mare, I had to call on the Bank for a good many thousand dollars; and as our President was so cut up about his threshing machine, we had felt obliged to let him have a lot of railroad stock that we had invested in, so that he might have a chance to turn it over two or three times, and make something that would ease his mind a little. Now, it's easy to see that all this came heavy on the Bank, and it was impossible to let young Godfrey have more than four thousand. But we told him if he could go round, and induce anybody to deposit, he should be perfectly welcome to the money. Of course nothing could be fairer than that. So he went about and did his best. He persuaded several people, who had been a little backward at first, to put their money in the Bank; but all he could raise this way did not amount to more than two hundred dollars. Then he bethought himself of old Mrs. Harris, who kept a trimming store up street, and who was said to be saving money, and he went to her. He soon found that she hadn't any money, except thirty or forty dollars saved for a rainy day, which he induced her to deposit; but, as she owned the house she lived in, he showed her (you see he came several times, and bought things for his intended, and the prospect of getting all the trade of the Godfreys and Martins had considerable effect on the old lady) that, if she would get a mortgage on her house, and put the money in the Bank, that the interest she would get would more than pay the interest on the mortgage, so that she would be making money all the time, and yet be at no trouble whatever, but to pocket her profits every month. Well, Mrs. Harris got a mortgage on her house, and put the money in the Bank; but this was not enough, for her house was a very small one, and

pretty old. So poor young Godfrey was quite in despair, and he took his money (it did not amount to more than four thousand five hundred) and went to New York, and speculated in Wall Street, so as to make up the five thousand. But things suddenly got awfully crooked in Wall Street, and he lost every cent of it. This was a very sad case, as anybody would acknowledge, if he could see how different the house to which poor Godfrey had to take his bride was from the one he would have bought if the Bank could have let him have the five thousand dollars when he wanted it.

Now it is easy to see that all this made us feel very much dissatisfied; and when we closed the Bank, last spring, there was not one of us who had made the money he had expected to realize from the institution. As to getting rich, as the papers have it, that's all nonsense. We couldn't get rich—at least, not in a small place like Wharton. And what is more, the injustice we have been subjected to since the Bank closed is enough to drive us mad. There are people who have actually threatened to sue us, after all the trouble and anxiety we had been at to establish a Savings Bank in their midst. It is this ingratitude, more than anything else, that induces me to make this statement, which will, I hope, help to set the public mind right on the subject.

JOHN WALKER.

The New Régime.



ENRAGED PARENT—"You young rascal! Did you strike my little boy?"

NEW YORK STREET-ARAB—"I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my counsel."